

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

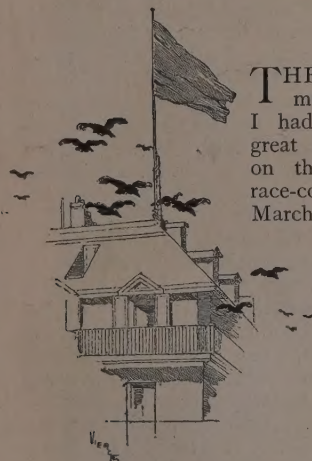
VOL. XLIV.

OCTOBER, 1892.

No. 6.

WHAT I SAW OF THE PARIS COMMUNE.

I.



DRAWN BY VERGE.

THE Franco-German war was over. I had witnessed the great Kaiser's parade on the Longchamps race-course on the 1st of March, 1871, and then had accompanied the German troops who marched down the Champs Elysées into the PlacedelaConcorde and the wrecked gardens of the Tuileries. A week later I had ridden behind the old Emperor and the Crown Prince of Saxony as the former reviewed the "Maas Armee," which the latter commanded, drawn up on the plateau between Champigny and Brie, among the grave-mounds beneath which lay the Germans and the Frenchmen who had fallen in the stubborn fighting of Ducrot's great sortie on the east side of Paris. Then my field-work was done, and I had hurried home to London to begin the task I had set myself of writing a book describing what I had seen of the great conflict.

I was toiling ten hours a day at this undertak-

ing when the Commune broke out. Promptly the manager of the "Daily News" dashed to me in a swift hansom, and urged me with all his force to start for Paris that same night. I refused; I was under contract to the publishers, and I burned to see my first book in print. For two months that peremptory manager gave me innumerable bad quarters of an hour, for he was not being served to his liking by the persons whom, in my default, he had commissioned to "do" the Commune for him. At length, on the afternoon of May 19, I finished the last revise of my book, and the same evening—to the great relief of my managerial friend, for a desperate crisis in Paris was clearly imminent—I left London by the Continental Mail.

In those troubled times the train service of the North of France railway was greatly dislocated, and it was nearly midday of the 20th when we halted in the St. Denis station. I foreboded no difficulty, since the halt at St. Denis was normal for ticket-collecting purposes; and I was chatting with a German officer of my acquaintance who commanded the detachment of the Kaiser Alexander Prussian Guard regiment in occupation of the St. Denis station. The collector serenely took up my ticket. There followed him to the carriage door two French gendarmes, who with all the official consequentialness of their species demanded to be informed of my nationality. I enlight-

ened them on that point, and turned to renew the conversation with Von Brockdorff. But the gendarmes were not done with me. They peremptorily ordered me to alight. I requested an explanation, and was told that no foreigners were now allowed to enter Paris, as the fighting force of the Commune was understood to be directed chiefly by foreigners. "But," said I, "I am a newspaper correspondent, not a fighting man." "*N'importe*," replied the senior gendarme; "you look, too, not unlike a military man. Anyhow, you must alight."

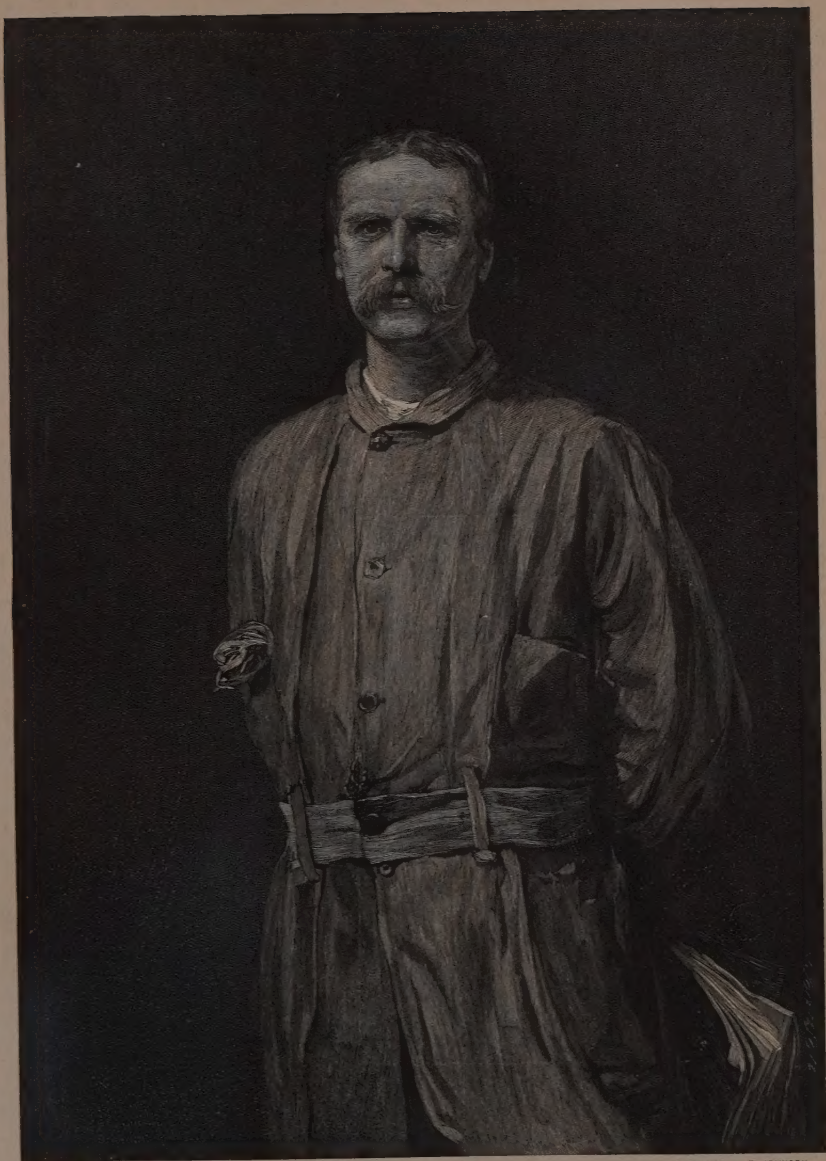
"What does this mean, Brockdorff?" I asked, when I had obeyed. "Surely you can do something for me, in charge as you and your fellows are of the station!" "No, my dear fellow," answered the Prussian; "we are here only to maintain order. Two days ago these swallow-tailed gentlemen came from Versailles, and our orders are not to interfere with them." The train went on, leaving me behind; the senior gendarme came up to me, and told me that I should have to return to Calais by the next outgoing train. A thought struck me, and I pleaded hard to be allowed to take instead a local train to Enghien-les-Bains, a few miles away, near the forest of Montmorency, where Brockdorff told me was still residing the Crown Prince of Saxony, to whose staff I had been attached during the siege of Paris. Brockdorff added his persuasions to my solicitations, and finally the gendarme thus far mitigated my sentence.

The Crown Prince of Saxony was at luncheon when I reached the château in which he had his quarters. He roared with laughter when I told him how the gendarme had served me. "These people at Versailles," he explained, "have been leaving the mouth of the trap open all these weeks, and pretty near all the turbulent blackguards of Europe have walked into it. Now they think all the blackguards are inside, and since they are just about to begin business, they have stopped both ingress and egress. Still," he continued musingly, "I am surprised that they did n't let you in!" The Prince has something of a sardonic humor, and he made his point; and I for my part made him my bow in acknowledgment of his compliment. Presently he added: "Mr. Forbes, when you were with us in the winter, we used to think you rather a *rusé* and ingenious man; but I fear now, since you are no longer with us, that you have become dull. Have n't you ever heard the proverb that there are more ways of killing a pig than by cutting its throat? There is a railway to Paris, my friend, and there is also a *chaussée* to Paris. On the railway there are these French gendarmes; on the *chaussée* there is only a picket of your friends of the Kaiser Alexander regiment, who have no orders to stop any one. Now, you join us at luncheon;

then we shall have coffee, and you will smoke one of those long corkscrew cigars which you may remember; and in the evening you will take the 'cocotte train' here in Enghien. If the gendarmes at the St. Denis fetch you out a second time, make them a polite bow, and walk into Paris by the *chaussée*; or, for that matter, you can take the bus from St. Denis."

It was already dusk when I boarded the "cocotte train," and ensconced myself between two young ladies of gay and affable manners, who promised so to cover me with their skirts, when we should reach St. Denis, that the gendarmes would not discover me. The train was full of the frail sisterhood of Paris, who were wont to pay afternoon visits to the German officers of the still environing army, and were now returning to town. Fairly concealed as the ladies and I thought myself, the lynx-eyed gendarme detected me, and I again had to alight. A commissary of police in the station courteously offered me quarters for the night, but assured me that my entrance into Paris was impossible. I declined his offer, and went into the street, where I found the German soldiers enforcing the old curfew laws. "Everybody must be indoors by nine," said the grizzled sergeant, "else I take them prisoners, and they are kept for the night, and fined five francs in the morning." He did not interfere with me, because I spoke German to him; and I found a hay-loft where I slept. The charge for sitting in a room in St. Denis was ten francs; beds were luxuries impossible to casual strangers.

On the morning of the 21st I left St. Denis by road, and walked straight into Paris without hindrance. The national guards of La Chapelle were turning out for service as I passed through, and there seemed nothing to find fault with in either their appearance or conduct. Certainly there was no unwillingness apparent, but the reverse. Paris I found very somber, but perfectly quiet and orderly. It was the Sabbath morning, but no church-bells filled the air with their music. It was with a far different and more discordant sound that the air throbbed on this bright spring morning—the distant roar of the Versailles batteries on the west and southwest of the enceinte. "That is Issy which gives," quietly remarked to me the old lady in the kiosk at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, as she sold me a rag dated the 22d and printed the 20th. I asked her how she could distinguish the sound of the Issy cannon from those in the batteries of the Bois de Boulogne. "Remember," she replied, "I have been listening now for many days to that delectable bicker, and have become a connoisseur. The Issy gun-fire comes sharper and clearer, because the fort stands high and nothing intervenes. The reports from the can-



PAINTED BY HUBERT HERKOMER.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

non in the Bois get broken up for one thing by the tree-trunks, and then the sound has to climb over the enceinte, the railway viaduct, and the hill of Passy." She spoke as calmly as if she had been talking of the weather; and it seemed to me, indeed, that all the few people who were about shared the good lady's nonchalance. Certainly there seemed nowhere any indication of apprehension that the Versaillist hand was to be on the Communist throat before the going down of that Sabbath sun.

I had a horse in Paris, which I had left there since the days of the armistice. It was the same noble steed on which I had ridden in by the gate of St. Ouen, the first "outsider" into Paris after the capitulation, on which occasion the hungry Bellevillites had gazed upon the plump beast with greedy eyes. My first quest was after this animal. I found it, but there was a sentry on the stable. The Commune had requisitioned the horse, and the stable-keeper had resisted the requisition on the ground that it belonged to a foreigner. The matter had been compromised by the posting of a sentry over the animal until the authorities should have maturely weighed the grave question. The sentry declined to depart when I civilly entreated him, nor would he allow me to take out the horse; so I had in the mean time to leave the matter as it stood. From the stable I went to the War Ministry of the Commune, on the south side of the river. The utter absence of red tape and bureaucracy there was a shock to the system of the Briton. I remember being pervaded by the same sensation when years later I went to see General Sherman in the War Department at Washington. Ascending a staircase (not in Washington, but in Paris), I entered a big room full of sergeants and private soldiers bustling to and fro. Unheeded, I passed into an inner room, where I found the man whom I wanted writing among a number of other men in uniform, and a constantly changing throng of comers and goers. "Can I see the chief of staff?" I asked. "Of course you can; come with me." We went into a third room, a fine apartment, with furniture in the style of the First Empire; officers swarmed here, from commandants to lieutenants. Privates came in and had a word, and went away. Amid the bustle there was a certain order and also, seemingly, a certain thoroughness. Without delay I was presented to a gentleman who, I was told, was the *sous-chef* of the staff. I said I desired a pass to witness the military operations in the capacity of a correspondent. With a bow he turned to a staff-lieutenant, and bade him write me the order. The lieutenant set to work at once. He asked me whether I wanted an order for the exterior as well as for the interior operations, and said, "*Bon*," approvingly when I

told him I wanted an order that would allow me to go anywhere and see everything. The *sous-chef* signed it with the signature "Lefèvre Toncier," told me if ever I wanted any favor or any information to come to him, and made me a civil bow. I think I may reckon that this was the last permit signed by Communist authority.

General Dombrowski was the last of the many generalissimos of the Commune; he had held the command for about a day and a half. His headquarters, I was told, were away out to the west in the Château de la Muette, just behind the enceinte and close to the railway station of Passy. I went to the cab-stand in the Place de la Concorde, and told the first cabman to drive me to the château. "No, monsieur; I have children!" was the reply. I got a *cocher* less timid, who agreed to drive me to the beginning of the Grande Rue de Passy. As we passed the Pont de Jéna the Communist battery on the Trocadéro began to fire. Mont Valérien replied. One, two, three shells from it fell on the grassy slope where I had seen the German soldiers on their entry into Paris lie down and drink their fill of its beauties. One shell felled a lamp-post on the steps close by, and burst on the flags. My cabman struck, and very nearly carried me back with him in his hurry to be out of what he evidently considered an unpleasant neighborhood. There was nothing for me but to alight, and to go on foot up the Grande Rue. Here there was hardly any resident population, but a large colony of shell-holes. National guards, sailors, and franc-tireurs had quartered themselves in the houses, and lounged idly about the pavements. There were no symptoms of fear anywhere, and the shells were coming into the vicinity pretty freely. At the further end of the street I turned to the right through a large gateway into a short avenue of fine trees, at the end of which I entered the Château de la Muette. Dombrowski gave me a most hearty and cordial greeting, and at once offered me permission to attach myself to his staff permanently, if I could accept the position as it disclosed itself. "We are in a deplorably comic situation here," said he, with a smile and a shrug, "for the fire is both hot and continuous."

Dombrowski was a neat, dapper little fellow of some five feet four inches, dressed in a plain, dark uniform with very little gold lace. His face was shrewd—acuteness itself; he looked as keen as a file, and there was a fine, frank, honest manner with him, and a genial heartiness in the grip of his hand. He was the sort of man you take to instinctively, and yet there were ugly stories about him. He wore a slight mustache and rather a long chin-tuft, which he was given to pulling as he talked. He

spoke no English, but talked German fluently. His staff consisted of eight or ten officers, chiefly plain young fellows who seemed thoroughly up to their work, and with whom, not to be too pointed, soap and water seemed not so plentiful as was their consummate coolness. Dombrowski ate, read, and talked all at once, while one could hardly hear his voice for the din of the cannonade and the whistle of the shells. He showed great anxiety to know whether I could tell him anything as to the likelihood of German intervention, and it struck me that he would be very glad to see such a solution of the strange problem. We had got to the salad when a battalion commandant, powder-grimed and flushed, rushed into the room and exclaimed in great agitation that the Versailles troops were streaming inside the enceinte at the gate of Billancourt, which his command had been holding. The cannonade from Issy had been so fierce that his men had been all under shelter, and when the Versailles came suddenly on, and they had to expose themselves and deliver musketry-fire, the shells fell so thick and deadly that they bolted, and then the Versailles had carried the gate, and now held it. His men had gone back in a panic. He had beaten them — *sacré nom*, etc. — with the flat of his sword till his arm ached, but he had not

gate of Billancourt. Dombrowski waited until the gasping officer had exhausted himself, then handed him a glass of wine with a smile, and with a serene nod turned to his salad, and went on eating it composedly and reflectively. At length he raised his head:

"Send to the Ministry of Marine for a battery of seven-pounders; call out the cavalry, the *tirailleurs* [of some place or other, I did not catch where], and send such and such battalions of national guards. Let them be ready by seven o'clock. I shall attack with them, and lead the attack myself."

The Ministry of Marine, I may remark, had been turned into an arsenal. It was a sign of the times that the officer to whom Dombrowski dictated this order, like himself a Pole, did not know where to find the Ministry of Marine. Directions having been given him as to its locality, the lieutenant suggested that he might not be able to get a whole battery.

"Bring what you can, then," said Dombrowski; "two, three, or four guns, as many as you can, and see that the tumbrils are in order. Go and obey!"

"Go and obey" was the formula of this peremptory, dictatorial, and yet genial little man. He had a splendid commanding voice, and one might have judged him accustomed to dictat-



FROM COMPOSITION PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TIME, BY APPERT, PARIS.

ENGRAVED BY P. ATKIN.

ASSASSINATION OF GENERALS CLEMENT THOMAS AND JULES LECOLTE, AT MONTMARTRE, MARCH 18, 1871.

succeeded in arresting the panic, and his battalion had now definitely forsaken the enceinte. The Versailles were massing in large numbers to strengthen the force that had carried the

ing, for he would break off to converse and take up the thread again, as if he had been the chief clerk of a department.

While Dombrowski was eating his prunes



DRAWN BY VIERGE.

A BURSTING BOMB.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

after his salad,—like most Poles, he seemed a miscellaneous feeder,—there came bustling in a fussy commandant with a grievance. His grievance was thus expressed: “General, I have been complained against because I have too large a staff, and have been ordered to bring the return to you.” Dombrowski took the return, and read it. “A commandant,” he exclaimed, “and with a staff of ten officers! What!” Here he rose and swept his arm round the table with a gesture of indignation. “Look, citizen commandant! Here am I, the general, and behold my staff, nine hard-working men; and you, a commandant, have ten loafers! I allow you one secretary; go and obey!” And the discomfited commandant cleared out.

The shell-fire was increasing. Dombrowski told me that the Château de la Muette belonged to a friend of Thiers, and that therefore, although it was known to be his headquarters, there were orders that it should be somewhat spared. All I have to say is, that if

there were any efforts made to spare it, the Versaillist gunners were very bad shots. One shell went through the wall bounding the avenue; another struck the corner of the house so hard that I thought it was through the wall. Dombrowski’s nerves were strong, and he had trained his staff to perfection. When this shell burst he was speaking to me. I started. I don’t think his voice vibrated a single chord. The officers sitting round the table noticed the explosion no more than if it had been a snapping-bonbon at a ball supper. A soldier waiter was filling my cup with coffee. The spout of the coffee-pot was on the cup. There was no jar; the man’s nerves were like iron. There was good, quiet, firm, undemonstrative stuff here, whatever there might be elsewhere. Dombrowski’s adjutant took me up-stairs to the roof, where there was an observatory. The staircase and upper rooms had been very freely knocked about by shell-fire, notwithstanding the friendship of M. Thiers for the owner of the château. The observatory, which was of

holders of the positions thereabouts were being hard pushed. The cannonade and fusillade from the Seine all the way to the Neuilly gate, and probably beyond, continued to increase in warmth as we hastened down the Rue Mozart. The Versaillist batteries were in full roar; and it was not possible, had some guns still remained undismounted on the enceinte, to respond effectively to their steady and continuous fire of weighty metal. Some reinforcements were waiting for Dombrowski on the Quai d'Auteuil, partly sheltered by the houses of the landward side of the quay from the fire which was lacerating the whole vicinity. The tidings which greeted the little general were unpleasant when he rode into the Institution de Ste. Périne, which was occupied as a kind of local headquarters. It was the commandant of the 93d National Guard battalion who had come to the Château de la Muette to tell Dombrowski how his men had been driven from the gate of Billancourt in the afternoon. From what I could hurriedly gather, there had subsequently been a kind of rally. National guards had lined the battered parapet of the enceinte between the gates of Billancourt and Point du Jour and further northward to and beyond the gate of St. Cloud. For some time they had clung to the positions with considerable tenacity under a terrible fire, but had been forced back with serious loss, mainly by the close and steady shooting of the Versaillist artillery of the breaching-batteries about Boulogne and those in the more distant Brimborion. The gate of St. Cloud, as well as that of Point du Jour, had followed the Billancourt gate into the hands of Versaillists, who, having occupied the enceinte in force and the adjacent houses inside, had pushed strong detachments forward to make reconnaissances up the rues Les Marois and Billancourt, one of which bodies at least had penetrated as far as the railway viaduct, but had been driven back.

Dombrowski smiled as this news was communicated to him, and I thought of his "second line of defense," and of his assurance that "the situation was not compromised." By this time it was nearly nine o'clock, and it seemed to me that the Versaillists must have got cannon upon or inside the enceinte, the fire came so straight, so hot, and so heavy into and about the Institution de Ste. Périne. Dombrowski and his staff were very active and daring, and the heart of the men seemed good. There was some cheering at the order to advance, and the troops, consisting chiefly of *franc-tireurs* and men wearing a zouave dress, so far as I could see in the gloom, moved out from behind the viaduct into the Rue de la Municipalité (that was its name then, but I think it is now called the Rue Michel). A couple of guns—only field-

guns, I believe—opened fire on the Ceinture railway to the left of the Rue de la Municipalité, and under their cover the infantrymen debouched with a short-lived rush. Almost immediately, however, utter disorganization ensued, the result of a hot and close rifle-fire which seemingly came chiefly from over a wall which I was told inclosed the Cimetière des Pauvres. The Federals broke right and left. One forlorn hope I saw spring forward and go at the corner of the cemetery wall in the angle formed by a little cross-street, under the passionate leadership of a young staff-officer whom I had noticed in the Château de la Muette at dinner-time. There was a few moments' brisk cross-fire, then the Federal spurt died away, and the fugitives came running back, but without their gallant leader. Some affirmed that Dombrowski himself took part in this rash, futile effort, but the locality was too warm for me to be able to speak definitely on this point. Meanwhile there seemed to be almost hand-to-hand fighting going on all along the exterior of the viaduct. I could hear the incessant whistle and patter of the bullets, and the yells and curses of the Federals, not a few of whom owed the courage they displayed to alcoholic influences. Every now and then there was a shout and a short rush, then a volley which arrested the rush, and then a stampede back under cover. Soon after ten it was obvious that the fight was nearly out of the Communists. Dombrowski I had long since lost sight of. One officer told me that he had been killed close to the churchyard wall; another, that his horse had been shot under him, and that he had last seen the daring little fellow fighting with his sword against a Versaillist marine, who was lunging at him with his bayonet. After the Commune was stamped out, accusations of treachery to the cause he was professing to serve were made against Dombrowski. All I can say is, that so far as I saw him, he bore himself as a true man and a gallant soldier; and seeing that he lost his life in the struggle, it seems the reverse of likely that he had sold himself to the Versaillists.

Then came a sudden panic, and I was glad to make good my retreat behind the "second line of defense," which was not easily recognizable as a line of defense at all, and concerning which I suspected that Dombrowski must have been gasconading. Once behind the railway, the Federal troops held their ground for some time with a show of stiffness. Occasional outbursts of fire indicated the attacks made by detached parties of Versaillists; but those flashes of strife gradually died away, and about eleven o'clock the quietness had become so marked that I thought the work was over for the night, and that Dombrowski's anticipations had been at least partly realized. The pause



PAINTING BY LEON Y ESCOBURA.

THE RUE DE RIVOLI UNDER THE COMMUNE.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

was deceptive. The Versaillists must have been simply holding their hands for a time to make the blow heavier when it should fall. No doubt they had their combinations to mature elsewhere. No doubt they were pouring in force into the area between the enceinte and the Ceinture railway. They were quiet for a purpose while they were doing this—lining the enceinte and packing the thoroughfares with artillery. We could hear in our rear in the distance the *générale* being beaten in the streets of Paris. A staff-officer, who spoke English like a native, came to me and told me how he mistrusted the pause, and feared that the supreme hour had come at last. It was near midnight when a strong fire of cannon and musketry opened on the viaduct. At the same moment there came on the wind the noise of heavy firing from the north. I heard some one shout: "We are surrounded! The Versaillists are pouring in by the gates of Auteuil, Passy, and La Muette!" This was enough. A mad panic set in. The cry rose of "*Sauve qui peut!*" mingled with the other shouts of "*Nous sommes trahis!*" Arms were thrown down, accoutrements were stripped off, and every one bolted at the top of his speed, many officers leading the *débâcle*. I came on one party—a little detachment of franc-tireurs—standing fast behind the projection of a house, and, calling out that all the chiefs had run away, left

them. Whether this was the case as regards the higher commands, I could not tell. I do not believe Dombrowski was the man to run, nor any of his staff. But certainly none of them were to be seen. There was a cry, too, that there was an inroad from the south; and so men surged, and struggled, and blasphemed confusedly up the quay in wild confusion, shot and shell chasing them as they went. In the extremity of panic mingled with rage, men blazed off their pieces indiscriminately, and struck at one another with the clubbed butts. Then battalions or detachments were met coming up, upon which surged the tide of fugitives, imparting to them their panic, and carrying them away in the rush.

There was an interval of distracted turmoil during which, in the darkness and in my comparative ignorance of that part of Paris, I had no idea for a time whither I was being carried in the throng of fugitives. The road was wide, and I was able to discern that it was bounded on the right by the Seine; by after reference to the map, I found that the thoroughfare we had been traversing was the Quai de Passy. After a while I struck out of the turmoil up a silent street on the left, and for a time wandered about in utter ignorance of my whereabouts. I can hardly tell how it came about that in the first flicker of the dawn I found myself on the Place du Roi de Rome (now, I be-

lieve, called the Place du Trocadéro). There was a dense fog, which circumscribed my sphere of vision, and I knew only that I was standing on sward in an utter solitude. A few steps brought me into the rear of a battery facing westward, from which all the guns had been carried off except one which had been dismounted, evidently by a hostile shell, and lay among the shattered fragments of its carriage. Close by, no doubt killed by the explosion of the same shell which had wrecked the gun, were two or three dead Communists. As it became lighter, and the fog was slowly dispersing, the slopes of the Trocadéro disclosed themselves on my left, and I realized that I must be standing in the Trocadéro battery of which I had heard Dombrowski speak on the previous afternoon. Looking westward along the Avenue de l'Empereur (now the Avenue Henri Martin), I saw a battery of artillery advancing up it at a walk, with detachments of sailors abreast of it on each sidewalk. I had not to ask myself whether these troops, advancing with a deliberation so equa-

ble, could belong to the beaten and panic-stricken army of the Commune. No; that could not be. They were, for sure, Versaillist troops coming to take possession of the Trocadéro. Indeed, had there been no other evidence, their method of announcing themselves by half a dozen chassepot bullets fired at the lone man standing by the battery was conclusive. I took the hint to quit, and started off abruptly in the direction of the Champs Elysées. I came out on the beautiful avenue by the Rue des Chailots, about midway between the Arc de Triomphe and the Rond Point; and I round the noble pile which commemorates French valor stood in close order several battalions of soldiers in red breeches. Thus far then, at all events, had penetrated the Versaillist invasion of Paris in the young hours of the 22d. The French regulars were packed in the Place de l'Étoile as densely as were the Bavarians on the day of the German entry three months before. No cannon-fire was directed on them from the great Federal barricade at the Place



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCARD.

AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE ROYALE AND FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ.

de la Concorde end of the Tuileries gardens, but national guards were showing about it, and now and then sending a rifle-bullet ineffectively at the dense masses of the Versailles. The latter, for their part, seemed to take things very deliberately, and to be making quite sure of their ground before advancing

and then, tracking them by side streets, I found they pressed on steadily, firing now and then, but not heavily, till they reached the open space at the head of the Boulevard Haussmann, in front of the Pépinière Barracks. This was a singularly commanding position, and thus early one could fathom the tactics of the



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. APPERT.

TYPES OF THE PÉTROULEUSES.

1. Marie Menan, condemned to death for murder and incendiarism; 2. Marguet, life imprisonment for robbery and incendiarism; 3. Louise Bonenfant, cantinière and pointeuse in the artillery of the fédérés, life imprisonment; 4. Marie Grivot, orator of the Club, life imprisonment; 5. Augustine Prevost, cantinière of the fédérés, life imprisonment; 6. Angeline, cantinière, life imprisonment for robbery and incendiarism.

further. They had a field-battery in action a little way below the Arc, which swept the Champs Elysées very thoroughly. I saw several shells explode about the Place de la Concorde, and was very glad when I had run the gantlet safely and reached the further side of the great avenue. I was making toward the Parc Monceaux, when a person I met told me that Versailles troops, marching from the Arc along the Avenue de la Reine Hortense (now the Avenue Hoche), had come upon the Communists throwing up a barricade, and had saved them the trouble of completing it by taking it from them at the point of the bayonet. Here I very nearly got shut in, for as we talked there was a shout, and, looking eastward, I saw that a strong force of Versailles, with artillery at their head, were marching along the Avenue Friedland toward the Boulevard Haussmann. I was just in time to dodge across their front,

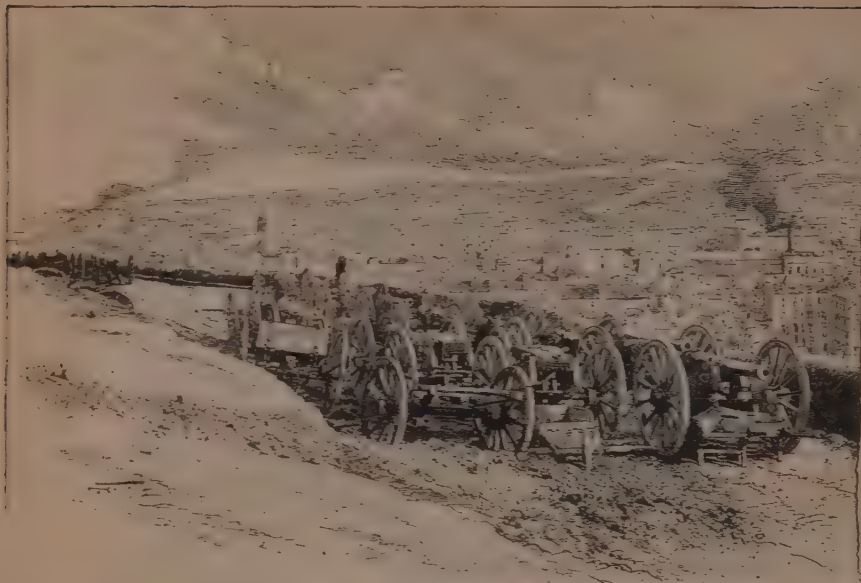
Versaillists. Occupying in strong force, and with numerous artillery, certain central points, from each of which radiated several straight thoroughfares in different directions, their design was to cut Paris up into sections, isolating the sections one from another by sweeping with fire the bounding streets. From this position, at the Pépinière, for instance, they had complete command of the Boulevard Haussmann down to its foot at the Rue Taitbout, and of the Boulevard Malesherbes down to the Madeleine, thus securing access to the great boulevards and to the Rue Royale, by descending which could be taken in reverse the Communist barricade at its foot, facing the Place de la Concorde. Desirous of seeing anything that might be passing in other parts of the city, I made my way by devious paths in the direction of the Palais-Royal. Shells seemed to be bursting all over Paris. They

were time-fuse shells; and I could see many of them explode in white puffs high in air. Several fell on and about the Bourse as I was passing it, and the boulevards and their vicinity were silent and deserted save for small detachments of national guards hurrying backward and forward. It was difficult to tell whether the Communists meant to stand or fall back, but certainly everywhere barricades were being hastily thrown up. All these I evaded until I reached the Place du Palais-Royal. Here two barricades were being constructed, one across the throat of the Rue St. Honoré, the other across the Rue de Rivoli between the Louvre and the hotel of the same name. For the latter material was chiefly furnished by a great number of mattresses of Sommier-Tucker manufacture, which were being hurriedly pitched out of the windows of the warehouse, and by mattresses from the barracks of the Place du Carrousel. The Rue St. Honoré barricade was formed of furniture, omnibuses, and cabs, and in the construction of it I was compelled to assist. I had been placidly standing in front of the Palais-Royal when a soldier approached me, and ordered me to lend a hand. I declined, and turned to walk away, whereupon he brought his bayonet down to the charge in close proximity to my person. That was an argument which, in the circumstances, I could not resist, and I accompanied him to where a red-sashed member of the Committee of the Commune was strutting to and fro superintending the operations. To him I addressed strong remonstrances, explaining that I was a neutral, and exhibiting to him the pass I had received from the War Department the day before. He bluntly refused to recognize the pass, and offered me the alternative of being shot or going to work. I was fain to accept the latter. Even if you are forced to do a thing, it is pleasant to try to do it in a satisfactory manner; and observing that an embrasure had been neglected in the construction of the barricade, notwithstanding that there was a gun in its rear, I devoted my energies to remedying this defect. The committeeman was good enough to express such approbation of this amendment that when the embrasure was completed he allowed me to go away. Looking up the Rue Rivoli, I noticed that the Communists had erected a great battery across its junction with the Place de la Concorde, armed with cannon which were in action, firing apparently up the Champs Elysées. Leaving the vicinity of the Palais-Royal, I went in the direction of the new opera-house. Reaching the boulevard, I discovered that the Versailles must have gained the Madeleine, and their position at the Pépinière Barracks no obstacle intervened; for they had thrown

up across the Boulevard de la Madeleine a barricade of trees and casks. The Communists, on their side, had a barricade composed chiefly of provision-wagons across the boulevard at the head of the Rue de la Paix. For the moment no firing was going on, and as it was getting toward noon I determined to try to reach my hotel in the Cité d'Antin and to obtain some breakfast.

Leaving the boulevard by the Rue Taitbout, I found my progress hampered by a crowd of people as I approached the bottom of the Boulevard Haussmann. By a strenuous pushing and shoving I got to the front of this throng, to witness a curious spectacle. There was a crowd behind me. Opposite to me, on the further side of the Boulevard Haussmann, another crowd faced me. Between the two crowds was the broad boulevard, actually alive with the rifle-bullets sped by the Versailles from their position about 1000 yards higher up. On the iron shutters of the shops closing it at the bottom—shops in the Rue Taitbout—the bullets were pattering like hailstones, some dropping back flattened, others penetrating. This obstacle of rifle-fire it was which had massed the crowds on each side. Nor were the wayfarers thus given pause without reason, for in the space dividing the one crowd from the other lay not a few dead and wounded who had dared and suffered. My hunger overcame my prudence, and I ran across without damage except to a coat-tail, through which a bullet had passed, making a hole in my tobacco-pouch. A lad who followed me was not so fortunate; he got across indeed, but with a bullet-wound in the thigh.

Having ordered breakfast at my hotel in the Cité d'Antin, a recessed space close to the foot of the Rue de Lafayette, I ran to the junction of that street with the Boulevard Haussmann just in time to witness a fierce fight for the barricade across the latter about the intersection of the Rue Tronchet. The Communists stood their ground resolutely, although falling fast under the overwhelming fire, until a battalion of Versailles marines made a rush and carried the barricade. It was with all the old French *élan* that they leaped on and over the obstacle and lunged with their sword-bayonets at the few defenders who would not give ground. Those who had not waited for the end fell back toward me, dodging behind lamp-posts and in doorways, and firing wildly as they retreated. They were pursued by a brisk fusillade from the captured barricade, which was fatal to a large proportion of them. Two lads standing near me were shot down. A bullet struck the lamp-post which constituted my shelter, and fell flattened on the asphalt. A woman ran out



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN

CANNON OF MONTMARTRE ON THE EVE OF MARCH 18, 1871.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGADRE.

from the corner of the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, picked up the bullet, and walked coolly back, clapping her hands with glee!

After eating and writing for a couple of hours, I determined to go to the North of France railway terminus, and attempt to get a letter to my paper sent out. One saw strange things on the way. What, for instance, was this curious fetish-like ceremony going on in the Rue Lafayette at the corner of the Rue Lafitte? There was a wagon, a mounted Spahi as black as night, and an officer with his sword drawn. A crowd stood around, and the center of the strange scene was a blazing fire of papers. Were they burning the ledgers of the adjacent bank, or the title-deeds of the surrounding property? No. The papers of a Communist battalion it was which were being thus formally destroyed, no doubt that they should not bear witness against its members. The episode was a significant indication of the beginning of the end; nor were other tokens wanting, for English passports were being anxiously sought. At the terminus the unpleasant report was current that the Prussians had shunted at St. Denis all the trains leaving Paris, and were preventing everybody from passing their lines. There was one chance. I suborned a railway employee of acute aspect to get out of Paris by walking through the railway tunnel, and should he reach St. Denis, to give my letter to a person there whom I could trust to forward it. My emissary put the missive cheerfully in

his boot and departed, having promised to come to my hotel at 8 p. m., and to report his success or failure. I never saw him or heard of him any more.

On my way back from the Gare du Nord, I met with an experience which was near being tragical. Hearing firing in the direction of the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, I left the Rue Lafayette for the Rue Chateaudun. When I reached the Place, in the center of which the church stands, I found myself inside an extraordinary triangle of barricades. There was a barricade across the end of the Rue St. Lazare, another across the end of the Rue Lorette, and a third between the church and in front of the Place, looking into the Rue Chateaudun. The peculiarity of the arrangement consisted in this, that each of these barricades could be either enfiladed or taken in reverse by fire directed against the others, so that the defenders were exposing themselves to fire from flank and rear, as well as from front. I took a protected position in the church porch, to watch the outcome of this curious state of things. But the officer in command happened to notice me, approached, and ordered me to pick up the musket of a man who had just been bowled over, and to take a hand in the defense of the position. I refused, urging that I was a foreigner and a neutral. He would by no means accept the excuse, and gave me the choice of the cheerful alternative of complying or being forthwith shot. I did not believe

him serious, and laughed at him; whereupon he called to four of his men to come and stick me up against the church wall, and then constitute themselves a firing-party. They had duly posted me, and were proceeding to carry out the program, when suddenly a rush of Versailles came upon and over the Rue St. Lazare barricade, whereupon the defenders precipitately evacuated the triangle, the firing-party accompanying their comrades. I remained, not caring for the society I should accompany if I fled; but I presently came to regard my fastidiousness as folly. For several shots from Versailles rifles came too near to be pleasant, and in a twinkling I was in Versailles grips, and instantly charged with being a Communeard. The people in the red breeches set about sticking me up against the church wall again, when fortunately I saw a superior officer, and appealed to him. I was bidden to hold up my hands. They were not particularly clean, but there were no gunpowder stains on the thumb and forefinger. Those stains were, it seemed, the brand marking the militant Communeard, and my freedom from them just pulled me through. It was a "close call," but then a miss is as good as a mile.

Late in the afternoon the drift of the retreating Communists seemed to be in the direction of Montmartre, whence their guns were firing over the city at the Versailles artillery, now on the Trocadéro. The Versailles, for their

part, were also moving deliberately in the Montmartre direction, and before dusk had reached the Place de l'Europe at the back of the St. Lazare terminus. From this point on the north they held with their advanced forces a definite line down the Rue Tronchet to the Madeleine. They were maintaining their fire along the Boulevard Haussmann, and from their battery at the Madeleine they had shattered the Communist barricade on the Boulevard des Capucines at the head of the Rue de la Paix. The Communists were undoubtedly partly demoralized, yet they were working hard everywhere at the construction of barricades.

About 8 P. M. the firing died out everywhere, and for an interval there was a dead calm. What strange people were those Parisians! It was a lovely evening, and the scene in the narrow streets off the Rue Lafayette reminded me of the aspect of the down-town residential streets of New York on a summer Sunday evening. Men and women were placidly sitting by their street doors, gossiping easily about the events and the rumors of the day. The children played around the barricades; their mothers scarcely looked up at the far-off sound of the *générale*, or when the distant report of the bursting of a shell came on the soft night wind. Yet on that light wind was borne the smell of blood, and corpses were littering the pavements not three hundred yards away.

Archibald Forbes.



THE WHIST-PLAYERS.



HEY play whist, the beaux in their powdered wigs and velvet coats, the ladies in their brocade petticoats and fine stomachers. The west windows are open; a fountain plashes in the garden; the flower-beds are bordered with box, and the scent of the box comes in at the open windows.

They play whist. A beau shakes back the lace frill from his hand as he deals. A red jewel gleams on his finger. The ladies' brocades rustle; they frown softly at their cards. An hour-glass stands on a table inlaid with mother-

of-pearl; the sand in the hour-glass flows silently; the pungent smell of the box comes in at the open windows.

They play whist. A lady leads from her long suit; a beau takes the trick with a king. His black eyes flash under his white wig like eternal youth.

The fountain plashes in the garden; the pungent smell of the box comes in at the open windows; the sand in the hour-glass flows as silently as the lives of the players.

They play whist. A beau leads an ace; his partner trumps. A trick is lost, but he looks at her, and smiles. A trick is lost — but love is immortal.

Mary E. Wilkins.

THE LOTTO PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.



HERE is no excuse for bringing forward a new portrait of Columbus at this late day unless it has more than the mere smack of possibility about it. For there are already something like six times six Columbuses in the field, and every one brings in a separate tale, and every tale condemns Columbus for—some other person. The confusion of testimony is, however, no good reason for wholly rejecting all the portraits, with the assumption that the discoverer never was drawn, carved, or painted from life. Positive and direct proof for any likeness of him cannot be adduced. The evidence, if it ever existed, has been lost in the lapse of years. But there are probabilities that seem to attach themselves to two recurrent types, and these form chains of circumstantial evidence worthy of consideration. The original of one of these types, perhaps the earliest of all the portraits, we have before us in the recently discovered picture by Lorenzo Lotto, engraved for the frontispiece of this magazine.

The history of this portrait is brief, and about as unsatisfactory as any of the other Columbuses. It is supposed to have been painted for Domenico Malipiero, the Venetian senator and historian, at the instance of his correspondent, Angelo Trevisan (Trivigiano), secretary of the Venetian ambassador to Spain, who in 1501 was in intimate communication with Christopher Columbus at Granada. Malipiero's manuscripts (and presumably this picture) are said to have passed to Senator Francesco Longo. The Gradenigos were the heirs of the Longos, and it was from them that the Cavaliere Luigi Rossi, a steward of the Duchess of Parma, purchased the picture. Just before Rossi's death the picture was sold to a person named Gandolfi, who had it somewhat repaired and restored. The badly damaged head and red cap of an Indian at the right were cut out, and the picture was made square instead of oblong. From Gandolfi it passed to Signor Antonio della Rovere of Venice, in whose house it was seen in 1891 by Captain Frank H. Mason, United States Consul-General at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and by him bought for the World's Fair at Chicago. The record cannot be traced with any certainty beyond the Gradenigos, and even if it could, it would prove no more than what the picture itself reveals. The best evidence for or against any picture is internal, not external.

It is hardly worth while arguing the antiquity of the canvas. It speaks for itself, and says unmistakably that it is old Italian—Venetian-Italian at that. The archaeological methods of determining the place of a work of art are now too well known for explanation, and too accurately based to admit of much error. Neither is it worth while to go afield in search of a painter for the portrait, when the name of the very man we would naturally attribute it to is upon the canvas. The signature and date read "Lauren^s Lotto f, 1512." Both are genuine, though the date had been clumsily scumbled over with gray paint. It has been suggested that the signature was not the one Lotto usually signed. He had no usual signature until 1522, and even after that it varies. I have before me as I write eight facsimiles of his signature, all written differently, and yet all, in common with this signature, possessed of a certain character that shows them to have come from one hand. Had the signature on this portrait been a falsification, we may be sure it would not have varied a hair's-breadth from those on the well-known portraits in the Brera, or that upon the St. Antoninus in SS. Giovanni e Paolo in Venice. The variation is a proof of genuineness. But the signature is corroboration only, not proof positive.

Lorenzo Lotto was a painter who in his portraits was hardly second to Titian, and yet there remain to us few facts in his life. He was born probably about 1480, and as a painter was Venetian with some provincial earmarks about him. Of the school of Giovanni Bellini, he was a friend and fellow-worker with Palma, and after 1512 shows the influence of Giorgione and, later, of Titian. With a faculty for grasping technical features in others, Lotto brought many reminiscences of his contemporaries into his works. It has been said that he was influenced by Correggio (a mistake), by Leonardo (another mistake), by Pennacchi, Carpaccio, Cima, and half a dozen other painters. That he was a borrower there can be no doubt, and this portrait shows his characteristic borrowings. The sharp articulated drawing in both hands and face points to his master Giovanni Bellini; the angularities of drapery, especially in the right sleeve, suggest Bartolommeo Vivarini; the fullness of the cloak and figure are Palmesque; the coloring, especially in the scarlet under-coat with the white edging at the neck, is peculiarly Lottesque, and yet suggests the influence of Ferrara; while the early Venetian landscape

seen through the window is like Cima in drawing, and like the Lombards in its blue-green coloring. These influences showing in his work were mingled with technical methods peculiar to himself. Thus he had his own method of handling light and shade, his own color delicacy, and, what is more apparent in this portrait, certain mannerisms in drawing. The theory of the late Senator Morelli, that the old Italians had a way of painting conventional features, has been sneered at by his critics, but nevertheless there is some truth in it, if not enough to establish a science. Lotto, for example, was very fond of giving his portraits a peculiar twist of the head, and a side-long look from the eye; his ears were almost always heavy, long, and inclined toward a point, not at the top but at the bottom; his hands and fingers were never quite free from a cramped appearance; and the finger-tips were inclined toward a point with a very singular form of finger-nail. Portraiture in those days did not extend to the minute realization of every individual feature. The examination of a man's work — Bellini's or Titian's, for instance — shows that he used but one formula for all hands and ears. Just so with Lotto. This portrait, compared with those in the Brera (especially the "Portrait of a Lady with a Fan," No. 253), those in the National Gallery in London, or even the sadly repainted Giorgionesque "Three Ages" in the Pitti (engraved in this magazine for April, 1892), will reveal the peculiar methods of the one man.

Those who do not care for the technical analysis of a picture, but prefer to judge by the spirit in which it is conceived and executed, may trace the identity of Lotto in that way quite as well. For, in spite of his eclecticism, Lotto had an individuality of his own, showing in a loftiness of type, an aristocratic grace of countenance, a refinement of feeling, and all through both conception and method a certain nervous quality that is almost morbid in its sensitiveness. Certainly our portrait shows these qualities, and, applying either method of recognition, the microscope of Morelli or the broader intuitive sense of Mündler or Cavalcaselle, there is only one conclusion that can be reached about it. It is a work of Lorenzo Lotto, and though it has suffered somewhat from the effects of time and repainting, it still possesses not a little of nobility.¹ Whether it is a Columbus or not, is quite another matter. Perhaps if the reasons for thinking so are set forth, the public will be as capable a judge as the Columbus experts.

Of the many representations of Columbus every portrait with a ruff or a beard is excluded. Neither was worn in Columbus's time. Criticism accepts as possibilities two types of the discoverer. One is the Giovin type, best seen perhaps in the D'Orchi portrait at Como or the Yanez portrait at Madrid. The history of the supposed original is brief and uncertain. Sixty years or more after the death of Columbus, Vasari gave a list of two hundred and eighty portraits in the villa of Paolo Giovio on Lake Como, which Duke Cosimo had Cristoforo dell' Altissimo copy for his Gardaroba. In the list, with Attila, Artaxerxes, Saladin, Tamerlane, and other celebrities, whose portraits must have been purely imaginary, appears "Colombo Genovese." In 1575, engravings purporting to reproduce the portraits in the Como villa were printed, and among them one that still does service for Christopher Columbus. If the real portrait of the discoverer ever was in that collection, it must have been lost or confused with others. The Giovin type shows the face and costume of a Franciscan brother instead of a navigator. For that reason, and because it does not correspond to the written descriptions left by the contemporaries of Columbus, it has not been universally accepted.

The other type is well shown in the Ministry of Marine portrait at Madrid.² The Lotto portrait, which we have before us, is an earlier presentation of this type — perhaps the archetype. The difference between the two men shown in the two portraits is slight indeed. It might result from two different artists viewing the same sitter, or the sitter himself seen at two different times or ages, or from the careless restorations from which both pictures have suffered. We see such variations in the portraits of Francis I., and Napoleon I., and even in those of George Washington. This type seems to repeat itself in succeeding engravings and ideal portraits; something of it shows in the Genoa statue; so familiar is it that painters at this day employ it in historical pictures of Columbus; and even the circus people use it in their show-bills. Whether real or imaginary, it seems to be the popular conception of what the discoverer ought to be. Unfortunately there is no absolute Columbus criterion by which we may judge whether it is fact or fiction, but there are reasons for thinking it founded on fact.

It is, in the first place, the Ligurian type, the Genoese type, which the contemporaries and followers of Columbus — his son Ferdinand, Trevisan, Las Casas, Oviedo, Benzoni

¹ Critical articles upon this portrait appeared in "La Tribuna Illustrata," Rome, December 7, 1890, and in the "Rivista Marittima," July and August, 1890. W. J. Stillman wrote of it as a Lotto in the "Nation,"

December 26, 1889, and I am informed that Cavalcaselle, Morelli, Böde, and a number of German experts have given a like opinion.

² Engraved in this magazine for May, 1892.

—described in saying that the admiral was tall, well formed, above the average height; his face was long, neither full nor thin, his cheek-bones a little high. He had an aquiline nose, light (gray) eyes, and a fair, high-colored complexion. When a young man his hair was blond, but at the age of thirty it became gray. Las Casas adds that "he had an air of authority," and Benzoni that "his appearance was that of a nobleman." Such a general description is, of course, a rather loose mask into which many faces may be thrust; but the one that fits it best is the Ligurian face. A comparison, feature by feature, will show that the Lotto portrait tallies exactly with the description even in the matter of the gray hair, the gray eyes, the "air of authority," and "the appearance of a nobleman." If the original study for the portrait were made in 1501, as is thought probable, it should find Columbus (according to Harris) fifty-six years of age, out of favor with the court, suffering from hardships and misfortunes, and disheartened by ingratitude. Again, the picture corresponds, even in the facial expression of sadness and wounded pride.

The costume in which the figure is clothed has more importance, perhaps, than would ordinarily attach, for the reason that the old Venetians never searched the history of antiquity for appropriate "historical" garments. They always painted what they saw about them, and here in this portrait we have the Italian costume of the Columbus age. It is the first time that it appears in any portrait of the discoverer; and the second and only other time it appears is in the repetition, the Ministry of Marine portrait. Carderera, in his "*Informe sobre los Retratos de Cristobal Colon*," says of the costume of the Columbus period, that for the better classes "the hair was as long as to cover the ears, and cut in a horizontal line; the shirts had thin folds, and a collar which was no higher than a finger is thick; the coat was long to the knees, and the collar was cut out square around the neck, or the breast was cut out square. . . . Mantles were long, and fell to the ankles, with broad lapels, and had slits or openings at the sides." Had he added that the lapels were of silk or of fur, it would seem as though his description had been taken directly from the Lotto portrait, for it fits it in every respect. It is, in brief, the Italian costume in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries for well-to-do or noble people, and may be seen at this day in the Venetian pictures by Bellini, Carpaccio, Cima, and their contemporaries.

But to come a little nearer to our search, this Genoese, with "an air of authority" and a tinge of melancholy about him, who looks out of his canvas with such a reproachful, half-disdainful

look—this man is a navigator, a commander. The lines of the face are those formed by exposure to all sorts of weather; the bronzed, tanned look of the skin is the result of salt air and southern sun; the very eyes, with their keen, narrow look, are those of a "lookout" at sea who blinks in the fierce light of noonday beating on the ocean. But, above all, if he be not a navigator, why the attributes of the craft about him? In the left hand he holds a log-glass. It is not an hour-glass, but a log-glass, which runs from fourteen to twenty-eight seconds, and was used in connection with the log-line to ascertain the speed of a ship. It rests upon a book, and that book is marked on the back "Aristotel." Aristotle and Strabo both taught the spherical theory of the earth. It was the influence of Aristotle and his interpreters that kept alive during the middle ages the doctrine that India and Spain were not far apart; and Mr. Tillinghast informs us (Win-sor, Vol. I, p. 36) that Columbus certainly knew of these sources. Whether he did or did not would have made little difference to the painter. He had to portray a believer in the roundness of the earth. Aristotle was an ancient authority for that belief; hence his volume was an appropriate symbol—particularly appropriate for the man who first put the spherical theory to a practical test. Another symbol, that of the Indian in the red cap at the right, was unfortunately cut away, and cannot be spoken of now. There was probably some confusion in the painter's mind between the Indian brought to Venice by Cappello as a present to the Seignior in 1497 and the Moors of western Africa. The error of thinking them of kin was popular at that time; hence the red fez, which might, indeed, have been worn by Cappello's Indian while in Venice.

If there is any possible doubt about the book, the log-glass, and the Indian symbols, there is none whatever about the attribute in the right hand. It is a map—a map not of Africa or India, but of the New World, the West Indies discovered by Columbus. What possible pertinence could there be in placing this map of Columbus's discoveries in the hands of another person than Columbus himself? He holds the map half unrolled to the view as an evidence of his achievement; in the hands of any other person, say Vasco da Gama, Magellan, or Vespucci, it would look like downright theft or false pretenses. During the life of Columbus, and for many years after his death, no navigator would have dared to appropriate to himself such a symbol. The discovery of the West Indies was the peculiar glory of Columbus, and even modern historical criticism, which has pilfered from him everything else, including ability, honor, and common decency, has

not disputed his right to that. And yet not quite all the land upon the map was discovered by Columbus. The map was of course sketchily painted, as the symbol of a navigator, not for cartographical purposes; but nevertheless the degrees of longitude, the outlines of the islands, and the names, may be easily traced. The names that appear are Spagnola (Hayti), La Dominica, Moferato (Monseratt), Canibalorum (Cannibal Islands), and at the bottom Terra Sancte [*sic*] Crucis (Brazil). But Brazil was not discovered by Columbus. It is usually conceded to be the find of the Portuguese Cabral in 1500. How does it happen, then, that he holds a map showing a discovery not his own?

All the discoveries on the map were known in 1500. Columbus died in 1506. The earliest engraved map of the New World now known to us is the Ruysch map, published with the second edition of the Rome Ptolemy in 1508. The map in the Lotto portrait (the portrait is dated 1512, it will be remembered) is very like the West Indian portion of the Ruysch map, except in the omission of some important islands and in the spelling of some of the names. It is not impossible that Lotto used the Ruysch map, because it was in existence in his time, and that he copied the West Indian portion of it, indicating at the bottom the Terra Sanctæ Crucis, ignorant or careless as to whether Columbus did or did not discover that particular country. From the painter's point of view, there would be nothing unusual or out of the way in his doing so. But if such were the case, why did not Lotto likewise copy the spelling? Why Canibalorum for "Canibalos In," and Moferato for "Moferrato"? Why were Matinina, and Tamaraqua, and other names and islands on the Ruysch map omitted entirely? Did Lotto reproduce Ruysch's map, or was Ruysch's map an enlargement of that now lost map brought to Venice for Domenico Malipiero by Angelo Trevisan in 1502—a map which Lotto must have known about and possibly copied in this portrait?

Angelo Trevisan, secretary to the Venetian Embassy at Granada, had been requested by Domenico Malipiero, the Venetian senator, admiral, and historian, to obtain for him a map of the newly discovered countries in the west, as appears from a letter of Trevisan's to Malipiero dated Granada, August 21, 1501. In that letter he speaks of his intimacy and friendship for Columbus, who was then at Granada, poor, and out of favor with the sovereigns.

Through him [Columbus] I have sent to Palos, a place where only sailors and men acquainted

with Columbus's voyages live, to have a map made at the request of your Magnificency. It will be extremely well executed and copious, and minute in respect to the newly discovered country.

Further on he speaks of its size preventing the sending of it; Malipiero must wait until Trevisan returns to Venice. In the mean time he sends a free Venetian translation of the first book of Martyr's "Decades of the Ocean," containing the first three voyages of Columbus, and promises the others. Probably Malipiero had no direct interest in Columbus. As a historian and a Venetian senator, he wanted complete information regarding the New World—perhaps to promote Venetian commerce. Possibly Columbus did not know about all the land discovered, but the Venetian Embassy in Granada did. It knew about the discovery of Terra Sanctæ Crucis by Cabral through its secretary in Portugal, and through the letter of the King of Portugal to the King of Spain (dated July 29, 1500, and printed in Rome, October 23, 1500) announcing that discovery. In August, 1501, Trevisan promises to make the map "as copious and minute as possible"; therefore he sends to have it made at Palos. Why, if not that he finds there map-makers familiar with Portuguese as well as with Spanish discoveries? There was no need of sending to Palos for Columbus's charts, because Columbus had his charts with him at Granada, where Trevisan was located. It was evidently Trevisan's object to have the map show not only the islands of Columbus's discovery, but *all the discoveries*. It is extremely likely that when the Embassy returned to Venice in 1502, Trevisan's map had, besides the West Indies, the outline of Terra Sanctæ Crucis (Brazil) upon it, and that Lotto used the map for his portrait. It is not positively known that such was the case, for all trace of the map is now lost; but one slight thing seems to connect the Lotto map with the Trevisan map, and intimates that the one was merely a painter's copy of the other. In 1504 Trevisan's Venetian translation of the first book of Martyr's "Decades" appeared under the title of "*Libretto de tutte le Navigazione del Re di Spagna*," and in it the spelling of the names of the countries is the same as that upon the map in the hand of the Lotto Columbus.¹ Why the map made at Palos, a Spanish port, should have Venetian and Latin names upon it corresponding to the spelling in Trevisan's "*Libretto*," is explicable only on the ground that Trevisan so ordered it, knowing that the map was for Venetian use. That Lotto should have copied this map with

in Venice. The "*Libretto*" was republished with Cabral's voyage and other matter in the "*Paesi novamente retrovati*," Vicentia, 1507.

¹ This information is furnished me by Signor della Rovere, who has had access to the only copy of the "*Libretto*" in existence, in the library of St. Mark's

Terra Sanctæ Crucis upon it, or that he should have varied the Ruysch map, using either the one or the other as a symbol of Columbus the discoverer, has nothing of the improbable about it. To paint what was before one, regardless of chronology or exact historic truth, was the story of all the Renaissance art.

There is no record that Lotto ever was in Spain or ever saw Columbus. Such things were not matters of record. There are only some half-dozen dates in Lotto's whole life, and these come mainly from churches that had paid money for his pictures. From the different towns in which these dates appear it would seem that Lotto was a wanderer over Italy at least. From 1500 to 1503 no one knows where he was. He might have been in Spain, as he was, later on, in Rome and elsewhere. He may have sketched Columbus from life and never finished the picture until 1512. Such things were not infrequent then, nor are they now. It is more likely, however, that Trevisan, the intimate friend of Columbus, who had the elaborate map made for Malipiero,—a map so large that he had to take it with him to Venice in his luggage,—also brought with him some sketch or portrait of Columbus as a complement to the map and as

a present to Malipiero. Trevisan's one-sentence description of Columbus prefacing his "Libretto," and reading "Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, high and tall, red, very clever, with a long face," seems insufficient and meaningless unless accompanied by a sketch or portrait of the man. It is not improbable that such a sketch or portrait served as Lotto's model for this larger picture. Lotto was certainly well enough known in 1512 to obtain such an order from Malipiero or Trevisan. Later on his intimate companion, Palma Vecchio, was working for a branch of the Malipiero family; but whether Lotto ever did or did not can only be conjectured.

Such, in brief, is the present evidence for the Lotto Columbus. It is not conclusive, because the portrait has outlived its record, and stands to-day, like many another Renaissance portrait, the sole witness in itself for itself. The type, the costume, the attributes, the circumstances, point toward a likeness of Columbus; that is all. Circumstantial or hearsay evidence is all that has ever been brought forward for any portrait of Columbus, and perhaps it is not too much to say that the evidence for this one is quite as strong as for any other in existence.

John C. Van Dyke.



DARE-THE-WIND.

"Western people have a proverbial saying that the blue-grass springs up wherever an Indian has stepped."—J. J. PIATT.

BLUE-GRASS dancing to your shadow
Lightly swaying o'er the sod,
Do you spring up in the meadow
Where an Indian foot has trod?

And is this the mystic sun-dance,
Feathery-crested Dare-the-Wind?
Or the thank-reel for abundance
Of tall maize in stacks to bind?

Doughty brave, afraid of no man—
Ha, your blade is tipped with red!
'T is the blood of dusky foeman
In some old-time battle shed.

Light and lissomè, tall and slender,
Pluméd chieftain of the soil,
Ay, you dance the war-dance furious
Ere you dash into the broil!

Silent, Dare-the-wind, and sulky?
Come, your secret have I found?
You're the ghost of Indian warrior
Sent to guard yon Indian mound.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

THE CHOSEN VALLEY.¹—VI.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY THE AUTHOR.

VIII.



"G'DE be thankit!" cried Margaret, opening the door to Dunsmuir. "Come awa' in out o' the stour."

Again the dust-wind was raging up the valley, that last day of a pitiless September long remembered, even in a patient land, for its brazen days, and stifling nights, and ceaseless storming winds that brought no rain, but "stour."

Squaw Butte and the War Eagle had not been seen for weeks, so close fell the curtain of smoke from burning forests. Hundreds of acres to the north and east were on fire, turning the sun's light to a ground-glass glare, and troubling the heated atmosphere. The evening before a false wind blew up from the plains; the clouds sulked all night, and promised rain; next day a lurid sun peered forth and vanished. The desert wind arose, and the dust-cloud marched before it, and, as it drew near, fields and fences were blotted out of the landscape, houses looked like stranded hulks, and trees like staggering masts, and which was earth and which sky no eye could distinguish in the yellow darkness.

Dunsmuir had had what Margaret would have called a warning that his errand to the homestead must not wait. He traveled ahead of the storm, which broke upon the ranch at three of the afternoon. He could scarcely see the house from the stacks where he tied his horse. There was neither barn nor stable, no shelter for the few poor cattle, no roof to the well, no porch to the bare, little two-roomed cabin. Yet it was a home, and a great sorrow had come to it. Dunsmuir had no need to ask its nature. That helpless man-shape sunk in a chair, propped back, with a comforter tucked around him, was Job. His feet were in a tub of hot water, which steamed up into his white, drawn face, and eyes of speechless appeal turned from one to the other of the two who looked at him as if he were already not of this world.

"When did this happen, poor woman?" said Dunsmuir, giving his sympathy, as we do, to the mourner before the sufferer.

"'Deed, I think it's an hoursin' he was taken; but I cannae rightly say, I have been sae crazed wi' the storm an' the heat an' the sair wark o' handlin' him—ma pair mannie!"

The heat was something fearful. The house had been shut tight against the laden gusts, which shook the feeble door, and beat upon the windows, and cast the dust of the valley road upon the roof, like ashes on the head of a mourner. Margaret had crammed the stove with dry sage-stumps in her haste to prepare the foot-bath; she had put mustard into the water, and the odor of it was sickening in the close-shut, reeking room. Her face was purple, shining with tears and perspiration, and twisted with grief. She knelt and lifted the pulseless feet into her lap, and dried them, and cried a little as she showed the towel—one of the fine ones "the child" had given her, with her mother's own maiden name wrought upon it. Dunsmuir helped her get the helpless bulk into a bed, in the other room, which Margaret had hastily spread with clean sheets; and again she could not pass over without calling attention to the comforts Dolly's mindfulness had supplied, so grateful now to her fond, simple heart. It pleased her that Job should lie upon the finest and softest of linen and feathers, provided by her whom they loved as their own child.

"He 'll come out of it, Margaret," said Dunsmuir. "I think he knows me." And he went up close to Job, and spoke to him as to a child, asking him the question. They knew not how much of Job was there to hear, even without the power to answer. It were better he should remain without the doors of consciousness, than reënter, to behold the ruin that he was. Job made a feeble motion of his left hand toward the right, which lay as it had fallen when they placed him on his back in the bed. Dunsmuir lifted that awful dead member and laid it across his chest. A look of greater ease crept into the strange, familiar face on the pillow. "You know me, Job?" Dunsmuir persisted, in the forlorn attempt to comfort Margaret. "He knows me, see!" Job had fixed his eyes upon Dunsmuir's face with a stare that had something like intelligence in it. His mouth worked, but he could not articulate.

¹ Copyright, 1892, by Mary Hallock Foote.

Still, it was plain that the stroke was not to be the final one. In the outer room, while the drear wind tormented the valley and blotted it from their sight, Dunsmuir made known his business.

"Here," said he, "is the last of the money that 's so long overdue; and it comes none too soon, my poor woman. I suppose you would not have asked me for a penny, however ye were?"

"Indeed, an' I would," answered Margaret. "That 's no way o' my pride. But ye need na cum'er yoursel' wi' us. We have made out vera weel, as ye can see. We have wantit for naething in reason. And I 'm just thankfu' that we cam awa' here to oursel', as he was aye fleechin' an' beggin' me to do. He 'd a hankerin' to set the place in order, or ere he left me to fend for mysel'. I 'm thinkin' he 'll have had his warnin'."

"You put shame upon us all, Margaret, when you talk of fending for yourself. Who was it stood by me in the mother's place to my children, with all the mother's cares, and none of her honors or blood rights? I shall never try to tell you how it fared with me to see you go out of my house without even your money wages in your pocket. You 'll give us the right now to show you 're something more to us than a chance comer and goer. Come, I must have your promise that you 'll let me know, from this forth, whatever you 're in want of. So far as I 'm able, I 'll see that you get it."

By four o'clock the wind had moderated so that Dunsmuir was able to set out home again and to send a messenger for the doctor. He had proposed to come back himself and to spend the night; but Margaret seemed so distressed at his taking such unwonted trouble, that he wisely substituted the offer of Dolly's company, with a trusty man to stay by the ranch. It was easy to surprise Margaret's wishes now; she was off all her guards at once, and softened to the simple truthfulness of grief. She accepted what she wanted, and was fearless in refusing.

A fair, rosy evening followed the storm. There had been rain higher up, on the mountains, and the freshness had descended without the moisture; gusts of coolness scattered the dry roses and rustled the withering vines. Philip very definitely proposed to be the man who should accompany Dolly and watch with her at the ranch. And Dunsmuir, who depended on him, though he might not own it, was thankful for his offer. Philip hurried to change his dress after dinner. He heard Dolly at the trunks in the attic, and went to the door, as once she had come, to see what was doing in there. She was hunting for an old dressing-gown of her father's, also for certain

pairs of fine woolen socks Margaret had knitted for him one Christmas when he had complained of cold feet, and he had unwittingly hurt her feelings by never wearing. She thought with awe of Job's condition, that he should need to be warmed in such weather. She was as red as a poppy with the heat and perhaps from other causes. She was in her dressing-sack; but to Philip's untutored eye there was no suggestion of dishabille in the pretty white jacket sprigged with roses, which showed a pair of arms he loved to look at, whether bare or sleeved. He longed to do all manner of wild homages to Dolly—to her arms and hands and feet and little fair head of tumbled hair. She was in a great fuss and hurry, trying one trunk after another; she grew troubled in her search, partly at Philip's help, which confused her and made it impossible to think or to remember.

In the third trunk they tried, the upper tray was filled with a large, soft, fragrant bundle that rustled richly and smelled of lavender and attar of roses.

"What can this be, laid away so preciously?" Philip smiled, with man-like curiosity, quickened by his flattered senses. "This must be the offering of the wise-hearted, in 'blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen.' Might one take a peep? This is surely the odor of sanctity."

Dolly shrinkingly owned that it might be—it was her mother's wedding-dress. And Philip abased himself in silence. She permitted him to lift out the long tray, and, as he did so, one end caught, and came up with a jerk that sent a small parcel to the floor.

"Oh!" said she, "I must show you these—Alan's and my christening things. You 'd never believe what pretty clothes I once wore, before I was a beggar-maid. But perhaps this is too childish?"

"I scarcely know you any more,"—Philip pretended offense,—"you have so many doubts and primmy notions. Once you were not afraid to be childish."

They bent together over the small, soft bundle as Dolly unpinning it on her lap, and displayed the ridiculous proportions of the tiny garments, doting with a seamstress's enthusiasm on their exquisite finish. She explained the mysteries of lace tuckers that folded down, and sleeves that looped up, and held one frock beneath her chin to show its sumptuous length from bib to hem of loveliest needlework, and every stitch set by hand. A subtle rich perfume, long laid away in the yellowing folds, stole forth upon the garret's tropic warmth. It spoke to them of memories merged in dreams, of a future tremulously foreshadowed. Philip, half intoxicated by the intimacy of these researches, was the only conscious one;

Dolly was simply girlishly flattered by his impassioned interest in her sartorial past. These pompous little robes had been the delight of her earliest visits to the attic; but the wedding-gown had ever been hedged about with careful ceremonies and precautions. No hands but Margaret's had ever ventured to unfold those lengths of shimmering satin and creamy drifts of lace, nor could Dolly realize that she was now sole keeper of the garments in which the sacred mother-past lay folded away. Something of this she tried to say; for Philip was one who seemed to understand everything.

"I have almost a guilty feeling, do you know, when I come here and rummage by myself. All the history of our poor house lies packed away in these trunks, ever since it stopped in the cañon, and nothing more happened. All my mother's happy girl-days were put away here, with her evening-gowns, and her pretty shoes, and fans, and sashes; and here"—Dolly laid her hand softly on the wedding-gown—"she was a bride; and here, a mother; and then it was all over, and Margaret locked her trunks and has kept the keys ever since. And we children never really knew her. We have no right here, do you think?"

She was sitting on the closed trunk-lid, the keys hanging from her warm hand, blanched with the heat and tremulous from exertion. Transported by that unconscious "we," Philip bent and kissed the hand—only the little finger of it that lay apart. It was his one transgression. Dolly turned her face away; the tears sprang to her eyes. Poor Margaret! Had she forgotten Margaret, who never would have forgotten her? Her look put Philip far from her, and he was moved to say humbly:

"Would you rather some one else went with you to the ranch?"

"Why should you think so? and who else is there to go?"

Philip smiled; it was hard to wait. He looked at her troubled face, all flushed and weary with a childish abandonment, and thought of all the Rests, as many as the Joys of Mary, with which they could rest each other. She needed the rest of change; and quickly he was rapt away in his besetting dream, of two young student lovers,—he with the better grasp, she with the subtler feeling,—nesting in the old cities of art and learning, always referring their work to the special requirements of the life awaiting them at home. He felt himself not content to be merely a builder of ditches; he looked forward to being an administrator of waters in the new communities water should create, and here came in the human element which immensely enlarged the scope of his work and of her helpfulness.

That night at the ranch Dolly watched him

fetch and carry for Margaret the wood and the water, and gravely consult with her about the chores. She heard him speaking words which seemed inspired by the most delicate discernment. She saw him with Job's head against his shoulder (in the name of all pity, what a contrast!) while Margaret fed medicines into the relaxed mouth that could neither protest nor thank her any more. She jealously watched for a sign of repugnance, or condescension, or relief when the ordeal was over, and saw him always simple, sensitive, and brotherly, through all the discomfort, and sorrow, and squalor of the night. She saw, above all, that Margaret accepted him with the sure instinct of grief, taking his presence and his most intimate services as much a matter of course as her own. Dolly was comforted in her instinctive faith. Her proofs were sufficient to herself. He might have come of shabby ancestry, he might have cared and ceased to care; none the less he was a friend, a gentleman, a comrade she could give her hand to in joy or sorrow, and her people were his people and her poor were his poor.

Philip went away next morning after breakfast, saying he would return or send some one in his place to spend the night. Breakfast had been early; at ten the doctor made his visit; the remainder of the day seemed endless. After the supper-things had been set away, Margaret lay down beside the sick man, and fell asleep. Whether Job slept or not Dolly could not be sure; he lay quiet with closed eyes. She went out and walked about the dusty premises, the roosting fowls inquiring concerning her presence with querulous squalls and sidelong duckings. She walked from the door to the fence and back till she knew every weed by the path. At the gate she would stop and look up the cañon road; then she restricted her looking to every other time. Now and again she opened the cabin door and listened, and heard only the clock ticking and the kettle rising to a boil. She had wearied herself with walking, and was going in when she saw Philip dismounting at the gate; he had come across through the sage-brush. He walked beside his horse up the dusty path, and she went out gladly to meet him.

With an odd, embarrassed smile, in silence he handed her a letter. It was addressed to her father, and it had been opened.

"Did you know it was from Alan?"

"Oh, yes," said Philip; "your father read me parts of it." Dolly thought his manner very peculiar.

"If the news is bad, I wish you would tell me first."

"There is news; but I don't know if you will call it bad."

"Does papa?"

"Well, yes—rather. Will you not read the letter? There is nothing shocking in it."

"There are pages and pages! New York, September 25. Has n't he sailed yet?"

"Won't you read the letter, Dolly?"

"What is all this about Estelle? Who is Estelle, for pity's sake?" Dolly had gone to the root of the matter.

"Estelle Summercamp. Don't you remember—the people who were here last summer, whom Alan met on the train?"

"Oh, *that* girl! Has he been with them all this time in New York? and is that why he has not written?"

"It's hardly fair to Alan not to read what he has to say for himself. I'm sure you'll find it interesting."

Philip walked away, leading his horse. Dolly, angry and alarmed and sick with a new, ridiculous foreboding, read on, page after page of excited boyish narrative: I came, I saw, I conquered! Dolly was cold to his jubilation, for now she knew what was coming.

"She swears she is five-and-twenty." [This sentence caught her eye, as she hurried along.]

"I don't believe it; she does n't look as old as I do, but she knows a precious lot more about everything except riding. We ride every day in the Park; it's awfully dear, but they don't seem to think of the cost of anything, and she says she likes me on horseback. . . . Amongst them they've got about twelve hundred acres of land. . . . I shall take up my land next theirs; Mr. Summercamp says they will have a railway station and a town directly on the lands. . . . It's gone out that I'm a younger son—British aristocrat—making money hand over fist in Texas cattle. They don't mind, but I think I see my father smile."

Dolly put down the letter with a flushed and burning face. She was too angry to cry. So Alan was to marry the girl with the laugh; they would go laughing through life together. And all this had been transacting while, in the cañon, days were counted till the coming of his letters, and her father walked the floor at night, as she had heard him, hoping and planning and wrestling for his son. She pushed the cabin door ajar, for she longed to talk it over with Margaret, who had the sure touch in trouble. All was still but Margaret's heavy breathing.

"Na, na," she muttered in her sleep, "he wad be shoggen a' to pieces. I could na bear to see it."

The lump rose in Dolly's throat. She felt, as never in her life before, how poor they were in numbers, how isolated from larger circles where life was a bustling business, and people made new friends and broke with old ones every day. How easily Alan had affiliated

with all that seemed so hostile, so insolent, to herself! All the world to Dolly was made up of Summercamps, and their money and their plans and their pleasures. She had no heart to go on with Alan's rank rejoicings. In the stillness of that smitten place there was almost a ribald tone in his talk of dinners, and theater-parties, and roses at a dollar apiece, and new clothes, and new friends who had never heard of the cañon or the scheme. Philip came and sat beside her, unbuckling his spurs, and knocking off the dust on the door-step.

"Why do you take it so seriously?"

"She is five-and-twenty, and he is not nineteen, and they met on the train, and were engaged two days after they reached New York. And he thinks her father and mother are delighted. If they are, they are very strange people."

"Alan is a very sweet boy," said Philip.

"Oh, he is, he is! He might have been," sobbed Dolly, breaking down. "But now he'll never be anything but a hanger-on of those people."

"They are the same age inside." Philip tried to comfort her. "I spent a day with her myself, remember. She is very jolly, and clever as girls go, and you can't deny she is pretty. And they have a power of money."

"So you think because she is pretty and rich it must be all right!" cried Dolly, scornfully.

"I think it might be much worse. 'Better not be too proud,'"

Her lips trembled. "I know very well what you mean. You think, with poor Alan, the most we can ask is to be defended from the worst. But, except for Pacheco and all her squalid connections, I'd sooner it had been Antonia."

"O Dolly, no! There are possibilities with a Miss Summercamp, but none with an Antonia. Miss Summercamp may be the very means appointed for Alan's discipline. Come, Dolly," he said, rising and offering his hand; "come, you must brace up, you know. You will have to comfort your father. He hates it rather worse than you do."

They walked on toward the gate together, Dolly clasp and twisting the letter in her nervous hands.

"Is n't it pitiful, is n't it absurd! One can't have even the comfort of calling it a sorrow! Alan could never do anything that was expected of him. And what will be the next thing, I wonder? Margaret has always said the price would be required of us, if ever we should get our great wish. The work is going on; all has come to pass that we used to pray for—but there is Alan's cap on the wall, and papa does not look as if success agreed with him."

"Dolly, you are not going back on the scheme?"

"Ah, it costs too much. And it may not be for us, after all."

"That should not matter. And we are in it now for all we are worth. When a thing like this gets started it runs those who thought to run it. Don't go in yet; it is all quiet in there. You look as if you needed a walk. Take my arm?"

"No; people must walk wide apart in this dust."

"Take my hand, then."

"I need both hands for my skirts."

"Fiddlededee your skirts! I never saw a small person so occupied with her clothes. You should wear buckskins, like a little squaw, and then you could trot alongside and kick up all the dust you pleased."

"If I were a squaw I should trot behind."

"Not if you were my squaw."

Dolly's chin went up, and she walked wider than ever; but she was no longer quite so melancholy; and presently she began quoting, in a tone of high derision:

"We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn
And pu'd the gowans fine.

"How Margaret used to love to sing those words to *us*, who never heard the sound of a burn in all our lives! And she from a country that sang and shouted with water!"

"What does it matter where we do our paddling? It's whom we paddle with. I can fancy just as good paddling in this dust of the plains as in any burn that ever brawled; only I should paddle on horseback, with my squaw on a pony beside me. Come out where we have n't these lines of fence-posts in our faces. Hark! How still it is, after the cañon!"

Night was falling, the clear sky of the desert darkening slowly without a cloud. Dew on the pungent sage dampened the dust and gave strength to the air they breathed. A bell-mare hopped somewhere in the brush clanked flatly as she stepped. Coyotes raved in the far offing like a pack of demented dogs. Against the low, bright west loomed a cowboy shape, enlarging in a spurt of dust that unrolled and drifted to leeward. He veered and passed them afar, and the beat of his horse's hoofs throbbed, fainter and fainter, long after the dust hid him.

"Dolly," said Philip, "don't forget what we are here for: this is the land we are going to reclaim. Can you not fancy it—miles and miles, at sunset, shining with ditches, catching the sky in gleams; and the low houses and the crops, and the dark lines of trees reflected in the water-channels? You will like it when you see it, and I should n't be surprised if you called it home. And if there are no burns, there will be gentle, sober ditches. Our waters shall do their singing and shouting up in the

mountains; they come down here on business. Your burns are nothing but mad children. Ditches are tender, good mothers, taking thought where they go, not ripping and tearing through the land. Oh, you will like it, and one day you will own it for your country. You are a 'bunch-grass belle,' Dolly, however you may boast of your heather."

XIX.

By the following spring Job had so far recovered from his stroke as to be able to sit in the rude wheeled-chair contrived for him, in front of the cabin in the sunshine, and to watch Margaret digging in the garden, or watering the calves, or hanging out her wash on the lines Job had put up for her in the days of his usefulness. A neighbor had taken the management of the farm "on shares," but, with the chores and the housework and the care of the invalid, Margaret's hands were full. The doctor had said that Job might be with her in his present condition for years, or he might be smitten again without warning, and pass away in a few hours. His speech had not come back, beyond a few drear mutterings intelligible to no one but Margaret. When they were alone she talked to him as a child to her doll, or as a mother to her speechless but sentient infant.

One afternoon, close upon the finish of the cañon work, Dunsmuir sat and talked with Margaret in the door of the claim-cabin, and between them, bolstered in his chair, was that sad effigy of Job. Spring had changed everything since the day of the gray September dust-storm. The little house stood low, on the edge of a rich bottom grown up in wild grass. The willows and cottonwoods had leaves large enough to cast shadows. From the mesa, where Job's main lateral plowed along, the brown, seeded land fell away, like a matronly lap, toward the river. The wheat looked well, considering the unfavorable spring, which is ever the lot of new settlers; but the orchard, planted with trees the size of walking-sticks, was needing water badly. There had been a week of hot, drying winds, most untimely; snow was going fast on the mountains, and the river tumbled by the vivid meadow-grass in a yellow, seething flood.

Dunsmuir praised Margaret's management, and promised her a 'lot of stuff' for her garden another year. He had grown used to Job's nonentity, and talked across him, cheerfully, as if his chair had been vacant. But Margaret noted every subtle change in the face of her invalid, and whenever a wan, unrestful look of his sought hers, she had always some comforting expedient in reserve.

"I'm charged to tell you," said Dunsmuir,

"that we can never do without you in these preparations for the great day. Dolly is in a dozen quandaries, and has no one but men to advise with, and the cooking will all 'gang aley' without Margaret to superintend; so what's to be done? Cannot we fit up one of the wagons as an ambulance for Job, and move you both, stick an' stow, up to the house till this mummary is over? Job must see the head-works before the gates are shut. Eh, Job?"

"Na, na; it's not to be thought on," Margaret interposed.

"Well, then, you must think of some trusty woman with a good skill at the cooking. It is far too much to put upon Jenny and a young mistress like Dolly."

Dunsmuir fell into Margaret's way of speaking, in talking with her since her trouble; it was the expression of his nearness. Every shade of misconception had passed from between them; there was even a greater ease and kindness in Dunsmuir's manner. He was more himself with them at the cabin than with any who knew him, even his daughter. And he was more outspoken with Margaret about his own affairs than he had been while she was one of his household; for now he was freed from her anxious feminine oversight, and from the pressure of one-sided obligations.

"I'll may be no ken the new ways o' the house," said Margaret, ignoring the possibility of another woman, "with a' this cum'ersome work going forrit, and the look of everything changed. I hear ye have built a new stable."

"Nothing of the sort; we have built a bridge from the house to the old stable, to save pulling and hauling across the gulch. There is nothing changed about the house, and the ways are the same ye have known going on for twenty years. Why, Job will be blithe to spare you for a day, with a neighbor body to wait upon him. It is not the work,—we can get hands enough,—it is a head that is wanting. There'll be twenty people to luncheon at the house, and tables in the tents for the crowd. Dolly, the child, knows nothing how to provide for such a raff of folk, and my way is a man's way. She would know every detail beforehand, and she is thrifty, and grudges the waste that comes of loose providing."

"Gude save us! and is a' that to come out of the family?"

Dunsmuir chuckled over Margaret's prudential alarm. He teased her a while about the expenses of the forthcoming entertainment, and then confessed it was the company's affair.

"But we must do our part, if only for pride's sake."

"And do ye think, now, that it's worth while?" she shrewdly asked.

"Why, if advertising be worth while—it is

an advertisement of the canal. The manager knows his business. The trouble is, he thinks he knows mine. The water is to be backed against the dam to make a show for the people, when the lake should be a month, at least, filling up. But the powers have ordained that we celebrate."

"And what will they have to their program?"

"It will be a Fourth of July, wanting the powder. The head-works are the 'grand stand' for the principal guests and the speaking. There will be plenty of bunting and brandy and soda; and the city band will be there; and Price Norrisson will address the meeting. And the ladies will cast their bouquets into the canal-bed, as the water is turned in,—a marriage, you see, of the river and the ditch,—and my poor girl is to cast the first one —"

"Eh, sirs! an' will ye allow that, an' before a' that crowd o' strange folk?"

"Well, if the thing must be done, I know no other lady who could be bridesmaid to the ditch unless it's yourself, Margaret. You might do it to spare Dolly; though, as a fact, I think the poor child is pleased. She takes it all in good faith, as she should. It's only here by ourselves that I dare to sit among the scorners. But the cream of the joke will be Norrisson's oration. He is to father the whole concern. He will give us the progress of Irrigation (with a capital I) in this region, with a history of our own canal, for the benefit of the press reporters. He will spread it from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and by the next steamer's mail to the other side; but there will be a searching of hearts in the audience, I am thinking. There are a few of us who could give him points to help him out with his tale. Here, God pity us! is a weary page of it." Dunsmuir laid his hand on Job's nerveless right arm. "Tons and tons of rock lie bedded in the river that this white, bloodless hand sent smoking down the glen-side. Ay, if we had the rock and the stone piled in one heap that Job has moved off the canal-line, it would build him a cairn fit for a chieftain's monument. Job's hand should have been the first to raise the head-gates; but now the force has gone out of it, and I must take hold beside Norrisson."

"Eh, sirs!" cried Margaret, again, all her partizan blood uprising. "And is that, do you think, as it should be, now?"

"It is as it is," said Dunsmuir. "I may let go, if I choose to sulk in public, but Norrisson's fist will remain; it has a healthy grip upon most things. Have you not learned that in this country the engineer is the hireling, not the counselor? It's money that builds here, not brains and education. Norrisson will be the great man of the day. And we that strove mightily shall eat and drink as friends. But you will come,

Margaret, and take a glass with me in silence to the memories we two are left to keep?"

"Na, na; I'll drink nae glasses," said Margaret, wiping away a quiet tear that started as he spoke. "Let them eat and drink as maun, to show their gude will. There's nae need o' that amang friends. But I will come for a day before the day, and gi' ye what help I may."

"And will you not come and look on at the feasting? You will never have seen so many people together since you came to the cañon."

"Na; a feast is no a feast to me wi'out my auld man is there."

"You speak like yourself," said Dunsmuir. "Well, good-by to you both—honest friends as man ever had in this world. Do you think he follows me, Margaret?" Dunsmuir laid his hand affectionately on Job's as he spoke, and looked long, with a sorrowful questioning, into the dumb-stricken countenance.

"He is there the same as ever," said Margaret.

"Yes; he is there," said Dunsmuir. "Nor more estranged from us than we, that can speak, from one another. There are bonds and bonds, Margaret, woman; and where is the soul clothed in flesh, and the desires of the flesh, that can call itself free? Job, I'm thinking, is nearer his freedom than any of us."

XX.

"Look out for the water at the ranch to-morrow evening, Margaret."

"Gude save us! will it be a' that while on the road?"

"It will, and longer if I had my way of it."

"Are ye afeard the banks will not be strong enough to tak' the first flood o' 't?" Margaret asked in an anxious whisper. She was already in her place beside the driver on the single seat of the buckboard, having characteristically refused to stay to dinner, or to have dinner earlier, after working like three women since nine o'clock on that toilsome day before the day.

Dunsmuir smiled at the precautionary whisper, not to spread her fears.

"There is no first flood in a new canal, woman. It's plain ye were not raised in a canal country. The water creeps in like a baby taking its first steps. It must walk before it can run."

"Fair fa' its steps, then," Margaret ejaculated. "But, sirs! it is a fearsome business." She turned her reddened, earnest countenance upon Dunsmuir as he stood smiling, with his foot on the fore wheel, hindering her departure.

"What is there fearsome about it? It is an old, respectable business as any on the face of the earth. You may read of its works in your Bible."

"I have read how the Lord proved Moses

at the waters of Meribah," said Margaret, solemnly, "for that he smote, and sanctified him not before the people. And do ye mind what was the judgment? 'Yet shalt thou see the land before thee, but thou shalt not go thither into that land which I give to the children of Israel.'"

"Ye are grand at the Scripture, Margaret, but I can cap your judgments with the promise that stands fair for all irrigators of the desert. 'He that watereth also himself shall be watered.' We make no pretense to be leaders, or lawgivers, or guides to the people in their wanderings."

"Ah, ye are daffin' when ye had far better be prayin'. It disna set wi' my way of thinkin', sic a day o' muckle eatin' an' drinkin', wantin' the thanks due to the giver of a' things. There's a mony mair warnin's than promises in the Scripture set over against that word water. The Lord Almighty makes it his boast that he holds them in his hand. Do ye mind how he answered Job out o' the whirlwind, speerin' whaur was he when the sea brak' forth an' the clouds were its swaddlin' band? He that presumes to know the ordinances of Heaven; that brak's the seal o' the auld, ancient, fearsome waters, to turn them from their given course—he'll need to mind!"

"Well, can't you give us a better word than that for the last one?" Dunsmuir held out his hand. To his surprise, Margaret was speechless. She wiped her hand hastily on her apron, and gave him a hard, warm squeeze, and then broke down completely, and began to weep.

It was partly the sight of the cañon, as she was leaving it, at the hour of its most solemn beauty, for the place was home to her. But Margaret had also a superstitious fear of success coming to one so long out of touch with fortune, to one who claimed so much in the name of his work.

Dolly was late for dinner that evening. "I have something to do to my dress," she whispered to her father aside. "Do you mind that it is a little frock of mama's?"

"Why should I mind? Poor child, with no mother's hands to make her fine!" Dunsmuir drew her to him, pressing her head close to his breast. "Dolly, if ever any one should come, asking questions of you—be slow, be slow to answer him! Remember, a woman's no may be changed to yes; but her yes should be forever. They say he gives twice who gives quickly; it is not so with all giving. A man does not prize a woman's readiness."

"Father!" Dolly exclaimed, looking hurt and frightened.

"I'm not saying that you have been—I'm saying nothing; but for God's sake, know your mind. Tell him no, whoever he may be; tell him no, and no, for as long as you can say it!"

DUNSMUIR and Philip sat down to dinner together in silence. At Dolly's empty place there lay a sumptuous bouquet of hothouse roses, with a gentleman's card attached.

"From my father," Philip replied, to the other's questioning look.

"Ay," said Dunsmuir, grimly. "And are those the flowers she is to fling at the feet of the waters to-morrow? I should have given her a bunch of sage and sunflowers, or a handful of wild syringa from the rocks; but your father's gifts always have a trade value. There'll be as much as ten dollars' worth of roses in that bunch, I dare say?"

"Expense is nothing to us now," said Philip, forcing a smile. "The work is done."

"Yes, the work is done; not as we meant, but as we could, which is the way of most men's working. The work as I planned it remains for some other man to do."

"I was not thinking of the work," said Philip; "the best thing about it to me is that it is finished. And now may I have your leave to speak to Dolly?"

"What is your hurry, man? The child has enough to think of with this silly celebration on her hands. Leave her in peace till the house is empty, and the ditch is full," he added, with his melancholy smile, in which Philip felt the touch of foreboding.

"If my speaking is going to be only another trouble to Dolly, for Heaven's sake, let me speak and have done with it!"

"Speak then; but remember,

"He that bends to himself a joy
Doth the winged life destroy.

Be sure that what you grasp at is meant for you and for no other, else you will see your bonny rosebud wither in your hand."

Dunsmuir pushed back his chair, and began walking up and down the room excitedly, saying, in his deepest voice: "God knows I have nothing to wish for but my child's happiness, yet I cannot wish you success. You'll get it, I know that well enough; but why should a man win his wife so easily? It's not the way with other winnings. And what will her yes be worth—a child who has seen no one but yourself?"

"I will take it and be thankful, if I can get it," Philip murmured. "The old way is good enough for me."

Dolly came in as radiant as Night in a gauzy dress of black that left her white throat bare above the round neck of the corsage. She was too conscious of her first toilet to help smiling, her color mounting high. Philip rose with a beating heart, and placed her chair; but her father looked at her strangely.

"Is that your dress for to-morrow?" he asked.

"It is the one I spoke to you about. It was the only one that fitted me."

"Black is for mourning; you cannot wear black for the Marriage of the Ditch."

Dolly was greatly disappointed. A vision of herself, in one of her old home-made frocks, before all that staring crowd at the head-gates, before the town ladies and the magnates from a distance, preoccupied her miserably.

"There's no gainsaying a woman on a question of her clothes," said Dunsmuir. "Come, eat your dinner, and don't sit there so big-eyed! Look at the grand bouquet the manager sends to the Lady of the Big Ditch."

Dunsmuir ate nothing himself; he was jerky and artificial in his talk. The others made no attempt to talk at all.

"If you want me," said Dunsmuir, rising and looking at Philip, "you will find me at the dam. The lake is filling fast; I shall stay below till bedtime." Philip had risen and stood by his chair, and Dolly leaned forward, watching her father's face; she was startled at its paleness and fixity. "There is a strange fascination in that vesture of stone and mortar, to one who knows its history." He spoke to Philip. "Our tale of bricks is completed: it is time we gat us up out of the land of bondage. Now what's the word for to-morrow?—let us see." He stopped by the door, in passing out, and tore a leaf from the calendar. In the waning light he stopped and read aloud:

God is not dumb that he should speak no more:
If I have wanderings in the wilderness,
And find not Sinai, 't is my soul is poor.

"And find not Sinai," he repeated, smiling at Philip. "Did I not tell you, it is time we gat us up?"

"What does he mean by the 'land of bondage'?" whispered Dolly as the door closed.

"His long waiting, perhaps," Philip answered, though he knew well what Dunsmuir meant.

The breeze from the river parted the light curtains on the tinkling rods; shattered gleams struck here and there about the darkening room. Moments remembered and words spoken between them revived with sudden intensity of meaning. He was free to speak now, but his heart was too full.

"Give me just a moment on the grass by the east windows?" he entreated, as if there were scarce hope of such a boon.

Their very nearness troubled the currents between them, and kept them apart. Outside, the waters were climbing silently behind the dam—faster for the heavy rains that had been falling on the mountains, augmented by the melt-

ing snows. Every inch of that tremendous watershed was casting in its drop; but below the hill, where the bar had been heard to roar on soft spring nights like this, all was ominously quiet. The lake was creeping up and up, leaning its swelling heart against the dam. A faint ripple, a stealthy sound, not to be detected without close listening, alone betrayed the gathering of those mighty incoming forces.

A new moon, as slender as a young girl's finger, beckoned in the west. Philip walked the grass impatiently; a hard excitement tightened his grasp upon his bated bliss.

"My love, my love," he whispered—"of the summer, of the autumn, of the winter; come, come and bless me, for the work is done, and the water, the water, is climbing fast!" All the while he was hideously conscious of the water.

"Shut the gates and let her head up." This was the order which had come from the manager's office. The chief had been in a mood of desperate, savage acquiescence in any madness that might proceed from the office in town; and between the fighting captains the soldier has but his orders.

He stepped across the rose-bed, and called softly at Dolly's window, "Are you never coming?" And in that instant it was too late. There was a shout; he was wanted at the dam.

He glanced at the lake as he ran along the hill. In that last hour it had climbed a foot. It was awful: climbing, shimmering, darkling; and in its depths floated the inverted crescent, his moon of love sinking in the lake.

Dunsmuir was down by the toe of the dam, stooping far out on the edge of the sluggish remnant of water which crawled in the downstream channel. He called Philip, by name, as he had not spoken to him for months. His manner was direct, simple, responsible; he bore himself as a man in the presence of a great danger.

"For God's sake, look at that!"

Water is a very secret, subtle thing; it dissembles its sinister forces in trifling appearances which might amuse a child. The two men were staring at just a toss of bubbles discolored with mud boiling up and spreading fast from the toe of the dam. But these came from a spot just over the fault in the foundation. No more was said, but the order was given to open the scouring-gate. Philip had started up the bank toward the head-works when a second eruption followed, more copious, violent, and muddier than the first.

Dunsmuir called to him: "Stop; I will go. Saddle up, and get word down the line on this side, and send a man across. *Go yourself across*; it will be a close call this side of the notch. You must save Margaret and the old man."

There was no question to each man of his duty—to the young man his orders—to ride

and to save; to the chief his watch by the breaking dam.

As Philip bounded up the hill he was thinking, between heart-beats, not of the work nor of his orders, nor even of that deathless call that now and then singles a modest youth from the ranks, and spends him, in one wild moment, for a deed that but for some one's blundering had not needed to be done; he was arguing the point with himself quite simply and with great clearness: he could not go without one kiss from Dolly. There would not be time to ask her or to tell her why. If the dam should break before he gained the notch, she would know then why he kissed her; if he made it alive, there would be time enough to explain.

Dunsmuir had not been able to relieve the pressure on the dam. Within its foundations disorganization had progressed so rapidly that all its functions had ceased. Dissolution, he knew, must be near. He had timed Philip from his start. He had lost a moment above, warning Dolly not to go off the hill (no; Philip had not counted that moment lost); he had lost other moments raising the camps; he had lost time at the ford. He had half a mile to the notch, and two to the ranch where the old man and his wife were sleeping, unconscious of all this wild work going on above.

There was one spot where the wagon-road on the other side crossed a low ledge projecting from the foot of the last bluff, which, with its opposite neighbor, formed the notch of the cañon. When sunset fell clear, and the color lingered, a horseman crossing that step could be seen from the dam, a speck against the low light in the west. Dunsmuir walked out to the middle; the scouring-gate was nearer the head-works. He stood just over the spot where the trouble was advancing, and stared into the distance. It was too dark; he could no longer make out the ledge. He looked at the shoulder of the bluff through which the Big Cut was to have conducted the water. Against that first obstruction the wave, when it leaped, would break, and, reeling backward, overwhelm the low shore opposite. A thousand times he had watched the shock, the dizzy recoil, the thundering outward swirl of the spring floods, now magnified and uplifted to a deluge. And all that peaceful shore, with the white road hugging the bluffs, would be "turned as wax to the fire," as "clay to the seal," when the waters uprose and stamped it out of sight.

There came a third eruption, with a fearful crunching sound of smothered upheaval. Enveloped in an enormous mass of muddy water, the piles and timbers that had plugged the foundations of the dam were forced upward; the wall of the scouring-gallery sank, and the gate fell in.

"Lord, spare the green and take the ripe!" Dunsmuir called aloud, from his watch on the dam. He stood about the middle when the heart of it burst, and the lake went out in one vast arc of solid water. The better part of the work remained as a bridge, spanning the awful rupture. On that bridge he was seen one instant and then he was gone. Even as the swollen waters rent their imperfect vesture of stone and mortar, so his soul cast off its mortal lendings: the man and his work were one.

In twenty minutes from the bursting of the dam the lake was empty. And as the swollen river thrashed and sobbed and rocked itself to rest in its old channel again, that small, cold laugh was heard, distinctly syllabled, in the echo of the mournful wave that broke beneath the ruined dam.

XXI.

DOLLY walked the empty house from room to room, under festal doorways hung with flags and silly emblems, between mantels banked with flowers, breathing the sickly scent of wilted wild syringa, crowded into pots in the cold, drafty fireplaces. It was a chill spring morning, but no one had thought to build a fire. The house had a haggard, bedizened look—a stare of homeless expectancy. In the kitchen Jenny was setting forth breakfast for the men, hastily chosen from the heaped dainties that now were funeral baked-meats. The tents and all the camp outfit were strewn for miles down the valley.

Word had come from below that Philip had signalled his safety, but could not cross, as all the boats were loose, and the ford was roaring. But toward evening he came, bringing Margaret with him; and Job's wife was a widow. They had snatched the old man in his blankets and carried him, half insensible, to the mesa, when the wave went down. He had not survived the shock and the exposure, but passed away in the night, Margaret watching by him alone, while Philip went on down the submerged valley, carrying assistance to the fleeing settlers.

No lives were lost but those two most closely bound up in the history of the work: but in the track of the wave, fields were buried and houses were gutted or swept away; and a heavy tale of damages piled up against the company, besides the immediate claims on private benevolence.

It was not likely that Dunsmuir's dam would ever be forgotten. Dolly's pride was as low as the dam; but her sympathies had spread like the waters. She was sister to all who owed to them their losses. Never was she to speak of the work again without remembering that it had failed; never to boast the benefits of her father's great scheme without recalling the wave of destruction that went before. And the

promise that was given in that hour of grief and humiliation Philip might safely trust, and with his contrite joy began the work of reparation.

HARDLY had the cañon household torn down its garlands and buried its dead, when Norrisson's telegrams were signaling, east, west, and south, for men and materials for the rebuilding of the dam. And Philip's orders were to receive the stuff, and straightway to reorganize the work. When the new chief (made so by his father's command, with no words wasted) went to the manager to talk over the plan for the foundation, Norrisson replied:

"Excavate! Get down to that rock if you sink to hell. *This is Dunsmuir's dam.*" And never did Philip hear another word of acknowledgment from his father's lips. Norrisson's way was not the way of talk.

"But the high water," Philip objected.

"Turn the river over the waste-weir."

"But, great heaven, the cost!"

"I'll take care of the cost. If the Englishmen are going to lie down, let them be quick about it; I can take my bonds elsewhere. *I* walked the floor on that first scheme, now it's their turn. If they want this thing, they'll have to pay first and talk afterward."

In that crisis Philip came to know his father. The man was simply a force, devoid of memory, of conscience, or of ruth. He was nothing hampered by the past nor daunted by the future. He saw only the hole in the dam, which he swore should be stopped before the crops withered.

"You keep your hand on the throttle, and I'll shove in the coal," he said. And Philip guided, and his father fed the fires of the work. Men, teams, powder, a costly electric plant, timber, stone, mortar, and cement, were hurled into the cañon, as fuel for those fires that burned by day and by night, without one hour's cessation, till the hole in the dam was stopped—and the crops were not yet withered. And Norrisson's exultation passed all bounds: it was the measure of his previous unspoken chagrin.

"Perhaps you thought you were working up here before," he bragged to Dunsmuir's ex-assistant. "Now you know what *I* mean by work. I should have let Dunsmuir go ahead with his own plan in the first place, if *I* could have driven the work; but he would n't let me drive, and he would n't drive himself. If he had been in charge here now, he'd have refused to do anything till the river went down; and then our stock would have been as low as the river. No, sir; an Englishman does n't know the meaning of the word time."

Having done the work, and satisfied his pride, and boasted like the son of Tydeus, he proceeded to do honor to the vanquished dead. Out of his own pocket, as though the expense

were naught (how that pocket was filled has been hinted, but the thing could not be sworn to), he superadded to the parapet of the dam a tier of open arches on each side of the roadway from the head-works, or "poise," to the waste-weir. At the spot where Dunsmuir handed in his resignation one arch was raised above the others and converted into a niche, wherein was placed a bronze mural tablet, with a sculptured seat beneath. He did not meddle here with the design, nor did he build in haste, for he was not "placing" this work; it was his present to posterity, conceived in a spirit of reparation as extravagant as his pride.

While this demonstration was going forward in honor of her father, Dolly offered not a word. Philip understood well her silence; he felt, with her, the insolence of his father's complacent tribute to the man he had first broken and then bought. He also understood that she endured for the sake of the living what she would have rejected for the dead. Neither could he protest, and this strange offering of mixed motives added its significance to the story of the ditch.

"Fifty years from now it will not matter," Philip comforted himself. Yes; in less than fifty years, in less than five. The great dam with its crown of sculptured arches stood there as solid as the hills, the lake above, the spreading waters below, telling its own story. No one supplied the merciful omission or enforced the lesson. Jacob who tempted, Esau who sold, for that he was weary and faint with fasting long afield—the children of those very human fathers were human also; they loved, and humble love forgave what proud principle condemned. As for their world, it was busy gathering the new wealth which the waters had sown; it had not time to think who built the ditch or how. There was the water.

On a fair spring evening, when the lake holds the glory of the sky reflected in its depths, an old woman may sometimes be seen seated sidewise in the niche, supporting on her ample knee a young child who is just beginning to stand alone. He has bright hair and wonder-

ful hazel-gray eyes. With his finger he follows the raised letters of the inscription; and the pair might well have been in the sculptor's mind when he designed the niche: Margaret, keeper of the past, and Philip's child, coheir and co-worker in the future.

And the words the boy will one day read are these:

TO THE MEMORY OF
ROBERT DUNSMUIR, M. INST. C. E.,
WHO DESIGNED
THESE WORKS FOR IRRIGATION,
1874-1891.

I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.

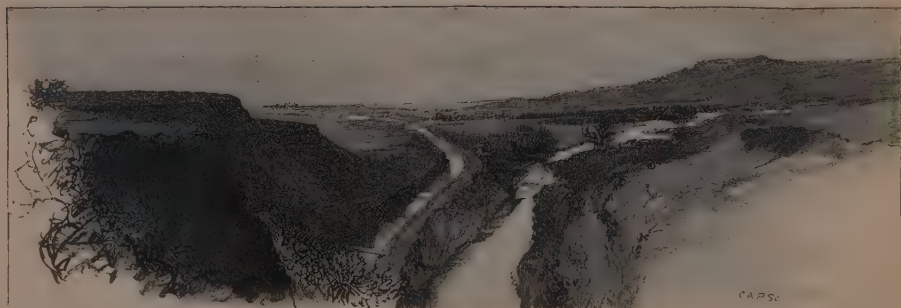
Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water.

But Margaret takes no cognizance of these haughty promises. The text from which she reads the story of the ditch, the one she will rather teach the boy to read it by, is this:

So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.

The ideal scheme is ever beckoning from the West; but the scheme with an ideal record is yet to find—the scheme that shall breed no murmurers, and see no recreants; that shall avoid envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; that shall fulfil its promises, and pay its debts, and remember its friends, and keep itself unspotted from the world. Over the graves of the dead, and over the hearts of the living, presses the cruel expansion of our country's material progress: the prophets are confounded, the promise withdrawn, the people imagine a vain thing. Men shall go down, the deed arrives; not unimpeachable, as the first proud word went forth, but mishandled, shorn, and stained with obloquy, and dragged through crushing strains. And those that are with it in its latter days are not those who set out in the beginning. And victory, if it come, shall border hard upon defeat.

Mary Hallock Foote.



"AND THE SPREADING WATERS BELOW."

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.



WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN.



WHEN one studies the vegetation of the western coast of the continent, it is found to be undergoing many and surprising changes. Native plants have been destroyed in

some districts in order that exotic plants of commercial value might take their places. Exotic plants have escaped from cultivation, and are familiar denizens of roadsides and ravines. The soil and climate of California are so friendly to plant life that only a botanist can give a list of the species already naturalized, or another list of the species from all parts of the world that might easily become wild here if they had the chance.

Out of all this arises a curiously complex and interesting result—as if a thousand grafts of modern garden art were already set in native stocks to produce in due season more varied and wonderful results. In other States the exotic elements remain exotic, mere pot-growers in conservatories; here they have equal rights to the soil. Giant redwoods and oaks belong to the earlier wilderness, and to the California of the pioneers; but the orchards of olive and orange are the creation of an age of intensive horticulture. The border-land between realm of orchard and realm of wild forest is full of undeveloped possibilities, new forms of landscape gardening, new harmonies of plants with

architecture. One of the first planters in the Santa Clara region was wont to say, “I have given up trying to find what I can grow on my land, but I should like to know if there is anything that I cannot grow.” There are, however, an infinite number of differences in the same valley, or even on the same farm, and the key to the fascinating contradictions of California plant life is to be found only in the native flora.

California astonished the botanical world long before it began to play much of a part in politics or business. Neé, the botanist, was at San Diego and Monterey a hundred years ago, and his collections are still to be seen at Madrid. Dr. Menzies, whose portfolios are partly at Kew, partly at the British Museum, spent several seasons on the coast a few years after Neé. David Douglas, one of the most devoted and successful of botanical explorers, reached the Pacific coast in 1825. Nuttall sent his herbarium to Harvard University. Pickering, Hartweg, Coulter, and others were early in the field. None of them were more typical investigators than the late Dr. C. C. Parry, who first crossed the country with the Mexican Boundary Commission. At intervals, for forty years after, he was a familiar figure to hunters, prospectors, mountaineers, and all sorts of outdoor people from the Arizona deserts to the Siskiyou pine forests.

So early were collectors in the region, and so universal was the interest felt in Europe

over the new plants of the Pacific coast, that many trees of sequoias and other superlative conifers were planted in the parks of England, France, and Italy long before the discovery of gold. Wealthy Californians, as early as 1855, visiting Europe, were surprised to find how popular were the brilliant annuals, flowering shrubs, vines, and trees of their own State. Returning, they often urged neighbors to cultivate more of the native plants, but with little effect. In Alameda County, a plain, uneducated Englishwoman of Lancashire yeoman stock was one of the first persons in all California to make a home garden of wild flowers from field and hill. I remember in my boyhood the passionate devotion that she showed to this pursuit.

"It do be the best land the sun ever shone on," she declared, "for poor folk to have a garden."

The first botanists recognized many and strange contradictions in California plant life; more complete knowledge has only emphasized this feature. Very glorious are the superb flowering shrubs of the desert plateaus, such as *Fouquieria*, the *Fremontia*, and numerous acacias. Around the old missions, naturalized long ago, is the fragrant Farnese acacia of southern Europe. Agaves, cacti, palms, and yuccas grow in the Mojave and Colorado deserts, and species of conifers allied to Mexican species hang to the barren mountains. The Coast Range, the Sierras, and the great interior valley of the State present widely different botanical features from those of the extreme south or of the desert district. Little of the Rocky Mountain influence, or of that of the Puget Sound and Oregon region, is manifest in the California flora, and it is connected only remotely with the flora of the Mississippi valley or the Atlantic slope. Species of the *Portulaca* family are very numerous on the Pacific coast, and the *Compositae* really seem to make the bulk of the field and hillside flowers at all seasons of the year. Next to the *Compositae* must rank the lilies in their innumerable subdivisions. Lupines and clovers are also well represented. On the other hand, very few asters, goldenrods, lobelias, milkweeds, or gentians are found in California. It would be easy to give lists of plants whose nearest relatives are Asiatic, Mexican, or South American, and of others hardly represented outside of California; but the purpose of this paper is less technical, and more universal. It deals with those features that are most striking, and most characteristic of the region.

Chief among the native species are the conifers, and the sequoias are easily first in the class. That most painstaking investigator, Dr. Asa Gray, who gave evidence over and over again that the Pacific coast vegetation possessed for him a perennial charm, tells us in one



ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

A MIDDLE-AGED REDWOOD TREE, CAZADERO, CAL.

of his graphic papers how the two sequoias, sole living representatives of fossil species that once grew within the arctic circle, were pushed south along Coast Range and Sierras, were cut off from retreat, and therefore perished everywhere except where soil and climate fostered them. Hence the isolated forests of the giants

that the redwoods of these three localities are in reality three different species.

I remember a typical outpost group of redwoods on the trail from Cazadero to Guerneville. Seven or eight trees stand on one side of the road and nine on the other; their curving branches, interlocking, form an immense arbor



MADROÑA TREE, COAST RANGE.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

of a prehistoric age, scattered as sequoia islands in the midst of hundreds of square miles of pines, cedars, and spruces.

In the minds of many lovers of forests the true redwood sequoia of the coast is a finer tree than the famous "big tree," the sequoia of the Sierra. It is almost as large as the latter, and far more graceful in stem and foliage, while its habits of growth are unique among the conifers of the world.

The redwood can be studied to advantage in three places: along the banks of mountain rivers, such as the Gualala, where it grows to an enormous size, occupying the entire valley almost to the total exclusion of other trees; in high cañons near the ocean, where the whole expanse of the redwood forest can be seen rising in slopes and terraces to the clouds; and lastly, on the rounded summits of the mountains, where the sea-fog ceases, and the outposts of the redwood forest press into the land of the oaks and the laurels. One can easily believe

of a thousand feet in circumference, and more than two hundred feet to the apex. They grow on the end of a long promontory thrust out from the golden slopes of the higher ridges to the eastward, where hosts of deciduous oaks are scattered as wisely as if planted by some landscape-gardener; the promontory drops downward in long, easy slopes, ever more and more thickly clad with yellow pine, Douglas spruce, libocedrus, and scattered redwoods, till it descends to the dark cañon's depths, black with unbroken redwood forests. Golden grass and scattered oaks shine in open vistas part way down the slope, and serve to isolate the solitary group of redwoods by a mile or two from their fellows. Young redwood-trees, sprouting from the roots, make a dense and spicy thicket about them, and half conceal the great shafts that uphold in the wilderness this shelter that an army might camp underneath.

The place is fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and, as one looks eastward, the physical

conditions under which the redwood forest exists are clearly revealed; narrow cañons run seaward and meet others, until great winding mountain basins are formed, and in these are the centers of the lumbering industry. Islands of mountain rise out of the forest, the largest of them nearly two thousand feet high, but the general level of the oak ridges that cross and divide the "land of the redwood" into groups of forests is hardly twelve hundred feet. Dark green, misty with the smoke of fires, is the prevailing color of the dense redwoods, but the whole expanse of broken country is spotted with broad seas of old gold—they are hilltops and slopes of ripe grass, although it is hardly midsummer. Here are the scattered pastures of the Coast Range; they descend far down into the redwoods, but near the edges of the oaks they cluster and increase toward the eastern horizon until they grow to be the broadest and most luminous slopes of color

redwood in perfection. In such places there are often rings of great trees inclosing pits five or six feet deep, and thirty, forty, or even fifty feet in diameter. Each of these pits is supposed to show where the venerable ancestor of the surrounding circle of trees once stood. Long before it fell, innumerable sprouts grew from the yet living roots. Afterward, when the giant yielded, the rains washed new soil into the "bottoms" from the mountain-sides, to fill the deep chasm. For a century or so there was a struggle among the children of the fallen monarch, and at last only seven or eight remained, to become great trees of twelve feet in diameter set on the rim of the pit formed by the decay of the roots of the ancient tree, and each having a complete root system of its own. Other trees, seedlings or sprouts, grow up between them, and in a few more centuries the process of forming another redwood-tree ring will be repeated about the largest of the second



ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

FIG-TREE, RANCHO CHICO. (GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL'S.)

imaginable, rising about the shoulders of the greater mountains, and descending in long expanses far inland to such warm valleys as Santa Rosa and Sonoma. Even there, forty miles from the forests, a solitary redwood sometimes appears, the notable tree of a whole township.

On the camping-grounds of the Bohemian Club on Austin Creek, and in the Armstrong tract near Guerneville, one finds the lowland

growth. Rings of this sort can be found in all stages of formation in every cañon and valley of the redwood country. Some very large rings still show the broken edges of the central tree's roots projecting like the staves of a barrel around the hollow, overgrown with ferns and wild oxalis, or filled to the brim with fresh, spicy redwood sprouts. The green spires of the living forest, three hundred feet high, filter the air through



MANZANITA.

their innumerable branches, and shut out all but faint blue sparkles of the sky. The dust of one of the pioneers is underfoot, and a little tree of last year's growth is struggling to gain a place. The red-bronze trunks of the trees stand like a wall, hiding the rise of the mountains, hiding the banks of the river, though one hears the sound of its flow, and the splash of little trout streams in the cañons. Such groves as this are the temples of the California forest system.

In the Coast Range, belonging somewhat to the redwood belt, and somewhat to the oak openings, but not wholly to either, is a tree that is dear to the heart of poet, artist, and nature-lover. It is an arbutus, by family rights, but it is a glorified arbutus that rivals the *Magnolia grandiflora*, or any other tree of the continent. Many a writer and many a famous botanist have tried to make those who have never seen a madroño understand its grace and color, but it remains the despair of sylvan description. The madroño fully compensates California for the absence of the lovely white-birch stems, and of the scarlet sumac in autumn. Its flowers are insignificant, but its berries outshine the holly, and are infinitely more striking, while the glory of its bright green leaves is a constant joy. The young madroños grow in thickets like young mountain maples, and have long, straight, shining stems, no two alike in color, but ranging in the same thicket from light green almost to yellow, and from yellow to brownish red and rose-tinted purple. Nothing else that I have ever seen in the forest is quite so fresh, so clean, and so richly tinted as a madroño thicket.

The large evergreen leaves sometimes grow in whorls, almost like a Norfolk Island pine, and the light is reflected in so many ways from the smooth stems that an artist would find as many flesh-tints as in a garden of girls; each separate stem is worth study. The bark is smooth, with a soft texture finer than a kid glove, and glowing as if it held a different sort of life from that of the young oaks that stand a little apart. Unless there is a hamadryad in the

madroño, none are left in earthly forests.

Apart from the thickets, comparatively few single madroños are seen. In fact, some districts contain only dwarfed and shrub-like madroños, but in other places there are great trees from eighty to one hundred feet high that more than fulfil the shy promise of the slender shining stems of the madroño thickets. There are not many such trees, and no photograph can serve to illustrate their magnificence. One in Sonoma County stands on a cliff,—an old tree, deeply scarred by fire. It is as picturesque as an olive or a cypress, with the added expression of color so varied and comprehensive that artists come from the valley below and make studies of it against the blue sky or the dark cliff. The old bark is rough, with very striking red-brown knots and bosses like dark armor, among which are perfectly smooth golden or olive-green or almost scarlet patches of shining, exquisite color. Every month of the year one who studies such a tree will discover changes; every madroño in the mountains has its especial and separate tints of color, its own peculiar charm of manner, its noteworthy combination of the more mature bark with the fresh, changeable, and transparent covering that is like the skin of a child. The very oldest madroño in California is grizzled only about the trunk; even the large branches keep the young look, and each little twig is as fresh as if it belonged to a madroño thicket. For a space below the beautiful crowns of leaves, as large and nearly as dark as the leaves of *Magnolia grandiflora*, the new wood is light, clear-hued green, yellowing downward. Then comes that rich, firm scarlet, so

brilliant that one could easily believe the saying of an old Sonoma pioneer, that when he was out late on the mountain he "had to see his way by the mathrone stems; they kep' the light an hour longer than anything else." As the new bark grows on the madroño, flakes of the old fall to the ground and lie there in crisp, dainty piles of brightness.

Another of the beautiful heaths, to which the arbutus, the leucothoës, the rhododendron, and many other striking shrubs and trees belong, is the manzanita. One species, the *uva-ursi*, or bearberry, extends around the world, but nearly all are Californian, nine or ten species being peculiar to this State. They are shrubs or small trees, with smooth bark ranging in color from that of the madroño to a rich and dark-red purple. The thick oval leaves and the clusters of fragrant white or rose-colored urn-shaped flowers add to the attractiveness of the manzanita. Its crooked stems are beginning to be known in the cane-shops, and the knots and roots have many ornamental uses. Thousands of acres of manzanita thicket have been cleared to plant vineyard and orchard; the dainty little tree seems to occupy some of

makes a wonderful display. From December to April, according to the locality and the season, one can find bushes on the hillside raining down an inch-thick carpet of blossoms, day after day, and still clothed in fragrance and beauty so charming that even the old residents of the manzanita region speak of the time of its blossoming as the prime of the California spring. The stages of the mining counties stop for passengers to break off branches, and groups of campers use the manzanita when in bloom for the decoration of tents and tables. The gorgeous flame-hued *eschscholtzia* has been chosen for the State flower, for it belongs everywhere, and illuminates valley and hillside alike, but nothing among the distinctive plants of California takes precedence of the dainty manzanita. More brilliant in their seasons of bloom are the two rhododendrons that make huge masses of color beside mountain springs, and the lilac-like thickets of *ceanothus* in the shady redwoods; but none of these have the delicate hue and the rare fragrance that make the manzanita unique among shrubs.

In all the mountain cañons are broad-leaved maples, which grow in copses that are worthy



HABITS OF TREES OF THE COAST RANGE.

the choicest fruit-lands of California. It is as wild and shy as a quail, and the gardeners find that it will not bear removal to the lowlands. The other shrubs of the region can be transplanted, grown from seeds or from cuttings, but every effort to make the manzanita a denizen of the gardens has come to grief, even in the mountains. At the season of bloom it

of a painter's pencil. The same species of maple is found in the valleys, but there it is large and stately, with dark-brown trunks and rounded tops; in the foot-hills it has the most lovely bark of white and gray, rivaling in grace and softness of outline the white birch of New England. One is tempted to name it the California birch-maple, so striking is the effect of



ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

EUCALYPTUS.

the shining stems of a hundred or more maples growing at the head of a gulch between pines and madroños. The buck-eye has something of the same gray-and-white mottling, and so have several of the oaks. There is a little tree, something like a cottonwood, that grows in the Sierras, which has a soft and shining bark of creamy white, flecked with brown spots. This tree, hardly less than the maple of the Coast Range cañons, reminds one of the white birch.

One hardly knows where to begin with an account of the numerous California oaks that form the most distinctive feature of the valleys of the State. As far as appearance goes, there are no finer oaks in the world, but their timber, except that of a few species, is not yet considered of much economic value. Professor Edward L. Greene of the University of California, in his monograph on the subject, illustrates about twenty-five distinct species of "West American Oaks," and describes several varieties of lesser importance. There are not only white oaks, and some of the finest species known among all the three hundred oaks of the world, but also black oaks, both deciduous and evergreen, and a species of oak that is almost as much of a chestnut as it is an oak. One thing seems to the botanist worth mention, and that is the curious fact that typical trees of the California oaks are very much more like the oaks of Europe than like the

oaks of the Atlantic slope. In growth and general appearance the oak groves of England are closely reproduced in California. Experience shows that the European species of oak grows easily and rapidly in California, while the common oaks of the Atlantic slope grow but poorly. One or two species of western "water-oaks" seem to suit the Pacific coast, but even these do not thrive as well as the English oak.

When American pioneers came into unfenced California, oak forests almost filled the valleys. The trees were not crowded; they seemed planted in vast park-like landscapes for miles. Up the Coast Range one could literally ride

from San Diego to the edge of the redwood country without ever being a mile from groups of gigantic oaks. In the same way, the whole valley edge along the base of the Sierras, from Fort Tejon to Fort Reading, was thick-sown; the Upper Sacramento was especially a land of oaks, which it still remains. Not only "Paso Robles," but every pass in the foot-hills from one watershed to another, was truly a "pass of the oaks." Most of the famous fords that the gold-seekers knew over the Calaveras, the Tuolumne, the Consummes, the Yuba, the Feather, and hundreds of other rivers, were in the midst of giant oaks. Every county and district has some tree of local fame, and the time may come when the history of the individual oaks of California will be of much interest. The most prominent white oak of the valleys is *Quercus lobata*, a tree that often grows a hundred feet high. This species, and the leading evergreen species of the coast, the *agrifolia*, were discovered by Neé, the botanist. General Frémont, who camped on the Stanislaus River in 1846, makes special mention of the superb white oak. Professor Newberry, writing in 1853 of the Cache Creek country, says:

This timber-belt is composed of the most magnificent oaks I have ever seen. They are not crowded as in our [Atlantic State] forests, but grow scattered about singly or in groups, with open, grass-covered glades between them. The trunks, often seven feet in diameter, soon divide into branches which spread over an area of which the diameter is considerably greater than the height of the tree. There is no undergrowth beneath them, and as far as the eye can reach when standing among them, an unending series of great trunks is seen rising from the lawn-like surface.

A striking feature of the summits of the mountain ridges is the manner in which clumps of oaks occupy great hill-forts. Our highland oaks love to grow on isolated masses of rock, either alone or with pines and laurels. Some of the most characteristic trees of the species can be found crowning such rock fortresses on the points of otherwise naked promontories. One easily reaches

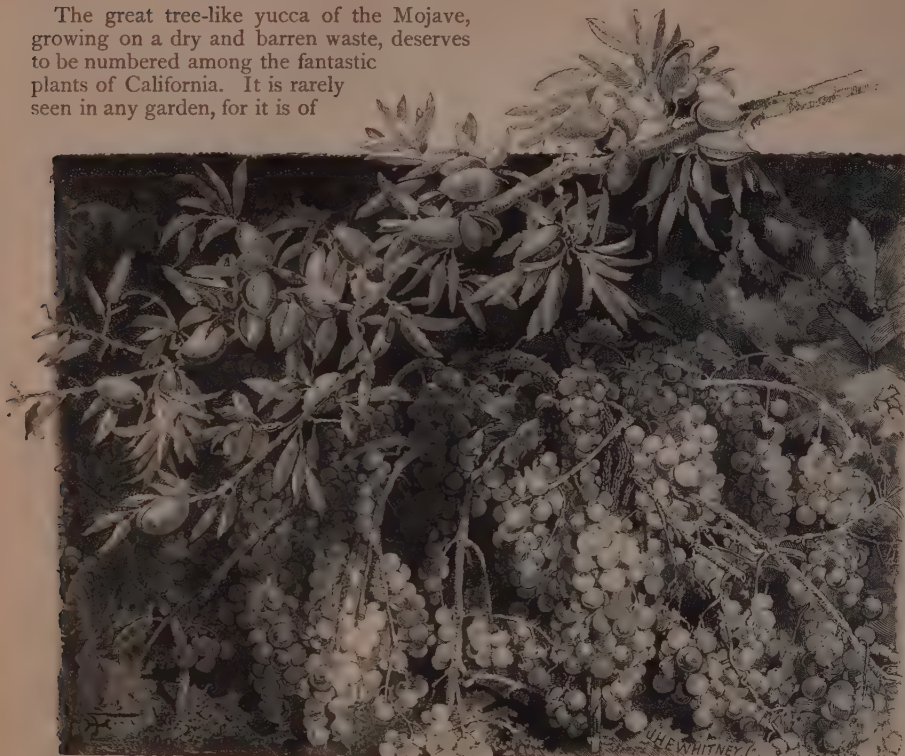
them over long, open slopes of wild oats, thick-sown with larkspurs and eschscholtzias; beyond them the mountain drops suddenly to the level of valley and river. A remarkable habit of the live-oaks (*Quercus agrifolia*) is to marshal themselves in military lines and groups along the smaller ravines that lead upward from the large cañons, and so to serve, in some measure, as sentinels that distinguish the watersheds and slopes of the range. The knolls and hilltops between seem nearly treeless, except for a few scattered pines. The rounded heads of oak after oak, in long curving lines, occasionally massed on the brow of a hill, where they stand against the sky, form one of the most noteworthy features of the landscape over a large portion of California.

One of the finest single oaks known is the Sir Joseph Hooker tree on General Bidwell's Rancho Chico in northern California. When that distinguished botanist visited the region in company with Dr. Asa Gray, he declared that this tree "was in all probability as large and perfect an oak as any in existence." This oak and several others of well-deserved fame, a few notable redwoods, one or two madroños, the famous cypresses of Monterey, and some noble pines of different species, should be set apart and protected as completely as the Sierra sequoias. Two or three well-chosen reservations of a thousand acres apiece—one in Shasta or Siskiyou, another in Mendocino, and a third in Santa Cruz—would preserve fine specimens of nearly all of the native shrubs and trees of California, and also several of the best oak forests that are left unspoiled.



CYPRESS POINT, MONTEREY.

The great tree-like yucca of the Mojave, growing on a dry and barren waste, deserves to be numbered among the fantastic plants of California. It is rarely seen in any garden, for it is of



ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

ALMONDS AND RAISIN GRAPES, RANCHO CHICO. (GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL'S.)

slow growth, and there are many finer blooming species; but none of the desert plants suit their environment better. Some of these days, when only a few are left, those few will be as famous as the dragon-trees of the Canaries.

So much for a few of the picturesque species of native plants of California. But, as outlined in the opening paragraphs of this article, the horticulturist has a claim upon this subject. The fruits and flowers that he plants vary more rapidly here than elsewhere; so he produces new and valuable varieties. California has become the paradise of the rosarian, the seed-grower, the hybridizer, and the nurseryman. The wild grape is used as a stock for wine and raisin grapes, and, in some cases that I know of, men have grafted Italian chestnuts upon one species of the native oaks. All the hillsides of the tree region, when not too steep to plow, nor too far above the sea-level, will grow the fruits and varied horticultural products of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and southern France. The pomegranate is a garden shrub in many districts, and the almond is a roadside tree. The drooping, acacia-like leaves of the scarlet-

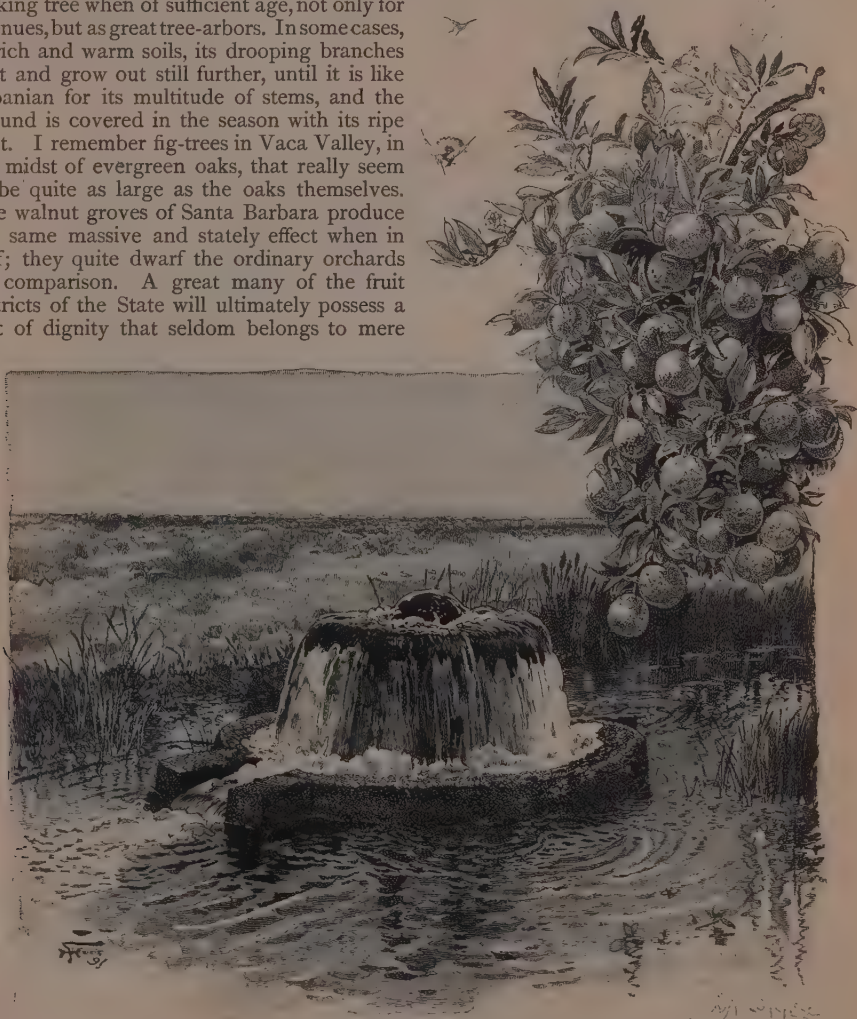
fruited pepper-tree grow with magnolias, palms, and cedars of Lebanon. Oranges and lemons stand in many an orchard with apples and peaches. Among the notable plants of the State are many adopted species, such as the acacias and *eucalyptuses* of Australia, and the bamboos and persimmons of Japan.

When Americans came to California, they were surprised at the variations that they observed in familiar plants. The elderberry, which is only slightly different from the elderberry-bush of the Atlantic slope, often becomes a tree of from two to four feet in diameter and thirty or forty feet high. This is merely a matter of local environment, rich soil, and shelter; the same species is a mere shrub on the rocky hillsides of the Coast Range. The bronze-leaved *Ricinus*, which makes a semi-tropic summer garden in front of many an Atlantic coast cottage, grows for year after year in California, until a section of its stem a foot and a half in diameter can be obtained by any collector of vegetable curiosities. Geraniums, nasturtiums, tomatoes, and many other plants, useful and otherwise, escape from cultivation, modify their habits of growth, and soon become

wild again. Many plants of Mexico, Peru, Chile, the Hawaiian Islands, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Mediterranean shores have already become dangerous weeds. The loquat, a choice fruit of Japan, is already growing wild in some cañons where picnic-parties have left the seeds. Apricots, peaches, cherries, and English walnuts have been found in the forests—chance seedlings, growing with the madroños and manzanitas.

The horticulturist, no less than the botanist, has his notable trees to admire. Old olive avenues that the mission fathers planted still remain, and some of their seedling pears are like forest-trees for size. The fig becomes a most striking tree when of sufficient age, not only for avenues, but as great tree-arbors. In some cases, in rich and warm soils, its drooping branches root and grow out still further, until it is like a banian for its multitude of stems, and the ground is covered in the season with its ripe fruit. I remember fig-trees in Vaca Valley, in the midst of evergreen oaks, that really seem to be quite as large as the oaks themselves. The walnut groves of Santa Barbara produce the same massive and stately effect when in leaf; they quite dwarf the ordinary orchards by comparison. A great many of the fruit districts of the State will ultimately possess a sort of dignity that seldom belongs to mere

orchards as known in other parts of the world. All the trees will become very large, and will remain in health for a long time. Some of the Riverside oranges are already magnificent trees, and are growing still larger. Pecans, walnuts, Italian chestnuts, the carob of Asia Minor, the pistachio, the olive, and a countless variety of nut- and fruit-trees of especial beauty and character, are being planted everywhere. Then, too, the habit of massing separate fruits—here twenty acres of cherries, there thirty of peach or prune, and between them, perhaps, a vineyard or an olivarium—will always give orchard districts a peculiar charm. When the almond



ARTESIAN WELL IN THE DESERT.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

is in bloom, one country-side is full of the drifted snow of almond flowers; the next week another little district, only a few miles away, begins to flush pink with peach-blossoms. The whole tendency of California horticulture seems to be toward specialization, and thus the orchards even now possess much of the attractiveness of natural forests. As they grow old and are partly replanted, as the roadside trees become mature, and as new orchards extend into the wilder parts of the State, all men will recognize the fact that California, once a great mining commonwealth, has become a distinctively horticultural community, whose most characteristic feature is the enormous range of plant growth, wild and cultivated.

Every year the broader comparison between the two sides of the continent reveals increasing contrasts. The Californian who visits the

forests, so unlike the pineries of other States. He misses the careless ease of growth, the fullness and variety of exotic plant life. He misses much in color as well as in form. Even the buttercup season of New England, or the time when goldenrod is in its prime, seems cold and fragmentary to the Californian, who is used to the sunlit hill-slopes, where wild poppies and a thousand sorts of liliaceous and composite flowers grow in brilliant hosts under the cloudless skies, and still bloom on and on, while the wild oats, clover, and grasses ripen to golden browns and soft shades of yellow. It is true that New England at its best season appears to the Californian to be unspeakably beautiful, because it is so green, so fresh, so full of small hills and gentle woodlands sloping down to quiet streams: but all the while he thinks of California at the time when the rains are past,



ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORNE.

Atlantic States is impressed with the palmettos of the South, the chestnuts and elms of the North; nothing like them grows in his own forests. But he misses his *madroños* and *manzanitas*, his fragrant chaparral thickets, his tree-like yuccas, and his unequalled coniferous

and it is like Palestine, a mountain land, the home of the shepherd and the vine-dresser; he thinks of the season when valleys, foot-hills, and high ranges begin to glow like Italy under the ardent sunlight. For more than half the year, over an extent of country larger than



YUCCA.

New England, one can sleep on the ground without a tent, so warm and rainless a land it is. Still the trees grow, the flowers bloom, the singing birds come out of the cañons and dwell in the fruit-laden orchards, the whole realm ripens as a swarthy olive or a bronze-red pomegranate. And, strange to say, the grape, fig, loquat, guava, and all the other exotics that came in so many diverse ways to California, the weeds that perplex the farmer, the fiber-plants, the insect-powder bushes from Dalmatia, and a thousand other strangers, seem as much at home as the sequoias, and each in its way has helped to create the memories

that the Californian carries abroad with him. Against a background of snow-peaks he sees the pine forests; the valleys and hillsides of the foreground are filled with gardens and orchards, for whose increasing plant wealth the resources of the whole world are being drawn upon. Old mining ditches are changing to irrigation canals; old pastoral counties grow famous for wines, raisins, dried fruits, and a multitude of plant products. Each district, from the extreme north of the State to the extreme south, has its own peculiar advantages, and California deserves to be characterized as the land of varied horticulture.

Charles Howard Shinn.

PAVEMENT PICTURES.

WILD storm, this languid summer night,
Clashed o'er the city an hour ago;
But now, released in heaven's blue height,
A moon has brought her sorrowing glow,
To flood the massed roofs' dimness dense
With pale celestial penitence.

The breeze wakes rich in soothing damps;
Faint spires loom silvered; and one sees
In street or square, by rain-splashed lamps,
The wet leaves flickering on stray trees;
While black fantastic shapes of dream
Bold from the drying pavements gleam.

Chance moods of moisture's random change,
The dumb stone flaunts their blots grotesque,
Where freaks of spectral traceries range
Through many an elfin arabesque—
Till the huge town's vice, crime, despair,
Seems devilishly pictured there!

Edgar Fawcett.

A MOUNTAIN EUROPA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.



D.A.D. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

VII.



N the following Sunday morning, when Clayton walked up to the cabin, Easter and her mother were seated in the porch. He called to them cheerily as he climbed over the fence, but only the mother answered. Easter arose as he approached, and, without speaking, went within doors. He thought she must be ill, so thin and drawn was her face, but her mother said carelessly :

"Oh, hit 's only one o' Easter's spells. She hev been sort o' puny 'n' triffin' o' late, but I reckon she 'll be all right ag'in in a day or two."

As the girl did not appear again, Clayton concluded that she was lying down, and went

away without seeing her. Her manner had seemed a little odd, but, attributing that to illness, he thought nothing further about it. To his surprise, the incident was repeated, and thereafter, to his wonder, the girl seemed to avoid him. Their intimacy was broken sharply off. When Clayton was at the cabin, either she did not appear or else kept herself busied with household duties. Their studies ceased abruptly. Easter had thrown her books into a corner, her mother said, and did nothing but mope all day, and though she insisted that it was only one of the girl's "spells," it was plain that something was wrong. Easter's face remained thin and drawn, and acquired gradually a hard, dogged, almost sullen look. She spoke to Clayton rarely, and then only in monosyllables. She never looked him in the face, and if his gaze rested intently on her, as she sat with eyes downcast and hands folded, she seemed to know it at once. Her face would color faintly, her hands fold and unfold nervously, and sometimes she would rise and go within. He had no opportunity of speaking with her alone. She seemed to guard against that, and, indeed, Raines's presence almost prevented it, for the mountaineer was there always, and always now the last to leave. He sat usually in the shadow of the vine, and though his face was unseen, Clayton could feel his eyes fixed upon him with an intensity that sometimes made him nervous. The mountaineer had evidently begun to misinterpret his visits to the cabin. Clayton was regarded as a rival. In what other light, indeed, could he appear to Raines? Friendly calls between young people of opposite sex were rare in the mountains. When a young man visited a young woman, his intentions were supposed to be serious. Raines was plainly jealous.

But Easter? What was the reason for her strange behavior? Could she, too, have misconstrued his intentions as Raines had? It was impossible. But even if she had, his manner had in no wise changed. Some one else had aroused her suspicions, and if any one, it must have been Raines. It was not the mother, he felt sure.

For some time Clayton's mother and sister had been urging him to make a visit home. He had asked leave of absence, but it was a busy time, and he had delayed indefinitely. In

a fortnight, however, the stress of work would be over, and then he meant to leave. During that fortnight he was strangely troubled. He did not leave the camp, but his mind was busied with thoughts of Easter — nothing but Easter.

Time and again he had reviewed their acquaintance minutely from the beginning, but he could find no cause for her strange behavior. When the work was done, he found himself still lingering, and climbing the mountain once more. He meant to solve the mystery if possible. He would tell Easter that he was going home. Surely, then, she would betray some feeling.

At the old fence which he had climbed so often he stopped, as was his custom, to rest a moment, with his eyes upon the wild beauty before him — the great valley, with mists floating from its gloomy depths into the tremulous moonlight; and far through the radiant space the still, dark masses of the Cumberland lifting themselves in majesty against the east; and in the shadow of the great cliff the vague outlines of the old cabin, as still as the awful silence around it. A light was visible, but he could hear no voices. Still, he knew he would find the occupants seated in the porch, held by that strange quiet which nature imposes on those who dwell much alone with her. He had not been to the cabin for several weeks, and when he spoke, Easter did not return his greeting; Raines nodded almost surlily, but from the mother came as always a cordial welcome.

"I'm mighty glad ter see ye," she said; "ye hev'n't been up fer a long time."

"No," answered Clayton; "I have been very busy — getting ready to go home." He had watched Easter closely as he spoke, but the girl did not lift her face, and she betrayed no emotion, not even surprise; nor did Raines. Only the mother showed genuine regret. The girl's apathy filled him with bitter disappointment. She had relapsed into barbarism again. He was a fool to think that in a few months he could counteract influences that had been molding her character for a lifetime. His purpose had been unselfish. Curiosity, the girl's beauty, his increasing power over her, had stimulated him, to be sure, but he had been conscientious and earnest. Somehow he was more than disappointed; he was hurt deeply, not only that he should have been so misunderstood, but for the lack of gratitude in the girl. He was bewildered. What could have happened? Could Raines have really poisoned her mind against him? And indignation shot through Clayton that Easter could believe so easily what might have been said against him, and not allow him a hearing.

"I've been expecting to take a trip home

for several weeks," he found himself saying a moment later; "I think I shall go to-morrow."

He hardly meant what he said; a momentary pique had forced the words from him, but, once spoken, he determined to abide by them. Easter was stirred from her lethargy at last, but Clayton's attention was drawn to Raines's start of surprise, and he did not see the girl's face strangely agitated for an instant, nor her hands nervously trembling in her lap. The mother had made an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Ter-morrer!" she said. "Why, ye almost take my breath away. I declar', I'm downright sorry ye air goin', I hev tuk sech a shine ter ye. I kind o' think I'll miss ye more 'n Easter."

Raines's eyes turned to the girl, as did Clayton's. Not a suggestion of color disturbed the pallor of the girl's face, once more composed, and she said nothing.

"Ye air so jolly 'n' lively," continued the mother, "'n' ye allus hev so much ter say. Ye air not like Easter 'n' Sherd hyar, who talk 'bout as much ez two stumps. I suppose I'll hev ter sit up hyar 'n' talk ter the moon when ye air gone."

The mountaineer rose abruptly, and, though he spoke quietly, he controlled himself with difficulty.

"Ez my company seems ter be unwelcome ter ye," he said, "I kin take it away from ye, 'n' I will."

Before the old woman could recover herself, he was gone.

"Well," she ejaculated, "whut kin be the matter with Sherd? He hev got mighty cur'us hyar of late, 'n' so hev Easter. All o' ye hev been a-settin' up hyar ez ef ye was at a buryin'. I'm a-goin' ter bed. Ye 'n' Easter kin set up ez long ez ye please. I suppose ye air comin' back ag'in ter see us," she said, turning to Clayton.

"I don't know," he answered. "I may not; but if I don't, I won't forget you."

"Well, I wish ye good luck." Clayton shook hands with her, and she went within doors.

Easter had risen, too, with her mother, and was standing in the shadow.

"Good-by," said Clayton, holding out his hand to Easter.

As she turned he caught one glimpse of her face in the moonlight as she dropped it over her bosom, and its whiteness startled him. Her hand was cold when he took it, and her voice was scarcely audible as she faintly repeated his words. She lifted her face as their hands were unclasped, and her lips quivered mutely as if trying to speak; but he had turned to go. For a moment she watched his darkening figure, and then with stifled breath almost staggered into the cabin.

THE road wound around the cliff and back again, and as Clayton picked his way along it he was oppressed by a strange uneasiness. Easter's face, as he last saw it, lay in his mind like a keen reproach. Could he have been mistaken? Had he been too hasty? He recalled the events of the evening. He began to see that it was strange that Raines had shown no surprise when he spoke of going home, and yet had seemed almost startled by the suddenness of his departure. Perhaps the mountaineer knew he was going. It was known at the camp. If he knew, then Easter must have known. Perhaps she had felt hurt because he had not spoken to her earlier. What might Raines not have told her, and honestly, too? Or the mountaineer might have made a shrewd use of his departure. Perhaps he was unconsciously confirming all that Raines might have said. He ought to have spoken to her. Perhaps she could not speak to him. He wheeled suddenly in the path to return to the cabin, and then paused in indecision. It was late; he would wait one day longer.

As he resumed the descent, a noise of something hurrying down through the undergrowth of the cliff-side which towered darkly behind him, startled him, and he stopped in wonder and fear. Nearer, nearer the bushes crackled as though some hunted animal were flying for life through them, and then through the thick hedge there burst the figure of a woman who sank to the ground in the path before him. The flash of yellow hair and a white face in the moonlight told him who it was.

"Easter, Easter!" he exclaimed, in sickening fear. "My God! is that you? Why, what is the matter, child? What are you doing here?"

He stooped above the sobbing girl, and pulled away her hands from her face, tear-stained and broken with pain. The limit of her self-repression was reached at last; the tense nerves, strained too much, had broken; and the passion, so long checked, surged through her like fire. O God! what had he done? He saw the truth at last. In a sudden impulse of tenderness he lifted the girl to her feet and held her, sobbing uncontrollably, in his arms, with her head resting against his breast, pressing his cheek to her hair and soothing her as though she had been a child.

Presently she felt a kiss on her forehead, and, as she looked up with a sudden fierce joy in her eyes, their lips met.

VIII.

CLAYTON shunned all self-questioning after that night. His deepest emotions stirred by that close embrace on the mountain-side, he gave himself wholly up to the love or infatuation—

he did not ask which—that enthralled him. Whatever it was, its growth had been subtle and swift. There was in it the thrill that might come from taming some wild creature that had never known control, and the gentleness that a generous spirit with such power would feel. These, with the magnetism of the girl's beauty and personality, and the influence of her environment, he had felt for a long time; but now richer chords were set vibrating in response to her



"ACROSS HIS FOREHEAD RAN A CRIMSON SCAR."

great love, the struggle she had against its disclosure, the appeal for tenderness and protection in her final defeat. It was ideal, he told himself, as he sank into the delicious dream; they two alone with nature, above all human life, with its restraints, its hardships, its evils, its distress. For them was the freedom of the open sky lifting its dome above the mountains; for them nothing less kindly than the sun shining its benediction; for their eyes only the changing beauties of day and night; for their ears no sound harsher than the dripping of dew or a bird-song; for them youth, health, beauty, love. And it was primeval love, the love of the first woman for the first man. She knew no convention, no prudery, no doubt. Her life was impulse, and her impulse was love. She was the teacher now, and he the taught; and he stood in wonder and awe when the plant he had tended flowered into such beauty in a single night. Ah, the happy, happy days that followed! The veil that had for a long time been unfolding itself between him and his previous life seemed to have almost fallen, and they were left alone to their happiness. The mother kept her own counsel. Raines had disappeared as though Death had claimed him. And the dream lasted till a summons home broke

into it as the sudden flaring up of a candle will shatter a reverie at twilight.

IX.

THE summons was from his father, and was emphatic; and Clayton did not delay. The girl accepted his departure with a pale face, but with a quiet submission that touched him. Of Raines he had seen nothing and heard nothing since the night he had left the cabin in anger; but as he came down the mountain after bidding Easter good-by, he was startled by the mountaineer stepping from the bushes into the path.

"Ye air a-goin' home, I hear," he said quietly.

"Yes," answered Clayton; "at midnight."

"Well, I'll walk down with ye a piece, ef ye don't mind. Hit's not out o' my way."

As he spoke his face was turned suddenly to the moonlight. The lines in it had sunk deeper, giving it almost an aged look; and the eyes were hollow as from physical suffering or from fasting. He preceded Clayton down the path, with head bent in thought, and saying nothing till they reached the spur of the mountain. Then in the same voice:

"I want ter talk ter ye awhile, 'n' I'd like ter hev ye step inter my house. I don't mean ye no harm," he added quickly, "'n' hit ain't fur."

"Certainly," said Clayton.

The mountaineer turned into the woods by a narrow path, and soon the outlines of a miserable little hut were visible through the dark woods. Raines thrust the door open. The single room was dark except for a few dull coals in a gloomy cavern which formed the fireplace.

"Sit down, ef ye kin find a cheer," said Raines, "'n' I'll fix up the fire."

"Do you live here alone?" asked Clayton, as he heard the keen, smooth sound of the mountaineer's knife going through wood.

"Yes," he answered; "fer five years."

The coals brightened; tiny flames shot from them, and in a moment the blaze caught the dry fagots, and shadows danced over floor, wall, and ceiling, and vanished as the mountaineer rose from his knees. The room was as bare as the cell of a monk. A rough bed stood in one corner; a few utensils hung near the fireplace, wherein were remnants of potatoes roasting in the ashes, and close to the wooden shutter which served as a window was a rough table. On it lay a large book,—a Bible,—a pen, a bottle of ink, and a piece of paper on which were letters traced with great care and difficulty. The mountaineer did not sit down, but began pacing the floor behind Clayton. Clayton moved his chair, and Raines seemed uncon-

scious of his presence as with eyes on the floor he traversed the narrow width of the cabin. At length he spoke:

"Ye hev n't seed me up on the mount'in lately, hev ye?" he asked. "I reckon ye hev n't missed me much. Do ye know whut I hev been doin'?" he asked with sudden vehemence, stopping still and resting his eyes, which glowed like an animal's from the darkened end of the cabin, on Clayton.

"I hev been tryin' ter keep from killin' ye. Oh, don't move—don't fear now; ye air as safe ez ef ye were down in ther camp. I seed ye that night on ther mount'in," he continued, again pacing rapidly backward and forth. "I was waitin' fer ye. I meant ter tell ye jest whut I'm goin' ter tell ye ter-night; 'n' when Easter come a-tearin' through ther bushes, 'n' I seed ye—ye—a-standin' together,"—the words seemed to stop in his throat,—"I knowed I was too late.

"I set thar fer a minute like a rock, 'n' when ye two went back up ther mount'in, before I knowed it I was hyar in ther house thar at the fire moldin' a bullet ter kill ye with ez ye come back. All to oncet I heerd a voice ez plain ez my own is et this minute say:

"'Air ye a-thinkin' 'bout takin' ther life of a fellow-creetur, Sherd Raines—ye thet air tryin' ter be a servant o' ther Lord?'

"But I kept on a-moldin', 'n' suddenly I seed ye a-lyin' in the road dead, 'n' ther heavens opened, 'n' ther face o' ther Lord appeared, 'n' he raised his hand ter smite me with ther brand o' Cain—'n' look thar!'

Clayton had sat spellbound by the terrible earnestness of the man, and as the mountaineer swept his dark hair back with one hand, he rose in sudden horror. Across the mountaineer's forehead ran a crimson scar yet unhealed. Could he have inflicted upon himself this fearful penance?

"Oh, it was only ther molds. I seed it all so plain thet I throwed up my hands, fergittin' ther molds, 'n' ther hot lead struck me thar; but," he continued solemnly, "I knowed ther Lord hed tuk thet way o' punishin' me fer ther sin o' havin' murder in my mind, 'n' I fell on my knees a-prayin' fer forgiveness; 'n' since thet night I hev stayed away from ye till ther Lord give me power ter stand ag'in' ther temptation of harmin' ye. He hev showed me anuther way, 'n' now I hev come ter ye ez he has directed me. I hev n't tol' ye this fer nuthin'. Ye kin see now whut I think o' Easter, ef I war tempted to take the life o' ther man who tuk her love from me, 'n' I think ye will say I hev ther right ter ask ye whut I'm a-goin' ter. I hev known ther gal all my life. We was children together, and thar hain't no use hidin' thet I hev never keered fer anuther woman. She used ter be mighty

wilful 'n' contrary, but ez soon ez ye come I seed at oncet thet a change was comin' over her. I mistrusted ye, 'n' I warned her ag'in' ye. But when I l'arned thet ye was a-teachin' her, and a-doin' whut I had tried my best ter do, 'n' failed, I let things run along, thinkin' thet mebbe everythin' would come out all right atter all. But now ef ye don't think ez much of Easter ez she does of ye, ye ought ter—" 'n' I come to ye now, 'n' I ask ye in the name of ther livin' God, who is a-watchin' ye 'n' a-guidin' me, air ye goin' ter leave ther po' gal ter die out o' grief fer ye, or do ye mean ter come back 'n' marry her?"

Raines had stopped now in the center of the cabin, and the shadows flickering slowly over him gave an unearthly aspect to his tall, gaunt figure, as he stood with uplifted arm, pale, tense face, glowing eyes, and disordered hair.

"The gal hez no protector,—her dad, ez ye know, is a-hidin' from jestic in ther mount'ins,—and I 'm a-standin' in his place, 'n' I ax ye only ter do whut yer know ye ought."

There was nothing threatening in the mountaineer's attitude, nor dictatorial; and Clayton felt his right to say what he had in spite of a natural impulse to resent such interference. Besides, there grew up in his heart a sudden great admiration for this rough, uncouth fellow who was capable of such unselfishness; who, true to the trust of her father and his God, was putting aside the strongest passion of his life for what he believed was the happiness of the woman who had inspired it. He saw, too, that the sacrifice was made with perfect unconsciousness that it was unusual or admirable. He rose to his feet, and the two men faced each other.

"If you had told me this long ago," said Clayton, "I would have gone away; but you seemed distrustful and suspicious. I did not expect the present state of affairs to come about, but since it has, I tell you frankly that I have never thought of doing anything else than what you have asked."

And he told the truth, for he had already asked himself that question. Why should he not marry her? He must in all probability stay in the mountains for years, and after that time he would not be ashamed to take her home, so strong was his belief in her quickness and adaptability.

Raines seemed scarcely to believe what he heard. He had not expected such ready acquiescence. He had almost begun to fear from Clayton's silence that he was going to refuse, and then—God knows what he would have done.

Instantly he stretched out his hand:

"I hev done ye great wrong, 'n' I ax yer par-

din," he said huskily. "I want ter say thet I bear no grudge, 'n' thet I wish ye well, 'n' I believe ye 'll do yer best ter make ther gal happy. I hope ye won't think hard on me," he continued; "I hev had a hard fight with ther devil ez long ez I kin remember. I hev turned back time 'n' ag'in, but thar hain't nuthin' ter keep me from goin' straight ahead now."

As Clayton left the cabin, the mountaineer stayed him for a moment at the threshold.

"Thar's another thing I reckon I ought ter tell ye," he said: "Easter's dad air powerfully sot ag'in' ye. He thought ye was an officer at fust, 'n' 't was hard ter git him out o' ther idee thet ye was spyin' fer him; 'n' when he seed ye goin' ter ther house, he got it inter his head thet ye might be meanin' harm ter Easter, who air ther only thing alive thet he keers fer much. He promised not ter tech ye, 'n' I knowed he would keep his word ez long ez he was sober. It 'll be all right now, I reckon," he concluded, "when I tell him whut ye mean ter do, though he hev got a spite ag'in' all furriers. Far'well! I wish ye well; I wish ye well."

An hour later Clayton was in Jellico. It was midnight when the train came in, and he went immediately to his berth. Striking the curtain accidentally, he loosed it from its fastenings, and, doubling the pillows, he lay looking out on the swiftly passing landscape. The moon was full and brilliant, and there was a strange, keen pleasure in being whirled in such comfort through the night. The mists almost hid the mountains. They seemed very, very far away. A red star trembled almost in the crest of Wolf Mountain. Easter's cabin must be almost under that star, he thought. He wondered if she were asleep. Perhaps she was out in the porch, lonely, suffering, and thinking of him. He felt her kiss and her tears upon his hand. Did he not love her? Could there be any doubt about that? His thoughts turned to Raines, and he saw the mountaineer in his lonely cabin, sitting with his head bowed in his hands in front of the dying fire. He closed his eyes, and another picture rose before him—a scene at home. He had taken Easter to New York. How brilliant the light! what warmth and luxury! There stood his father, there his mother. What gracious dignity they had! Here was his sister—what beauty and elegance and grace of manner! But Easter! Wherever she was placed the other figures needed readjustment. There was something irritably incongruous—Ah! now he had it—his mind grew hazy—he was asleep.

x.

DURING the weeks that followed, some malignant spirit seemed to be torturing him with

a slow realization of all he had lost; taunting him with the possibility of regaining it and the certainty of losing it forever.

As he had stepped from the dock at Jersey City, the fresh sea wind had thrilled him like a memory, and his pulses leaped instantly into sympathy with the tense life that vibrated in the air. He seemed never to have been away so long, and never had home seemed so pleasant. His sister had grown more beautiful; his mother's quiet, noble face was smoother and fairer than it had been for years; and despite the absence of his father, who had been hastily summoned to England, there was an air of cheerfulness in the house that was in marked contrast to its gloom when Clayton was last at home. He had been quickened at once into a new appreciation of the luxury and refinement about him, and he soon began to wonder how he had ever inured himself to the discomforts and crudities of his mountain life. Old habits easily resumed sway over him. At the club friends and acquaintances were so unfeignedly glad to see him that he began to suspect that his own inner gloom had darkened their faces after his father's misfortune. Day after day found him in his favorite corner at the club, watching the passing pageant and listening almost eagerly to the conversational froth of the town—the gossip of club, theater, and society. His ascetic life in the mountains gave to every pleasure the taste of inexperience. His early youth seemed renewed, so keen and fresh were his emotions. He felt, too, that he was recovering a lost identity, and still the new one that had grown around him would not loosen its claim. He had told his family nothing of Easter,—why, he could scarcely have said,—and the difficulty of telling increased each day. His secret began to weigh heavily upon him; and though he determined to unburden himself on his father's return, he was troubled with a vague sense of deception. When he went to receptions with his sister, this sense of a double identity was strangely felt amid the lights, the music, the flowers, the flash of eyes and white necks and arms, the low voices, the polite, clear-cut utterances of welcome and compliment.

Several times he had met a face for which he had once had a boyish infatuation. Its image had never been supplanted during his student career, but he had turned from it as from a star when he came home and found that his life was to be built with his own hands. Now the girl had grown to gracious womanhood, and when he saw her he could scarcely repress a thrill of joy that she had once favored him above all others. One night a desire had assailed him to learn upon what footing he then stood. He had yielded, and she gave him a kindly wel-

come. They had drifted to reminiscences, and that night Clayton went home with a troubled heart; angry that he should be so easily disturbed, surprised that the days were passing so swiftly, and pained that they were filled less and less with thoughts of Easter. With a pang of remorse and fear, he determined to go back to the mountains as soon as his father came home. He knew the effect of habit. He would forget these pleasures felt so keenly now, as he had once forgotten them, and he would leave before their hold upon him was secure.

Knowing the danger that beset him, he had avoided it all he could. He even stopped his daily visits to the club, and spent most of his time at home with his mother and sister. Once only, to his bitter regret, was he induced to go out. Wagner's tidal wave had reached New York, and it was the opening night of the season; and the opera was one that he had learned to love in Germany. The very brilliancy of the scene threw him into gloom, so aloof did he feel from it all—the great theater aflame with lights, the circling tiers of faces, the pit with its hundred musicians, their eyes on the leader, who stood above them with baton upraised and German face already aglow.

In his student days he had loved music, but he had little more than trifled with it; now, strangely enough, his love, even his understanding, seemed to have grown; and when the violins thrilled all the vast space into life, he was shaken as with a passion newly born. All the evening he sat riveted. A rush of memories came upon him—memories of his student life with its dreams and ideals of culture and scholarship, which rose from his past again like phantoms. In the elevation of the moment the trivial pleasures that had been tempting him suddenly became mean and unworthy. With a pang of regret he saw himself as he might have been, as he yet might be.

A few days later his father came home, and his distress of mind was complete. Clayton need stay in the mountains but little longer, he said; he was fast making up his losses, and he had hoped after his trip to England to have Clayton at once in New York; but now he had best wait perhaps another year. Then had come a struggle that racked heart and brain. All he had ever had was before him again. Could it be his duty to shut himself from this life,—his natural heritage,—to stifle the highest demands of his nature? Was he seriously in love with that mountain girl? Had he indeed ever been sure of himself? If, then, he did not love her beyond all question, would he not wrong himself, wrong her, by marrying her? Ah, but might he not wrong her, wrong himself—even more? He was bound to her by every tie that his sensitive honor recog-

nized among the duties of one human being to another. He had sought her; he had lifted her above her own life. If one human being had ever put its happiness in the hands of another, that had been done. If he had not deliberately taught her to love him, he had not tried to prevent it. He could not excuse himself; the thought of gaining her affection had occurred to him, and he had put it aside. There was no excuse; for when she gave her love, he had accepted it, and, as far as she knew, had given his own unreservedly. Ah, that fatal moment of weakness that night on the mountain-side! Could he tell her, could he tell Raines, the truth, and ask to be released? What could Easter with her devotion, and Raines with his singleness of heart, know of this substitute for love which civilization had taught him? Or, granting that they could understand, he might return home; but Easter—what was left for her?

It was useless to try to persuade himself that her love would fade away, perhaps quickly, and leave no scar; that Raines would in time win her for himself, his first idea of their union be realized, and, in the end, all happen for the best. That might easily be possible with a different nature under different conditions—a nature less passionate, in contact with the world and responsive to varied interests; but not with Easter—alone with a love that had shamed him, with mountain, earth, and sky unchanged, and the vacant days marked only by a dreary round of wearisome tasks. He remembered Raines's last words—"Air ye goin' ter leave ther po' gal ter die out o' grief fer ye?" What happiness would be possible for him with that lonely mountain-top and the white drawn face forever haunting him?

That very night a letter came, with a rude superscription—the first from Easter. Within it was a poor tintype, from which Easter's eyes looked shyly at him. Before he left he had tried in vain to get her to the tent of an itinerant photographer, and, during his absence, she had evidently gone of her own accord. The face was very beautiful, and in it was an expression of questioning, modest pride. "Aren't you surprised?" it seemed to say—"and pleased?" Only the face, with its delicate lines, and the throat and the shoulders were visible. She looked almost refined. And the note—it was badly spelled and written with great difficulty, but it touched him. She was lonely, she said, and she wanted him to come back. Lonely—that cry was in each line.

His response to this was an instant resolution to go back at once, and sensitive, ease-loving, and pliant as his nature was, there was no hesitation for him when his duty was clear and a decision once made. With great care and per-

fect frankness he had traced the history of his infatuation in a letter to his father, to be communicated when the latter chose to his mother and sister. Now he was nearing the mountains again.

XI.

THE journey to the mountains was made with a heavy heart. In his absence everything seemed to have undergone a change. Jellico had never seemed so small, so coarse, so wretched as when he stepped from the dusty train and saw it lying dwarfed and shapeless in the afternoon sunlight. The State line bisects the straggling streets of frame-houses. On the Kentucky side an extraordinary spasm of morality had quieted into local option. Just across the way in Tennessee was a row of saloons. It was "pay-day" for the miners, and the worst element of all the mines was drifting in to spend the following Sabbath in every kind of unchecked vice. Several rough, brawny fellows were already staggering from Tennessee into Kentucky, and around one saloon hung a crowd of slatternly negroes, men and women. Heart-sick with disgust, Clayton hurried into the lane that wound through the valley. Were these hovels, he asked himself in wonder, the cabins he once thought so poetic, so picturesque? How was it that they suggested now only a pitiable poverty of life? From each, as he passed, came a rough, cordial shout of greeting. Why was he jarred so strangely? Even nature had changed. The mountains seemed stunted, less beautiful. The light, streaming through the western gap with all the splendor of a mountain sunset, no longer thrilled him. The moist fragrance of the earth at twilight, the sad pipings of birds by the wayside, the faint, clear notes of a wood-thrush—his favorite—from the edge of the forest, even the mid-air song of a meadow-lark above his head, were unheeded as, with face haggard with thought and travel, he turned doggedly from the road up the mountain toward Easter's home. The novelty and ethnological zeal that had blinded him to the disagreeable phases of mountain life were gone; so was the pedestal from which he had descended to make a closer study of the people. For he felt now that he had gone among them with an unconscious condescension; his interest seemed now to have been little more than curiosity—a pastime to escape brooding over his own change of fortune. And with Easter—ah, how painfully clear his mental vision had grown! Was it the tragedy of wasting possibilities that had drawn him to her,—to help her,—or was it his own miserable selfishness after all?

No one was visible when he reached the cabin. The calm of mountain and sky en-

thrall'd it as completely as the cliff that towered behind it. The day still lingered, and the sunlight rested lightly on each neighboring crest. As he stepped upon the porch, there was a slight noise within the cabin, and, peering into the dark interior, he called Easter's name. There was no answer, and he sank wearily into a chair, his thoughts reverting homeward. By the time his mother and sister must know why he had come back to the mountains. He could imagine their consternation and grief. Perhaps that was only the beginning; he might be on the eve of causing them endless unhappiness. He had thought to involve them as little as possible by remaining in the mountains; but the thought of living there was now intolerable in the new relations he would sustain to the people. What should he do? where go? As he bent forward in perplexity, there was a noise again in the cabin,—this time the stealthy tread of feet,—and before he could turn, a rough voice vibrated threateningly in his ears:

"Say who ye air, and what yer business is, mighty quick, er ye hain't got er minute ter live."

Clayton looked up, and to his horror saw the muzzle of a rifle pointed straight at his head. At the other end of it, and standing in the door, was a short, stocky figure, a head of bushy hair, and a pair of small, crafty eyes. The fierceness and suddenness of the voice, in the great silence about him, and its terrible earnestness, left him almost paralyzed.

"Come, who air ye? Say quick, and don't move, nuther."

Clayton spoke his name with difficulty. As he did so, the butt of the rifle dropped to the floor, and with a harsh laugh its holder advanced to him with hand outstretched:

"So ye air Easter's feller, air ye? Well, I'm yer dad—that's to be. Shake."

Clayton shuddered. Good heavens! this was Easter's father! More than once or twice his name had never been mentioned at the cabin.

"I tuk ye fer an officer," continued the old mountaineer, not noticing Clayton's repulsion, "'n' ef ye had 'a' been, ye would'n't be nobody now. I reckon Easter hain't told ye much about me, 'n' I reckon she hev a right ter be a leetle ashamed of me. I hed a leetle trouble down thar in the valley,—I s'pose you've hearn about it,—'n' I've had ter keep kind o' quiet. I seed ye once afore, 'n' I came near shootin' ye, thinkin' ye war an officer. Am mighty glad I did n't, fer Easter is powerful sot on ye. Sherd thought I could resk comin' down ter ther weddin'. They hev kind o' gi'n up ther s'arch, 'n' none o' ther boys won't tell on me. We'll hev an old-timer, I tell ye. Ye folks from ther settlements air mighty high-heeled, but old Bill Hicks don't allus go barefooted. He kin step

purty high, 'n' he 's goin' ter do it at thet weddin'. Hev somefin'?" he asked, suddenly pulling out a flask of colorless liquid. "Ez ye air to be one o' ther fambly, I don't mind tellin' ye thar 's the very moonshine thet caused the leetle trouble down in ther valley."

For fear of giving offense, Clayton took a swallow of the liquid, which burned him like fire. He had scarcely recovered from the first shock, and he had listened to the man and watched him with a sort of enthralling fascination. He was Easter's father. He could even see a faint suggestion of Easter's face in the cast of the features before him, coarse and degraded as they were. He had the same nervous, impetuous quickness, and, horrified by the likeness, Clayton watched him sink back into a chair, pipe in mouth, and relapse into a stolidity that seemed incapable of the energy and fire shown scarcely a moment before. His life in the mountains had made him as shaggy as some wild animal. He was coatless, and his trousers of jeans were upheld by a single home-made suspender. His beard was yet scarcely touched with gray, and his black, lusterless hair fell from beneath a round hat of felt with ragged edges and uncertain color. The mountaineer did not speak again until, with great deliberation and care, he had filled a cob pipe. Then he bent his sharp eyes upon Clayton so fixedly that the latter let his own fall.

"Mebbe ye don't know thet I 'm ag'in' furiners," he said abruptly, "all o' ye; 'n' ef ther Lord hisself hed 'a' tol' me thet my gal would be a-marryin' one, I would n't 'a' believed him. But Sherd hev tol' me ye air all right, 'n' ef Sherd says ye air, why, ye air, I reckon, 'n' I hev n't got nuthin' ter say; though I hev got a heap ag'in' ye—all o' ye."

His voice had a hint of growing anger under the momentary sense of his wrongs, and, not wishing to incense him further, Clayton said nothing.

"Ye air back a little sooner than ye expected, ain't ye?" he asked presently, with an awkward effort at good humor. "I reckon ye air gittin' anxious. Well, we hev been gittin' ready fer ye, 'n' ye 'n' Easter kin hitch ez soon ez ye please. Sherd Raines air goin' ter do ther marryin'. He air the best friend I've got. Sherd was in love with ther gal, too, but he hev n't got no grudge ag'in' ye, 'n' he hev promised ter tie ye. Sherd air a preacher now. He hev just got his license. He did n't want ter do it, but I told him he had ter. We'll hev ther biggest weddin' ever seed in these mountains, I tell ye. Any o' yer folks be on hand?"

"No," answered Clayton, soberly; "I think not."

"Well, I reckon we kin fill up ther house." Clayton's heart sank at the ordeal of a wed-

ding with such a master of ceremonies. He was about to ask where Easter and her mother were, when, to his relief, he saw them both in the path below, approaching the house. The girl was carrying a bucket of water on her head. Once he would have thought her picturesque, but now it pained him to see her doing such rough work. When she saw him she gave a cry of surprise and delight that made Clayton tingle with remorse. Then running to him with glowing face, she stopped suddenly, and, with a look down at her bare feet and soiled gown, fled into the cabin. Clayton followed, but the room was so dark he could see nothing.

"Easter!" he called. There was no answer, but he was suddenly seized about the neck by a pair of unseen arms and kissed by unseen lips twice in fierce succession, and before he could turn and clasp the girl, she was laughing softly in the next room, with a barred door between them. Clayton waited patiently several minutes, and then asked:

"Easter, are n't you ready?"

"Not yit—not yet," she corrected herself with such vehemence that Clayton laughed. She came out presently, and blushed when Clayton looked her over from head to foot with astonishment. She was simply and prettily dressed in white muslin; a blue ribbon was about her throat, and her hair was gathered in a Psyche knot that accented the classicism of her profile. Her appearance was really refined and tasteful. When they went out on the porch, he noticed that her hands had lost their tanned appearance. Her feet were slipped, and she wore black stockings. He remembered the book of fashion-plates he had once sent her; it was that that had quickened her instinct of dress. He said nothing, but the happy light in Easter's face shone brighter as she noted his pleased and puzzled gaze.

"Why, ye look like another man," said Easter's mother, who had been looking Clayton over with a quizzical smile. "Is thet the way folks dress out in ther settlements? 'N' look at thet gal. Ef she hev done anythin' sence ye hev been gone but—" The rest of the sentence was smothered in the palm of Easter's hand, who now began scrutinizing Clayton closely. The mountaineer said nothing, and after a curious glance at Easter resumed his pipe.

"Ye look like a pair o' butterflies," said the mother when released. "Sherd oughter be mighty proud of his first marryin'. I s'pose ye know he air a preacher now? Ye oughter heerd him preach last Sunday. It was his fust time. The way he lighted inter the furriners was a caution. He 'lowed he was a-goin' ter fight card-playin' and dancin' ez long ez he hed breath."

"Yes; 'n' thar 's whar Sherd air a fool. I 'm ag'in' furriners, too, but thar hain't no harm in dancin', 'n' thar 's goin' ter be dancin' at this weddin' ef I 'm alive."

Easter shrank perceptibly when her father spoke, and looked furtively at Clayton, who winced, in spite of himself, as the rough voice grated in his ear. Instantly her face grew unhappy, and contained an appeal for pardon that he was quick to understand and appreciate. Thereafter he concealed his repulsion, and treated the rough bear so affably that Easter's eyes grew moist with gratitude.

Darkness was gathering in the valley below when he rose to go. Easter had scarcely spoken to him, but her face and her eyes, fixed always upon him, were eloquent with joy. Once as she passed behind him her hand rested with a timid, caressing touch upon his shoulder, and now as he walked away from the porch she called him back. He turned, and she had gone into the house.

"What is it, Easter?" he asked, stepping into the dark room. His hand was grasped in both her own and held tremblingly.

"Don't mind dad," she whispered softly. Something warm and moist fell upon his hand as she unloosed it, and she was gone.

That night he wrote home in a more cheerful frame of mind. The charm of the girl's personality had asserted its power again, and hopes that had almost been destroyed by his trip home were rekindled by her tasteful appearance, her delicacy of feeling, and by her beauty, which he had not overrated. He asked that his sister might meet him in Louisville after the wedding—whenever that should be. They two could decide then what should be done. His own idea was to travel; and so great was his confidence in Easter, he believed that, in time, he could take her to New York without fear.

XII.

It was plain that Raines—to quiet the old man's uneasiness, perhaps—had told him of his last meeting with Clayton, and that, during the absence of the latter some arrangements for the wedding had been made, even by Easter, who in her trusting innocence had perhaps never thought of any other end to their relations. In consequence, there was an unprecedented stir among the mountaineers. The marriage of a "citizen" with a "furriner" was an unprecedented event, and the old mountaineer, who began to take some pride in the alliance, emphasized it at every opportunity.

At the mines Clayton's constant visits to the mountain were known to everybody, but little attention had been paid to them. Now, however, when the rumor of the wedding seemed

confirmed by his return and his silence, every one was alert with a curiosity shown so frankly that he soon became eager to get away from the mountains. Accordingly, he made known his wish to Easter's parents that the marriage should take place as soon as possible. Both received the suggestion with silent assent. Then had followed many difficulties. Only as a great concession to the ideas and customs of "furriners" would the self-willed old mountaineer agree that the ceremony should take place at night; and that after the supper and the dance, the two should leave Jellico at day-break. Mountain marriages were solemnized in the daytime, and wedding journeys were unknown. The old man did not understand why Clayton should wish to leave the mountains, and the haste of the latter seemed to give him great offense. When Clayton had ventured to suggest, instead, that the marriage should be quiet, and that he and Easter should remain on the mountain a few days before leaving, he was kindled into a blaze of anger; and thereafter, any suggestion from the young engineer was met with a suspicion that looked ominous. Raines was away on his circuit, and would not return until just before the wedding, so that from him Clayton could get no help. Very wisely, then, he interfered no more, but awaited the day with dread.

It was nearing dusk when he left the camp on his wedding-night. Half-way up the mountain he paused to lean against the kindly breast of a boulder blocking the path. It was the spot where he had seen Easter for the first time. The mountains were green again, as they were then, but the scene seemed sadly changed. The sun was gone; the evening star had swung its white light like a censer above Devil's Den; the clouds were moving swiftly through the darkening air, like a frightened flock seeking a fold; and the night was closing fast over the cluster of faint camp-fires. The spirit brooding over mountain and sky was unspeakably sad, and with a sharp pain at his heart Clayton turned from it, and hurried on. Mountain, sky, and valley were lost in the night. When he reached the cabin, rays of bright light were flashing from chink and crevice into the darkness, and from the kitchen came the sounds of busy preparation. Already many guests had arrived. A group of men who stood lazily talking in the porch became silent as Clayton approached, but he, recognizing none of them, entered the cabin. A dozen women were seated about the room, and instantly their eyes were glued upon him. As the kitchen door swung open, he saw Easter's mother bending over the fireplace, a table already heavily laden, and several women bustling about it. Above his head he heard laughter, a hurried tramping

of feet, and occasional exclamations of surprise and delight. He paused at the threshold, hardly knowing what to do, and as he turned a titter from one corner showed that his embarrassment had been detected. On the porch he was seized by Easter's father, who drew him back into the room. The old mountaineer's face was flushed, and he had been drinking heavily.

"Oh, hyar ye air!" he exclaimed. "Ye air right on hand, hain't ye? Hyar, Bill," he called, thrusting his head out of the door, "you 'n' Jim 'n' Milt come in hyar." Three awkward young mountaineers entered. "These fellers air goin' ter help ye."

They were to be his ushers. Clayton shook hands with them gravely.

"Oh, we air about ready fer ye, 'n' we air only waitin' fer Sherd and the folks ter come," continued the mountaineer, jubilantly, winking significantly at Clayton and his attendants, who stood about him at the fireplace. Clayton shook his head firmly, but the rest followed Hicks, who turned at the door and repeated the invitation with a frowning face. Clayton was left to be the focus of feminine eyes, whose unwavering directness kept his own gaze on the floor. People began to come rapidly, most of whom he had never seen before. The room was filled, save for a space about him. Every one gave him a look of curiosity that made him feel like some strange animal on exhibition. Once more he tried to escape to the porch, and again he was met by Easter's father, who this time was accompanied by Raines.

The young circuit-rider was smoothly shaven, and dressed in dark clothes, and his calm face and simple but impressive manner seemed at once to alter the atmosphere of the room. He grasped Clayton's hand warmly, and without a trace of self-consciousness. The room had grown instantly quiet, and Raines began to share the curious interest that Clayton had caused; for the young mountaineer's sermon had provoked discussion far and wide, and, moreover, the peculiar relations of the two toward Easter were known and rudely appreciated. Hicks was subdued into quiet respect, and tried to conceal his incipient intoxication. The effort did not last long. When the two fiddlers came, he led them in with a defiant air, and placed them in the corner, bustling about officiously but without looking at Raines, whose face began to cloud.

"Well, we 're all hyar, I reckon," he exclaimed in his terrible voice. "Is Easter ready?" he shouted up the steps.

A confused chorus answered him affirmatively, and he immediately arranged Clayton in one corner of the room with his serious attendants on one side, and Raines, grave to solemnity, on the other. Easter's mother and her assistants

came in from the kitchen, and the doors were filled with faces. Above, the tramping of feet became more hurried; below, all stood with expectant faces turned to the rude staircase. Clayton's heart began to throb, and a strange light brightened beneath Raines's heavy brows.

"Hurry up, thar!" shouted Hicks, impatiently.

A moment later two pairs of rough shoes came down the steps, and after them two slippered feet that fixed every eye in the room, until the figure and face above them slowly descended into the light. Midway the girl paused with a timid air. Had an angel been lowered to mortal view, the waiting people would not have been stricken with more wonder. Raines's face relaxed into a look almost of awe, and even Hicks for the instant was stunned into reverence. Mountain eyes had never beheld such loveliness so arrayed. It was simple enough,—the garment,—all white, and of a misty texture, yet it formed a mysterious vision to them. About the girl's brow was a wreath of pink and white laurel. A veil had not been used. It would hide her face, she said, and she did not see why that should be done. For an instant she stood poised so lightly that she seemed to sway like a vision, as the candle-lights quivered about her, with her hands clasped in front of her, and her eyes wandering about the room till they lighted upon Clayton with a look of love that seemed to make her conscious only of him. Then, with quickening breath, lips parted slightly, cheeks slowly flushing, and shining eyes still upon him, she moved slowly across the room until she stood at his side. Her attendants, who, woman-like, had been gazing triumphantly around to note the effect of her presence, followed awkwardly.

Raines gathered himself together as from a dream, and stepped before the pair. Broken and husky at first, his voice trembled in spite of himself, but thereafter there was no hint of the powerful emotions at play within him. Only as he joined their hands, his eyes rested an instant with infinite tenderness on Easter's face,—as though the look were a last farewell,—and his voice deepened with solemn earnestness when he bade Clayton protect and cherish her until death. There was a strange mixture in those last words of the office and the man,—of divine authority and personal appeal,—and Clayton was deeply stirred. The benediction over, the young preacher was turning away, when some one called huskily from the rear of the cabin:

"Why don't ye kiss ther bride?"

It was Easter's father, and the voice, rough as it was, brought a sensation of relief to all. The young mountaineer's features contracted

with swift pain, and as Easter leaned toward him with subtle delicacy, he touched, not her lips, but her forehead, as reverently as though she had been a saint.

Instantly the fiddles began, the floor was cleared, the bridal party hurried into the kitchen, and the cabin began to shake beneath dancing feet. Hicks was fulfilling his word, and in the kitchen his wife had done her part. Everything known to the mountaineer palate was piled in profusion on the table, but Clayton and Easter ate nothing. To him the whole evening was a nightmare, which the solemn moments of the marriage had made the more hideous. He was restless and eager to get away. The dancing was becoming more furious, and above the noise rose Hicks's voice prompting the dancers. The ruder ones still hung about the doors, regarding Clayton curiously, or with eager eyes upon the feast. Easter was vaguely troubled, and conflicting with the innocent pride and joy in her eyes were the questioning glances she turned to Clayton's darkening face. At last they were hurried out, and in came the crowd like hungry wolves.

Placing Clayton and Easter in a corner of the room, the attendants themselves took part in the dancing, and such dancing Clayton had never seen. Doors and windows were full of faces, and the room was crowded; from the kitchen came coarse laughter and the rattling of dishes. Occasionally Hicks would disappear with several others, and would return with his face redder than ever.

Easter became uneasy. Once she left Clayton's side and expostulated with her father, but he shook her from his arm roughly. Raines saw this, and a moment later he led the old mountaineer from the room. Thereafter the latter was quieter, but only for a little while. Several times the kitchen was filled and emptied, and ever was the crowd unsteady. Soon even Raines's influence was of no avail, and the bottle was passed openly from guest to guest.

"Why don't ye dance?"

Clayton felt his arm grasped, and Hicks stood swaying before him.

"Why don't ye dance?" he repeated. "Can't ye dance? Mebbe ye air too good—like Sherd. Well, Easter kin. Hyar, Mart, come 'n' dance with ther gal. She air the best dancer in these parts."

Clayton laid his hand upon Easter as though to forbid her. The mountaineer saw the movement, and his face flamed with sudden fury; but before he could speak, the girl pressed Clayton's arm and, with an appealing glance, rose to her feet.

"Thet's right," said her father, approvingly, but with a look of drunken malignancy toward

Clayton. "Now," he called out in a loud voice, "I want this couple ter have ther floor, 'n' everybody ter look on 'n' see what is dancin'. Start the fiddles, boys."

It was dancing. The young mountaineer was a slender, active fellow, not without grace, and Easter seemed scarcely to touch the floor. They began very slowly at first, till Easter, glancing aside at Clayton and seeing his face deepen with interest, and urged by the remonstrances of her father, the remarks of the onlookers, and the increasing abandon of the music, gave herself up to the dance. The young mountaineer was no mean partner. Forward and back they glided, their swift feet beating every note of the music; Easter receding before her partner, and now advancing toward him, now whirling away with a disdainful toss of head and arms, and now giving him her hand and whirling till her white skirts floated from the floor. At last, with head bent coquettishly toward her partner, she danced around him, and when it seemed that she would be caught by his outstretched hands she slipped from his clasp, and, with flaming cheeks, flashing eyes, and bridal wreath showering its pink and white petals about her, flew to Clayton's side.

"Mebbe ye don't like that," cried Hicks, turning to Raines, who had been gravely watching the scene.

Raines said nothing in reply, but only looked the drunken man in the face.

"You, too," he continued, indicating Clayton with an angry shake of his head, "air a-tryin' ter spile everybody's fun. Both of ye air too high-heeled fer us folks. Ye hev got mighty good now thet ye air a preacher," he added, with a drunken sneer, irritated beyond endurance by Raines's silence and his steady look. "I want ye ter know Bill Hicks air a-runnin' things here, 'n' I don't want no interferin'. I'll drink right here in front o' ye,"—holding a bottle defiantly above his head,—"'n' I mean ter dance, too. I warn ye now," he added, staggering toward the door, "I don't want no interferin'."

During this scene Easter had buried her face in her hands. Her mother stood near her husband, helplessly trying to get him away, and fearing to arouse him more. Raines was the most composed man in the room, and a few moments later, when dancing was resumed, Clayton heard his voice at his ear:

"Ye had better go up-stairs 'n' wait till it's time ter go," he said. "He hev got roused ag'in' ye, and ag'in' me too. I'll keep out o' his way so as not to aggravate him, but I'll stay hyar fer fear something will happen. Mebbe he'll sober up a little, but I'm afeard he'll drink more 'n ever."

Raines had noticed the vindictive glances

of Hicks toward Clayton during the night, and he had felt vaguely Clayton's distress of mind.

A moment later, unseen by the rest, the two mounted the stairway to the little room where Easter's girlhood had been passed. To Clayton the peace of the primitive little chamber was an infinite relief. A dim light showed a rude cot in one corner and a pine table close by whereon lay a few books and a pen and an ink-bottle. Above, the roof rose to a sharp angle, and the low, unplastered walls were covered with pictures cut from the books he had given her. A single window opened into the night over the valley and to the mountains beyond. Two small cane-bottom chairs were near this, and in these they sat down. In the east dark clouds were moving swiftly across the face of the moon, checking its light and giving the dim valley startling depth and blackness. Raindrops struck the roof at intervals, a shower of apple-blossoms rustled against the window and drifted on, and below the muffled sound of music and shuffling feet was now and then pierced by the shrill calls of the prompter. There was something ominous in the persistent tread of feet and the steady flight of the gloomy clouds, and, quivering with vague fears, Easter sank down from her chair to Clayton's feet, and burst into tears, as he put his arms tenderly about her.

"Has he ever treated you badly?" asked Clayton.

"No, no," she answered; "it's the whisky."

It was not alone of her father's behavior that she had been thinking. Memories were busy within her, and a thousand threads of feeling were tightening her love of home, the only home she had ever known. Now she was leaving it for a strange world of which she knew nothing, and the thought pierced her like a physical pain.

"Are we ever coming back again?" she asked with sudden fear.

"Yes, dear," answered Clayton, divining her thoughts; "whenever you wish."

After that she grew calmer, and remained quiet so long that she seemed to have fallen asleep like a tired child relieved of its fears. Leaning forward, he looked into the darkness. It was after midnight, surely. The clouds had become lighter, more luminous, and gradually the moon broke through them, lifting the pall from the valley, playing about the edge of the forest, and quivering at last on the window. As he bent back to look at the sleeping girl, the moonlight fell softly upon her face, revealing its purity of color, and touching the loosened folds of her hair, and shining through a tear-drop which had escaped from her closed lashes. How lovely the face was! How pure! How childlike with all its hidden strength! How absolute her confidence in him! How great her love! It was of her love that he thought, not

of his own; but with a new realization of her dependence upon him for happiness, his clasp tightened about her almost unconsciously. She stirred slightly, and, bending his head lower, Clayton whispered in her ear:

"Have you been asleep, dear?"

She lifted her face, and looked tenderly into his eyes, shaking her head slowly, and then, as he bent over again, she clasped her arms about his neck and strained his face to hers.

Not until the opening of the door at the stairway stirred them did they notice that the music and dancing below had ceased. The door was instantly closed again after a slight sound of scuffling, and in the moment of stillness that followed they heard Raines say calmly:

"No; you can't go up there."

A brutal oath answered him, and Easter started to her feet when she heard her father's voice terrible with passion; but Clayton held her back, and hurried down the stairway.

"Ef ye don't come away from thet door," he could hear Hicks saying, "'n' stop this meddlin', I 'll kill you 'stid o' the furriner."

As Clayton thrust the door open Raines was standing a few feet from the stairway. The drunken man was struggling in the grasp of several mountaineers, who were coaxing and dragging him across the room. About them were several other men scarcely able to stand, and behind these a crowd of shrinking women.

"Go back! Go back!" said Raines, in low, hurried tones.

But Hicks had caught sight of Clayton. For a moment he paused, glaring at him. Then, with a furious effort, he wrenched himself from the hands that held him, thrust his hand into his pocket, backing against the wall. The crowd fell away from him as a weapon was drawn and leveled with unsteady hand at Clayton. Raines sprang forward; Clayton felt his arm clutched, and a figure darted past him. There was a flash, a report, and as Raines wrenched the weapon from the mountaineer's grasp the latter was standing rigid, with horror-stricken eyes fixed upon the smoke, in which Easter's white face showed. As the smoke drifted aside, the girl was seen with both hands clasped to her breast. Then, while a silent terror held every one, she turned and with outstretched hands tottered toward Clayton; and as he caught her in his arms, a low moan broke from her lips.

SOME one hurried away for a physician, but the death-watch was over before he came.

For a long time the wounded girl lay apparently unconscious, her face white and quiet. Only when a bird chirped at the window close to the bed were her lids half raised, and as Clay-

ton pushed the shutter open and lifted her gently, she opened her eyes with a grateful look and turned her face eagerly to the cool air.

The dawn was breaking. The east was already aflame with bars of rosy light, gradually widening. Above them a single star was poised, and in the valley below great white mists were stirring from sleep. For a moment she seemed to be listlessly watching the white, shapeless things, trembling as with life, and creeping silently into wood and up glen; and then her lashes drooped wearily together.

The door opened as Clayton let hersink upon the bed, breathing as if asleep, and he turned, expecting the physician. Raines, too, rose eagerly, stopped suddenly, and shrank back with a shudder of repulsion as the figure of the wretched father crept, half crouching, within.

"Sherd!"

The girl's tone was full of gentle reproach, and so soft that it reached only Clayton's ears.

"Sherd!"

This time his name was uttered with an appeal, ever so gentle.

"Poor dad! Poor dad!" she whispered softly. Her clasp tightened suddenly on Clayton's hand; and her eyes, fastened upon his an instant, closed slowly.

A WEEK later two men left the cabin at dusk.

Half-way down the slope they came to one of the unspeakably mournful little burying-grounds wherein the mountain people rest after their narrow lives. It was unhedged, uncared for, and a few crumbling boards for headstones told the living generation where the dead were at rest. For a moment they paused to look at a spot beneath a great beech where the earth had been lately disturbed.

"It air hard ter see," said one, in a low, slow voice, "why she was taken, 'n' him left; why she should hev ter give her life for the life he took. But He knows, He knows," the mountaineer continued, with unflinching trust; and then, after a moment's struggle to reconcile fact with faith:

"The Lord took whut he keered fer most, 'n' she was ready, 'n' he was n't."


The other made no reply, and they kept on in silence. Upon a spur of the mountain beneath which the little mining-town had sunk to quiet for the night they parted with a hand-clasp. Not till then was the silence broken.

"Thar seems ter be a penalty fer lovin' too much down hyar," said one; "'n' I reckon," he added slowly, "thet both of us hev got thet ter pay."

Turning, the speaker retraced his steps. The other kept on toward the twinkling lights.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.¹

VIII. THE FACULTY DIVINE.

 POETIC expression is that of light from a star, our straightest message from the inaccessible human soul. Critics may apply their spectrum analysis to the beam, but without such a process our sympathetic instinct tells us how fine, how rude, how rare or common, are the primal constituents from which its vibrations are derived. The heat-rays, the light, the actinic—these may be combined in ever various proportions, but to make a vivid expression they must in some proportion come together. Behind the action at their starting-place glows and pulsates a spirit of mysterious and immortal force, the “vital spark,” to comprehend which were to lay hold upon divinity itself. As to the poet's share of this, Wordsworth, that inspired schoolmaster with the gift to create a soul under the ribs of pedantry, conceived his impressive title—“the faculty divine.” Before approaching more closely to this radiant source, we have to touch upon one remaining element which seems most of all to excite its activity, and to which, in truth, a whole discourse might be devoted as equitable as to truth, or beauty, or imagination.

I HAVE laid stress, heretofore, upon the passion which so vivifies all true poetry that certain thinkers believe the art has no other office than to give emotion vent. And I have just said that, while poetry which is not imaginative cannot be great, the utterance which lacks passion is seldom imaginative. It may tranquilize, but it seldom exalts and thrills. Therefore, what is this quality which we recognize as passion in imaginative literature? What does Milton signify, in his masterly tractate on education, by the element of poetry which, as we have seen, he mentions last as if to emphasize it? Poetry, he says, is simple,—and so is all art at its best; it is sensuous,—and thus related to our mortal perceptions; lastly, it is passionate,—and this, I think, it must be to be genuine.

In popular usage the word “passion” is almost a synonym for love, and we hear of “poets of passion,” votaries of Eros or Anteros, as the case may be. Love has a fair claim to its title of the master passion, despite the arguments made in behalf of friendship and ambition respectively, and whether supremacy

over human conduct, or its service to the artistic imagination, be the less. Almost every narrative-poem, novel, or drama, whatsoever other threads its coil may carry, seems to have love for a central strand. Love has the heart of youth in it,

—and the heart
Giveth grace unto every art.

Love, we know, has brought about historic wars and treaties, has founded dynasties, made and unmade chiefs and cabinets, inspired men to great deeds or lured them to evil: in our own day has led more than one of its subjects to imperil the liberty of a nation, if not to deem, with Dryden's royal pair, “the world well lost.” A strenuous passion indeed, and one the force of which pervades imaginative literature.

But if Milton had used the word “impassioned,” his meaning would be plainer to the vulgar apprehension. Poetic passion is intensity of emotion. Absolute sincerity banishes artifice, insures earnest and natural expression; then beauty comes without effort, and the imaginative note is heard. We have the increased stress of breath, the tone, and volume, that sway the listener. You cannot fire his imagination, you cannot rouse your own, in quite cold blood. Profound emotion seems, also, to find the aptest word, the strongest utterance,—not the most voluble or spasmodic,—and to be content with it. Wordsworth speaks of “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,” while Mill says that “the poetry of a poet is Feeling itself, using thought only as a means of expression.” The truth is that passion uses the imagination to supply conceptions for its language. On the other hand, the poet, imagining situations and experiences, becomes excited through dwelling on them. But whether passion or imagination be first aroused, they speed together like the wind-sired horses of Achilles.

The mere artisan in verse, however adroit, will do well to keep within his liberties. Sometimes you find one affecting the impassioned tone. It is a dangerous test. His wings usually melt in the heat of the flame he would approach. Passion has a finer art than that of the esthete with whom beauty is the sole end. Sappho illustrated this, even among the Greeks, with

¹ Copyright, 1892, by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

whom art and passion were one. Keats felt that "the excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate, from their being in close relations with beauty and truth." Passion rises above the sensuous, certainly above the merely sensual, or it has no staying power. I heard a wit say of a certain painting that it was "repulsive equally to the artist, the moralist, and the voluptuary." Even in love there must be something ideal, or it is soon outlawed of art. A few of Swinburne's early lyrics, usually classed as erotic, with all their rhythmic beauty, are not impassioned. His true genius, his sacred rage, break forth in measures burning with devotion to art, to knowledge, or to liberty. There is more real passion in one of the resonant "Songs before Sunrise" than in all the studiously erotic verse of the period, his own included.

The idea that poetry is uttered emotion, though now somewhat in abeyance, is on the whole modern. It was distinctive with the romantic school, until the successors of Scott and Byron allied a new and refined tenderness to beauty. The first rush had been that of splendid barbarians. It is so true that strong natures recognize the force of passion, that even Wordsworth, conscious of great moods, was led to confess that "poetry is the spontaneous outflow of powerful feelings," and saved himself by adding that it takes "its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity." Poets do retain the impressions of rare moments, and express them at their own time. But "the passion of Wordsworth," under which title I have read an ingenious plea for it by Dr. Coan, was at its best very serene, and not of a kind to hasten dangerously his heart-beats. Like Goethe, he regarded human nature from without; furthermore, he studied by choice a single class of people, whose sensibilities were not so acute, say what you will, as those of persons wonted to varied and dramatic experiences. The highest passion of his song was inspired by inanimate nature; it was a tide of exultation and worship, the yearning of a strong spirit to be at one with the elements. Add to this his occasional notes of feeling: the pathos of love in his thought of Lucy—

But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

the pathos of broken comradeship in the quatrain—

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

include also his elevated religious and patriotic moods, and we have Wordsworth's none too frequent episodes of intense expression.

All passion obtains relief by rhythmic utterance in music or speech; it is soothed like Saul in his frenzy by the minstrel harp of David. But the emotion which most usually gives life to poetry is not that of fits of passion, but, as in the verses just quoted, of the universal moods embraced in the word "feeling." Out of natural feeling, one touch of which "makes the whole world kin," come the lyrics and popular verse of all nations; it is the fountain of spontaneous song. Take the poetry of this class from Southern literatures, such as the Italian and Spanish, and you leave only their masterpieces. At first thought, it seems more passionate than our own, and certainly it is more sonorous. But Anglo-Saxon words are deep and strong, although there is a good deal of insularity in the song from "The Princess":

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

If this be so, they should wed indissolubly, for each must be the other's complement. Scottish verse is full of sentiment, often with the added force of pathos. For pure feeling we all carry in our hearts "Auld Lang Syne," "The Land o' the Leal," Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison" and "My heid is like to rend, Willie." Robert Burns is first and always the poet of natural emotion, and his fame is a steadfast lesson to minstrels that if they wish their fellow-men to feel for and with them, they must themselves have feeling. Only from the depths of a great soul could come the stanzas of "Highland Mary" and "To Mary in Heaven." He touches chords for high and low alike in the unsurpassable "Farewell":

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

His lyrics of joy, ambition, patriotism, are all virile with the feeling of a brave and strong nature.

English emotional verse is more self-conscious, and often flooded with sentimentalism. Yet Byron's fame rests upon his intensity, whether that of magnificent apostrophes, or of his personal poems, among which none is more genuine than his last lyric, written upon completing his thirty-sixth year. In the Victorian period the regard for art has covered sentiment with an aristocratic reserve, but Hood was a poet of emotion in his beautiful songs and ballads no less than in "The Bridge of Sighs."

From the middle register of emotion, poetry rises to the supreme, such as that of Shelley's "Lines to an Indian Air," or the more

spiritual ecstasy of his invocation to the West Wind:

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:

What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of its mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Of recent English lyrical poets Mrs. Browning is one of the most impassioned. Her lips were touched with fire; her songs were magnetic with sympathy, ardor, consecration. But our women poets of the century usually have written from the heart; none more so than Emma Lazarus, whose early verse had been that of an art-pupil, and who died young—but not before she seized the harp of Judah and made it give out strains that all too briefly renewed the ancient fervor and inspiration.

Every note of emotion has its varying organ-stops: religious feeling, for instance, whether perfectly allied with music in cloistral hymns, or expressed objectively in studies like Tennyson's "St. Agnes" and "Sir Galahad," and Elizabeth Lloyd's "Milton in his Blindness," or rising to the eloquent height of Coleridge's "Chamouni Hymn." So it is with martial songs and national hymns, from Motherwell's "Cavalier's Song," and Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England," to the Marseillaise hymn, to "My Maryland" and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." It is the passion of Lowell's "Memorial Odes" that so lifts their rhythm and argument. With Poe, beauty was a passion, but always hovering with strange light above some haunted tomb. Emerson exhibits the intensity of joy as he listens to nature's "perfect rune." On the one side we have Poe avowing that the "tone" of the highest manifestations of beauty is one of sadness. "Beauty of whatever kind," he said, "in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears." This is the key-note of our romanticism, of which there has been no more sensitive exemplar than Poe—Grecian as he was at times in his sense of form. But far more Grecian, in temper and philosophy, was Emerson, who found the poet's royal trait to be his cheerfulness, without which "no man can be a poet, for beauty is his aim. . . . Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds upon the universe." What diverse interpretations, each a lesson to those who would limit the uncharted range of feeling and art! Yet it is easy to comprehend what Poe meant, and to confess that mortal joy is less intense of expression than mortal grief. And it was Emerson himself who, in his one outburst of sorrow, gave us the most impassioned of American lyrics, the "Threnody" for his lost child—his "hyacinthine boy."

This free and noble poem—even for its structural beauty, so uncommon in Emerson's work—must rank with memorable odes. But the poet's faith, thought, imagination, are all quickened by his sorrow, so that the "Threnody" is one of the most consolatory as well as melodiously impulsive elegies in the language.

Taken for all in all, Whittier, "our bard and prophet best-beloved," that purely American minstrel, so virginal and so impassioned, at once the man of peace and the poet militant, is the Sir Galahad of American song. He has read the hearts of his own people, and chanted their emotions, and powerfully affected their convictions. His lyrics of freedom and reform, in his own justified language, were "words wrung from the nation's heart, forged at white heat." Longfellow's national poems, with all their finish, cannot rival the natural art of Whittier's; they lack the glow, the earnestness, the intense characterization, of such pieces as "Randolph of Roanoke," "Ichabod," and "The Lost Occasion." The Quaker bard, besides, no less than Longfellow, is a poet of sympathy. Human feeling, derived from real life and environment, is the charm of "Snow-Bound," even more than its absolute transcript of nature. Years enough have passed since it was written for us to see that, within its range, it is not inferior to "The Deserted Village," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "Tam O'Shanter."

Mark Pattison justly declared that "poets of the first order" always have felt that "human action or passion" is the highest theme. These are the topics of Homer, Dante, Milton, Goethe, Hugo. Dante, while perceiving by the smiling of the stars, and by the increasing beauty and divineness of Beatrice, that she is translating him to the highest spheres, still clings to his love for the woman. Its blood-red strand connects his Paradise with earth. The Faust-Margaret legend is human to the radiant end. Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel" idealizes the naïve materialism of the cathedral ages. The motive of that prismatic ballad is the deathless human passion of the sainted maiden. Her arms make warm the bar of Heaven on which she leans, still mortal in her immortality, waiting for the soul of her lover. Such is the poetic instinct that no creature can be finer in quality, however advanced in power, than man himself; that the emotions of his soul are of the uttermost account. Rossetti was ever an impassioned poet, in whom were blended Northern and Italian types. His series of sonnets, "The House of Life," quivers with feeling. Christina Rossetti, his sister, holds her eminence not by the variety and extent of her verse, but for its emotion deep inwrought. Tennyson's career indicates that the line of advance for a poet is that of greater intensity; nevertheless,

he has furnished a typical example of the national repugnance to throwing wide the gates of that deep-set but rugged castle, an English heart. His sense of beauty and art at first was all in all, although such poems as "Locksley Hall" and "The Sisters"—such a line as that from the former,

And our spirits rushed together at the touching
of the lips—

showed him capable of taking up the "Harp of Life." Throughout his long idyllic reign, he grew upon the whole more impassioned in thought and dramatic conception—yet the proof of this is not found in his dramas, but in portions of "In Memoriam," in powerful studies like "Lucretius" and "Rizpah," and in the second part of "Locksley Hall." Great poets confront essentials as they approach their earthly resolution.

Thus far I have referred only to the emotion of the poet's own soul, often the more intense and specific from its limits of range. The creative masters give us all the hues of life's "dome of many-colored glass," as caught from their interior points of view. What is life but the speech and action of us all, under stress of countless motives and always of that blind emotion which Schopenhauer termed the World-Will? It is at the beck of the strong invoker that these modes of feeling come arrayed for action, and not in single spies, but far more various than the passions which Collins's Muse drew around her cell. Such are the throes of Homer's personages within and without the walls of Troy. The intense and natural emotion of Priam and Achilles, of Hector and Andromache and Helen, has made them imperishable. The heroic epics have gone with their ages, and for every romantic and narrative poem we have a hundred novels; but the drama remains, with its range for the display of passion's extreme types. The keen satisfaction we take in an exhibition, not of the joy and triumph alone, but of the tragedy, the crime, the failure of lives that ape our own, is not morbid, but elevating. We know by instinct that they are right who declare all passion good *per se*; we feel that it is a good servant if a bad master, and bad only when it goes awry, and that the exhibition of its force both enhances and instructs the force within each soul of us. Again, the poet who broods on human passion and its consequent action attains his highest creative power: he rises, as we say, at each outbreak and crisis, and the actor impersonating his conception must rise accordingly, or disappoint the audience which knows that such culminations are his opportunities,

above the realistic level of a well-conceived play. More than all, and as I have suggested in a former lecture, the soul looks tranquilly on, knowing that it, no more than its prototypes, can be harmed by any mischance. "Agonies" are merely "its changes of garments." They are forms of *experience*. The soul desires *all* experiences; to touch this planetary life at all points, to drink not of triumph and delight alone; it needs must drain its portion of anguish, failure, wrong. It would set, like the nightingale, its breast against the thorn. Its greatest victory is when it is most agonized. When all is lost, when the dark tower is reached, then Childe Roland dauntless winds his blast upon the slug-horn. Its arms scattered, its armor torn away, the soul, "the victor-victim," slips from mortal encumbrance and soars freer than ever. *Victor atque victima, atque ideo victor quia victima*. This is the constant lesson of the lyrics and studies of Browning, the most red-blooded and impassioned of modern dramatic poets; a wise and great master, whose imagination, if it be less strenuous than his insight and feeling, was yet sufficient to derive from history and experience more types of human passion than have been marshaled by any compeer. I have been struck by a critic's quotation of a passage from Beyle (written in 1817) which says that, after centuries of artificiality, it must be the office of the coming artist to express "states of soul"—that that is what a Michael Angelo would do with modern sculpture. In truth the potent artist, the great poet, is he who makes us realize the emotions of those who experience august extremes of fortune. For what can be of more value than intense and memorable sensations? What else make up that history which alone is worth the name of life?

The most dramatic effects are often those which indicate suppressed passion—that the hounds are ready to slip the leash. These are constantly utilized by Browning; they characterize the Puritan repression in Hawthorne's romances and Mrs. Stoddard's novels, and the weird power of Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." In the drama, above all, none but a robustious periwig-pated fellow is expected to "tear a passion to tatters." Nor can dramatic heights be of frequent occurrence: they must rise like mountains from a plain to produce their effect, and even then be capped with clouds—must have something left untold. A poem at concert-pitch from first to last is ineffective. See with what relief of commonplace or humor Shakspeare sets off his supreme crises: the banter with Osric before the death of Hamlet; the potter and babble of the peasant who brings the aspic to Cleopatra. In the silent arts, as in nature, the prevailing mood is equable, and

must be caught. The picture on your walls that displays nature in her ordinary mien, and not in a vehement and exceptional phase, is the one which does not weary you. But poetry, with its time-extension, has the freedom of dramatic contrasts—of tranquillity and passion according to nature's own allotment. With this brave advantage, naturalism is ignoble which restricts itself to the ordinary, and is indeed grossly untrue to our life, at times so concentrated and electric.

The ideal of dramatic intensity—that is, of *imagined* feeling—is reached when the expression is as inevitable as that of a poet's outburst under stress of personal emotion. You are conscious, for example, that one must endure a loss as irreparable as that which Cowper bemoaned, before he can realize the pathos and beauty of the monody "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture":

Oh that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

But you also feel, and as strongly, that only one who has been agonized by the final surrender, whether to violence or death, of an adored child, can fully comprehend that passionate wail of Constance bereft of Arthur:

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Shakspeare's dramas hold the stage, and if his stronger characters are not impersonated so frequently as of old, they are still the chief rôles of great actors, and are supported with a fitness of detail unattained before. The grand drama, then, is the most efficient form of poetry in an unideal period to conserve a taste for something imaginative and impassioned. But, with a public bred to reserve, our new plays and poems on the whole avoid extremes of feeling, which, alike in life and literature, are not "good form." What we do accept is society drama, chiefly that which turns upon the Parisian notion of life as it is. But whether the current drama, poetic or otherwise, reflects life as it is, is a question upon which I do not enter. I have referred to the lack of passion in modern poetry. The minor emotions are charmingly, if lightly, expressed. Humor, for instance, is given a play almost Catullian; and that Mirth is a feeling, if not a passion, is the lyrical justification of some of our felicitous modern song. Many of our poets realize that we have rounded a beautiful but too prolonged idyllic period; they amuse themselves with idly touching the

strings, while awaiting some new dispensation—the stimulus of a motive, the example of a leader. Emotion cannot be always sustained; there must be intervals of rest. But each generation desires to be moved, to be thrilled; and they are mistaken who conceive the poetic imagination to be out of date and minstrelsy a foil of the past.

As it is, we hear much talk, on the part of those observers whose business it is to record the movement of a single day, about the decline of ideality. Whenever one of the elder luminaries goes out, the cry is raised, Who will there be to take his place? What lights will be left when the constellation of which he was a star shall have vanished? The same cry has gone up from every generation in all eras. Those who utter it are like water-beetles perceiving only the ripples, comprehending little of the great waves of thought and expression, upon which we are borne along. The truth is that, alike in savagery and civilization, there never is a change from stagnation to life, from bondage to freedom, from apathy to feeling and passion, that does not beget its poets. At such a period we have the making of new names in song, as surely as deeds and fame in great wars come to men unknown before. It is true that the greatest compositions, in all the arts, are usually produced at culminating epochs of national development. But the period of that eminent group, the "elder American poets," surely has not been that of our full development. Theirs has been the first inspiring rise of the foot-hills, above which—after a stretch of mesa, or even a slight descent—range upon range are still to rise before we reach that culminating sierra-top whose height none yet can measure. Throughout this mountain-climbing, every time that a glowing and original poet appears, his art will be in vogue again.

Now, is such a poet the child of his period, or does he come as if by warrant and create an environment for himself? From the first it seemed to me a flaw in the armor of Taine, otherwise our most catholic exponent of the principles of art, that he did not allow for the irrepressibility of genius, for the historic evidence that now and then "God lets loose a man in the world." Such a man, it is true, must be of ingrained power to overcome an adverse situation; his very originality will for a long time, as in the recent cases of Wordsworth and Browning, stand in his way, even if in the end it secures for him a far more exceeding crown of glory. If the situation is ripe for him, then his course is smooth, his work is instantly recognizable. First, then, the poet is needed. He must possess, besides imaginative and emotional endowments, the special gifts

which, however cultivable, come only at birth—"the vision and the faculty divine," and a certain strong compulsion to their exercise. But these gifts, under such compulsion, constitute what we mean by the poet's genius.

In our age of distributed culture, it has become a matter of doubt—even among men reared upon the Shorter Catechism—whether there is any predestination and foreordination of the elect in art, literature, or action. Many deem this a superstition that has too long prevailed. That it has impressed mankind everywhere and always is a matter of record. I have much faith in a universal instinct; and I believe that I still have with me the majority even of modern realists, and that the majority is right, in refusing to discredit the gift of high and exceptional qualities to individuals predestined by heredity or otherwise, and I believe that without this gift—traditionally called genius—no poet has afforded notable delight and service. I know that men of genius often waive their claim; that Buffon said genius was "but long-continued patience"; that Carlyle wrote, it "means transcendent capacity for taking trouble, first of all"; that one eminent modern writer, though in a passing mood, announced: "there is no 'genius,' there is only the mastery which comes to natural aptitude from the hardest study of any art or science." But these are the surmises of men whose most original work comes from them so easily that they do not recognize the value of the gift that makes it natural. They honestly lay more stress upon the merit of the hard labor which genius unconsciously drives them to undertake. I say "drives them," and call to mind Lowell's acute distinction: "Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." Carlyle's whole career proves that he simply wished to recognize the office laid upon genius of taking "infinite trouble." His prevailing tone is unmistakable: "Genius," he says, "is the inspired gift of God." "It is the clearer presence of God Most High in a man;" and again, "Genius, Poet, do we know what those words mean? An inspired Soul once more vouchsafed to us, direct from Nature's own fire-heat, to see the Truth, and speak it, or do it." His whole philosophy of sway by divine right is a genius-worship. Even Mr. Howells's phrase, "natural aptitude," if raised to the highest power, is a recognition of something

behind mere industry. It is what forces the hero, the artist, the poet, to be absorbed in a special office and decides his choice of it.¹

The world is equipped with steadfast workers whose natural taste and courageous, strenuous labor do not lift them quite above the mediocre. The difference between these, the serviceable rank and file, and the originaive leaders, is one of kind, not of degree. However admirable their skill and service in time become, they do not get far apart from impressions common to us all. We cannot dispense with their army in executive and mechanical fields of action. It is a question whether they are so essential to arts of taste and investigation; to philosophy, painting, music; to the creative arts of the novelist and poet. But with respect to these, it would be most unjust to confound them with the upstarts whose condign suppression is a desirable thing for both the public and themselves—claimants really possessed of less than ordinary sense. Such is the fool of the family who sets up for a genius; the weakling of the borough, incapable of practical work, or too lazy to follow it, but with a fondness for fine things and a knack of imitating them. Such are the gadflies of every art, pertinaciously forcing themselves upon attention, and lowering their assumed crafts in the esteem of a community.

It is wise to discriminate, also, between genius and natural fineness of taste. The latter, joined with equally natural ambition, has made many a life unhappy that had peculiar opportunities for delight. For surely it is a precious thing to discern and enjoy the beautiful. Taste in art, in selection, in conduct, is the charm that makes for true aristocracy, a gift unspoiled but rather advanced by gentle breeding, a grace in man, and adorable in woman; it is something to rest content with, the happier inasmuch as you add to the happiness of others. It is the nimbus of many a household, beautifying the speech and bearing of the members, who, if they are wise, realize that its chief compensation is a more tranquil study and possession of the beautiful than are permitted to those who create it. Hephaistos, the grim, sooty, halt artificer of all things fair, found small comfort even in the possession of Aphrodite, the goddess who inspired him. The secret of happiness, for a refined nature, is a just measure of limitations. Taste is not always original, cre-

¹ Nothing of late has seemed apter than a criticism of the "Saturday Review" upon certain outgivings of the academicians, Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais, quite in the line of the industrial theory from which the present writer is dissenting. The reviewer, commenting upon their didactic paradoxes, asserts that all the truth which is in them amounts to just this: "That the intuitive perceptions and rapidity of combination which constitute genius, whether in action or spec-

ulation, in scientific discovery or inventive art or imaginative creation, open out so many new problems and ideas as to involve in their adjustment and development the most arduous labor and the most unwearied patience. But without the primal perception the labor will be vanity and the patience akin to despair. Perhaps it is important to keep in mind that labor without the appropriate capacity is even more fruitless than aptitude without industry."

ative. There are no more pathetic lives than the lives of those who know and love the beautiful, and who surrender its enjoyment in a vain struggle to produce it. Their failures react upon finely sensitive natures, and often end in sadness, even misanthropy, and disillusionment when the best of life is over.

Men of talent and experience do learn to concentrate their powers on certain occasions, and surprise us with strokes like those of genius. That is where they write "better than they can," as our Autocrat so cleverly has put it. But such efforts are exhausting and briefly sustained. I know it is said that genius also expires when its work is done; but who is to measure its reservoir of force or to gage the unseen current that replenishes it?

That there is something which comes without effort, yet impels its possessor to heroic labor, is immemorably verified.¹ It whispered melodies to Mozart almost in his boyhood, made him a composer at five—at seven the author of an opus, four sonatas for piano and violin; and it so drew him on to victorious industry, that he asserted in after life: "No one has taken such pains with the study of composition as I!" Dickens declared that he did not invent his work: "I see it," he said, "and write it down."² Sidney Lanier, in nervous crises, would seem to hear rich music. It was an inherited gift. Thus equipped with a rhythmical sense beyond that of other poets, he turned to poetry as to the supreme art. Now, the finer and more complex the gift, the longer exercise is needful for its full mastery. He strove to make poetry do what painting has done better, and to make it do what only music hitherto has done. If he could have lived three lives, he would have adjusted the relations of these arts as far as possible to his own satisfaction. I regard his work, striking as it is, as merely tentative from his own point of view. It was as if a discoverer should sail far enough to meet the floating rock-weed, the strayed birds, the changed skies, that betoken land ahead; should even catch a breath of fragrance wafted from outlying isles, and then find his bark sinking in the waves before he could have sight of the promised continent.

In our day, when talent is so highly skilled and industry so habitual, people detect the genius of a poet or tale-writer through its originality, perhaps first of all. It has a different note, even in the formative and imitative

period, and it soon has a different message—perhaps one from a new field. The note is its style; the message involves an exhibition of creative power. Genius does not borrow its main conceptions. As I have said, it reveals a more or less populous world of which it is the maker and showman. Here it rises above taste, furnishing new conditions, to the study of which taste may profitably apply itself. It is neither passion nor imagination, but it takes on the one and makes a language of the other. Genius, of the universal kind, is never greater than in imparting the highest interest to good and ordinary and admirable characters; while a limited faculty can design only vicious or eccentric personages effectively, depending on their dramatic villainy or their grotesqueness for a hold upon our interest. Véron has pointed out this inferiority of Balzac and Dickens to Shakspeare and Molière—and he might have added, to Thackeray also. In another way the genius of many poets is limited—that of Rossetti, of Poe, for example—poets of few, though striking, tones and of isolated temperaments. Genius of the more universal type is marked by a sound and healthy judgment. You may dismiss with small respect the notion of Fairfield, Lombroso, and their like, that genius is the symptom of neurotic disorder—that all who exhibit it are more or less mad. This generalization involves a misconception of the term; they apply it to the abnormal excess, the morbid action, of a special faculty, while true genius consists in the creative gift of one or more faculties at the highest, sustained by the sane coöperation of the possessor's other physical and mental endowments. Again, what we term common sense is the genius of man as a race, the best of sense because the least ratiocinative. Nearly every man has thus a spark of genius in the conduct of life. A just balance between instinct, or understanding, and reason, or intellectual method, is true wisdom. It requires years for a man of constructive talent—a writer who forms his plans in advance—for such a man to learn to be flexible, to be obedient to his sudden intuitions and to modify his design accordingly. You will usually do well to follow a clue that comes to you in the heat of work—in fact, to lay aside for the moment the part that you had designed to complete at once, and to lay hold of the new matter before that escapes you. The old oracle, follow thy genius, holds good

¹ The cases of Mozart and Dickens, with others equally notable, were cited by the writer in an extended paper on Genius, which was published several years ago.

² Hartmann's scientific definition, which I cited in a former lecture,—Genius is the activity and efflux of the intellect freed from the domination of the conscious Will,—finds its counterpart in the statement by

F. W. H. Myers, concerning the action of the "Subliminal Consciousness." This, Mr. Myers says, has to do with "the initiation and control of organic processes, which the conscious will cannot reach. . . . Perhaps we seldom give the name of genius to any piece of work into which some uprush of subliminal faculty has not entered." [See the "Journal of the Society for Psychological Research," Feb., 1892.]

in every walk of life. Everything, then, goes to show that genius is that force of the soul which works at its own seemingly capricious will and season, and without conscious effort; that its utterances declare what is learned by spiritual and involuntary discovery :

Vainly, O burning Poets !
Ye wait for his inspiration,
Even as kings of old
Stood by Apollo's gates.
*Hasten back, he will say, hasten back
To your provinces far away !
There, at my own good time,
Will I send my answer to you.*

Yes, the spontaneity of conception, which alone gives worth to poetry, is a kind of revelation—the imagery of what genius perceives by Insight. This sense has little to do with reason and induction; it is the inward light of the Quaker, the *a priori* guess of the scientist, the prophetic vision of the poet, the mystic, the seer. If it be direct vision, it should be incontrovertible. In occult tradition the higher angels, types of absolute spirit, were thought to know all things by this pure illumination :

There, on bright hovering wings that tire
Never, they rest; them mute,
Nor of far journeys have desire,
Nor of the deathless fruit;
For in and through each angel soul
All waves of life and knowledge roll,
Even as to nadir streams the fire
Of their torches resolute.

While this is a bit of Preraphaelite mosaic, it is not too much to say of the essentially poetic soul that at times it becomes, in Henry More's language,

One orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear ;

that it seems to have bathed, like Ayesha, in central and eternal flame; or, after some pre-existence, to have undergone the lustration to which, in the sixth *Æneid*, we find the beclouded spirits subjected :

Donec longa dies, perfectio temporis orbe,
Concretum exemit labem, purumque relinquit
Aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.¹

At such times its conclusions are as much more infallible than those worked out by logic as is the offhand pistol-shot of the expert, whose weapon has become a part of his hand, than the sight taken along the barrel. It makes the leopard's leap, without reflection and without

miss. I think it was Leigh Hunt who pointed out that feeling rarely makes the blunders which thought makes. Applied to life, we know that woman's intuition is often wiser than man's wit.

The clearness of the poet's or artist's vision is so much beyond his skill to reproduce it, and so increases with each advance, that he never quite contents himself with his work. Hence the ceaseless unrest and dissatisfaction of the best workman. His ideal is constantly out of reach—a "lithe, perpetual escape."

From the poet's inadequate attempts at expression countless myths and faulty statements have originated. Still, he keeps in the van of discovery, and has been prophetic in almost every kind of knowledge,—evolution not excepted,—and from time immemorial in affairs that constitute history. This gave rise, from the first, to a belief in the direct inspiration of genius. Insight derives, indeed, the force of inspiration from the sense that a mandate of utterance is laid upon it. To the ancients this seemed the audible command of deity. "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying,"—"Thus saith the Lord unto me,"—"So the spirit lifted me up and took me away, and I went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit, but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me,"—such were the avowals of one of the greatest poets of all time. The vision of Ezekiel and the compulsion to declare it have been the inspiration of the prophetic bard, of the impassioned lyric poet, almost to our own day. His time has passed. We cannot have, we do not need, another Ezekiel, another Dante or Milton. Hugo, the last Vates, was the most self-conscious, and his own deity. A vision of the wisdom and beauty of art has inspired much of the superior poetry of recent times. A few prophetic utterances have been heard, evoked in some struggle of humanity, some battle for liberty of belief or nationality or conduct. Yet I doubt not that, whenever a great cause is in progress,—before its culminating triumph, rather than after,—it will have its impassioned and heroic minstrelsy. The occasion will seek out and inspire its poet.

BUT he must believe in his prophecy, and as something greater than himself, though indomitably believing in himself as the one appointed to declare it. Reflecting upon the lack of originality, of power, of what we may consider tokens of inspiration, in so much of our most beautiful latter-day song, I suspect that it is not due alone to the diversion of effort in many new fields of action and expression, but also to a general doubt of the force and import of this chief art of expression—even to the modern poet's own distrust in its significance. The

¹ Till Time's great cycle of long years complete
Clears the fixed taint, and leaves the ethereal sense
Pure, a bright flame of unmixed heavenly air.

CRANCH'S TRANSLATION.

higher his gift and training, the more he seems affected by the pleasant cynicism which renders him afraid, above all, of taking himself and his craft "too seriously." This phrase itself is the kind of chaff which he most dreads to incur. Now, I have just spoken of the wisdom of recognizing one's limitations, but if one has proved that he has a rare poetic gift, I think that he scarcely can take it and himself too seriously. The poets of our language and time who have gained the most distinction—such as Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Arnold, Emerson—have taken themselves very seriously indeed; have refused to go after strange gods, and have done little but to make poetry or to consider matters demanding the higher exercise of thought and ideality. Doubtless poets are born nowadays as heretofore, though nature out of her "fifty seeds" may elect to bring not even "one to bear." But some who exhibit the most command of their art, and in truth a genuine faculty, are very shy of venturing beyond the grace and humor and tenderness of holiday song.

I think that such a condition might be expected to exist during the unsettled stage of conviction now affecting our purpose and imagination. There is no lack of desire for a motive, but an honest lack of motive,—a questioning whether anything is worth while,—a vague envy, perhaps, of the superb optimism of our scientific brethren, to whom the material world is unveiling its splendors as never before, and to whom, as they progress so steadfastly, everything seems worth while.

I remember an impressive lyric, perhaps the finest thing by a certain American writer. Its title, "What is the Use?" was also the burden of his song. He took his own refrain so much to heart that, although he still lives according to its philosophy, there are only a few of us who pay meet honor to him as a poet.

Distinction ever has been achieved through some form of faith, and even the lesser poets have won their respective measures of success, other things being equal, in proportion to their amount of trust in certain convictions as to their art, themselves, and "the use of it all." The serene forms of faith in deity, justice, nationality, religion, human nature, which have characterized men of the highest rank, are familiar to you. Such faiths have been an instinct with sovereign natures, from the Hebrew sense of a sublime Presence to the polemic belief of Bunyan and Milton. Homer cheerfully recognizes the high gods as the inspirers and regulators of all human action. Dante's faith in the ultimate union of perfect beauty and perfect holiness was intense, and his conviction in the doom of the ignoble was so absolute that he felt himself commissioned

to pronounce and execute it. Shakspeare made no question of the divinity that doth hedge a king; he believed in institutions, in sovereignty, in the English race. His tranquil acceptance of the existing order of things had no later parallel until the century of Goethe and Emerson and Browning. Byron and Shelley invoked political and religious liberty, and believed in their own crusade against Philistia. Hugo and his band were leaders in a lifelong cause; they carried a banner with "Death to tradition" upon it. The underlying motive of all strenuous and enthusiastic movement, in art or poetry, is faith. Gautier and Musset concerned themselves with beauty and romantic passion; Clough and Arnold, with philosophy and feeling: all were poets and knights-errant according to their respective tempers and nationalities. And so we might go on indefinitely, without invalidating the statement that some kind of faith, with its resulting purpose, has engendered all poetry that is noteworthy for beauty or power. True art, of every class, thrives in an affirmative and motive-breeding atmosphere. It is not the product of cynicism, pessimism, or hopeless doubt. I do not mean "the honest doubt" which Tennyson sets above "half the creeds." The insatiate quest for light is nobler than a satisfied possession of the light we have. The scientific unsettlement of tradition is building up a faith that we are obtaining a new revelation, or, at least, opening our eyes to a continuous one.

But without surmising what stimulants to imaginative expression may be afforded hereafter, let me refer to a single illustration of the creative faith of the poet. For centuries all that was great in the art and poetry of Christendom grew out of that faith. What seems to me its most poetic, as well as most enduring, written product, is not, as you might suppose, the masterpiece of a single mind,—the "*Divina Commedia*," for instance,—but the outcome of centuries, the expression of many human souls, even of various peoples and races. Upon its literary and constructive side, I regard the venerable Liturgy of the historic Christian Church as one of the few world-poems, the poems universal. I care not which of its rituals you follow, the Oriental, the Alexandrian, the Latin, or the Anglican. The latter, that of an Episcopal Prayer-Book, is a version familiar to you of what seems to me the most wonderful symphonic idealization of human faith,—certainly the most inclusive, blending in harmonic succession all the cries and longings and laudations of the universal human heart invoking a paternal Creator.

I am not considering here this Liturgy as divine, though much of it is derived from what multitudes accept for revelation. I have in mind

its human quality; the mystic tide of human hope, imagination, prayer, sorrows, and passionate expression, upon which it bears the worshiper along, and wherewith it has sustained men's souls with conceptions of deity and immortality, throughout hundreds, yes, thousands, of undoubting years. The Orient and Occident have enriched it with their finest and strongest utterances, have worked it over and over, have stricken from it what was against the consistency of its import and beauty. It has been a growth, an exhalation, an apocalyptic cloud arisen "with the prayers of the saints" from climes of the Hebrew, the Greek, the Roman, the Goth, to spread in time over half the world. It is the voice of human brotherhood, the blended voice of rich and poor, old and young, the wise and the simple, the statesman and the clown; the brotherhood of an age which, knowing little, comprehending little, could have no refuge save trust in the oracles through which a just and merciful Protector, a pervading Spirit, a living Mediator and Consoler, had been revealed. This being its nature, and as the crowning masterpiece of faith, you find that in various and constructive beauty—as a work of poetic art—it is unparalleled. It is lyrical from first to last with perfect and melodious forms of human speech. Its chants and anthems, its songs of praise and hope and sorrow, have allied to themselves impressive music from the originative and immemorial past, and the enthralling strains of its inheritors. Its prayers are not only for all sorts and conditions of men, but for every stress of life which mankind must feel in common—in the household, or isolated, or in tribal and national effort, and in calamity and repentance and thanksgiving. Its wisdom is forever old and perpetually new; its calendar celebrates all seasons of the rolling year; its narrative is of the simplest, the most pathetic, the most rapturous, and most ennobling life the world has known. There is no malefactor so wretched, no just man so perfect, as not to find his hope, his consolation, his lesson, in this poem of poems. I have called it lyrical; it is dramatic in structure and effect; it is an epic of the age of faith; but in fact, as a piece of inclusive literature, it has no counterpart, and can have no successor. Time and again some organization for worship and instruction, building its foundations upon reason rather than on faith, has tried to form some ritual of which it felt the need. But such a poem of earth and heaven is not to be made deliberately. The sincere agnostic must be content with his not inglorious isolation; he must barter the rapture and beauty and hope of such a liturgy for *his* faith in something different, something compensatory, perchance a future and still more world-wide brotherhood of men.

UNTIL this new faith, or some fresh interpretation of past belief, becomes vital in action, becomes more operative, the highest flight of poetry will be timidly essayed. The songs of those who are crying, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him!" will be little else than *tenebræ*—cries out of the darkness, impassioned, it may be, but hardly forceful or creative. I have spoken of Arnold and Clough, the conspicuously honest, noble, intellectual poets of the transition period. Just as far as their faith extended, their verse rests firmly in art and beauty, love, and nobility of purpose. But much of it comes from troubled hearts; its limits are indicated by a spirit of unrest—limits which Arnold was too sure and fine a self-critic not to perceive; so that, after he had reached them,—which was not until he had given us enduring verse, and shown how elevated was his gift,—he ceased to sing, and set himself resolutely to face the causes of his unrest, and to hasten, through his prose investigations, the movement toward some new dawn of knowledge-brightened faith.

A few verses from his "Dover Beach" are in the key of several of his most touching lyrics,—in the varying measure so peculiarly his own,—utterances of a feeling which in the end seems to have led him to forego his career as a poet: "The sea of faith," he plains,

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Doubtless Arnold's reserve intensified this sadness. Clough equally felt the perturbed spirit of his time; but he had a refuge in a bracing zest for life and nature, which so often made the world seem good to him, and not designed for naught.

In time our poets will acquire, with the new learning and the more humane and critical theology, the health and optimism in which a noteworthy art must originate if at all. As for the new learning—

Say, has the iris of the murmuring shell
A charm the less because we know full well

Sweet Nature's trick? Is Music's dying fall
 Less finely blent with strains antiphonal
 Because within a harp's quick vibrations
 We count the tremor of the spirit's wings?
 There is a path by Science yet untrod
 Where with closed eyes we walk to find out God.
 Still, still, the unattained ideal lures,
 The spell evades, the splendor yet endures;
 False sang the poet,—there is no good in rest,
 And Truth still leads us to a deeper quest.

For one, I believe that the best age of imaginative production is not past; that poetry is to retain, as of old, its literary import, and from time to time to prove itself a force in national life; that the Concord optimist and poet was sane in declaring that "the arts, as we know them, are but initial," that "sooner or later that which is now life shall be poetry, and every fair and manly trait shall add a richer strain to the song."

AND NOW, after all that has been said in our consideration of the nature of poetry, and although this has been restricted closely to its primal elements, I am sensible of having merely touched upon an inexhaustible theme; that my comments have been only "words along the way." Meanwhile the press teems with criticism, our time is alert with debate in countless private and public assemblies re-

specting almost every verse of all renowned poets, ancient or contemporary; texts and editions, even if relatively less in number, compared with the varied mass of publications, are multiplied as never before, and readers—say what you may—are tenfold as many as in the prime of the elder American minstrels. The study of poetry has stimulated other literary researches. Yet the best thing that I or any one can say to you under these conditions is that a breath of true poetry is worth a breeze of comment; that one must in the end make his own acquaintance with its examples and form his judgment of them. Read the best; not the imitations of imitations. Each of you will find that with which he himself is most in touch, and therewith a motive and a legend—*petere altiora*. The poet's verse is more than all the learned scholia upon it. He makes it by direct warrant; he produces, and we stand by and often too complacently measure his productions. In no wise can I forget that we are regarding even the lowliest poets from our still lower station; we are like earth-dwellers viewing, comparing, mapping out the stars. Whatsoever their shortcomings, their gift is their own; they bring music and delight and inspiration. A singer may fail in this or that, but when he dies the charm of his distinctive voice is gone forever.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

PIONEER PACKHORSES IN ALASKA.

WITH PICTURES FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

II. THE RETURN TO THE COAST.



IN summer, when vales and hillsides are rid of winter snows, and ice no longer spans the lakes and streams, central Alaska looks almost tropical.

Then Neska-ta-heen receives most bounteous care from nature: an abundance of salmon stems the Alseck current and passes the very doors of the Indian huts; the land abounds in wild berries; and the native hunter, who knows the haunt of every beast, can rely on finding game. But other bands of the Goonennar, or Stick, nation, living around the northern lakes I-she-ik and Hootchy-Eye, have no such plenteous supply; so when winter is gone they take the trail and move to this southern settlement, and there recuperate on the fatted fish. At the time of our visit to Neska-ta-heen there was already a crowd of these people here, all busy plying

the gaff among the salmon. Some of these men were willing to engage with us as guides, but the chief and the medicine-man, Shah Shah, jealous that strangers should earn the rich pay we offered, forbade their northern friends to accompany us. The medicine-man was our most influential opponent. Reputed to possess supernatural power, his word was law; the credulous natives, wanting in ambition and pluck, inherit a fear and respect for this expeller of evil spirits and general wonder-worker. They assured us they were willing to enter our service, but they dared not risk the anger of Shah Shah, who had threatened, should they disobey him, to surround their future lives with a catalogue of dire calamities, and to visit upon all members of their families sickness, accident, and death.

To our faces the medicine-man and the chief, Warsaine, feigned geniality itself.

however, were not to be gulled by their dissimulation, but warned them that we were aware of their conspiracies. Assuming a great deal of dignity and force, we informed them that if they continued to hinder us and to thwart our progress we would put them in irons and take them to the coast. This was hardly a modest oration, considering our feeble strength. Being convinced at last that no one would accompany us, we determined to start out alone. We should have been absolutely at the mercy of these people without our horses; but with our own transport, and the old scribbled chart crudely penciled by the natives themselves, aided by compass and sextant, we concluded that we had the means to make the trip we had planned.

As we saddled and made ready for a start, the whole crowd squatted in a ring, and watched us sullenly. The medicine-man had a self-satisfied grin on his face; he imagined that because we were denied a pilot we would give in at the last moment, and alter our route to some district with which he was acquainted, so as to have the privilege of his guidance and society at \$2.50 a day. When we had completed saddling, without exchanging a word with these Indians we led our horses out through an astonished and discontented throng, and threaded our way along the trail which zigzags at first up a thickly wooded hill overlooking the settlement. Upon arriving on the summit, the path ran through forests of spruce, tamarack, and cottonwood. In exposed positions the wind had swept down acres and acres of timber, and piled it in tangled heaps across the path, rendering travel extremely tedious; but we gradually left these higher lands, ascended the mountain-slopes, and, after tramping along the shores of a small lake, continued our course over an extensive valley, which, though in places boggy, nourished everywhere a luxuriant crop of grass.

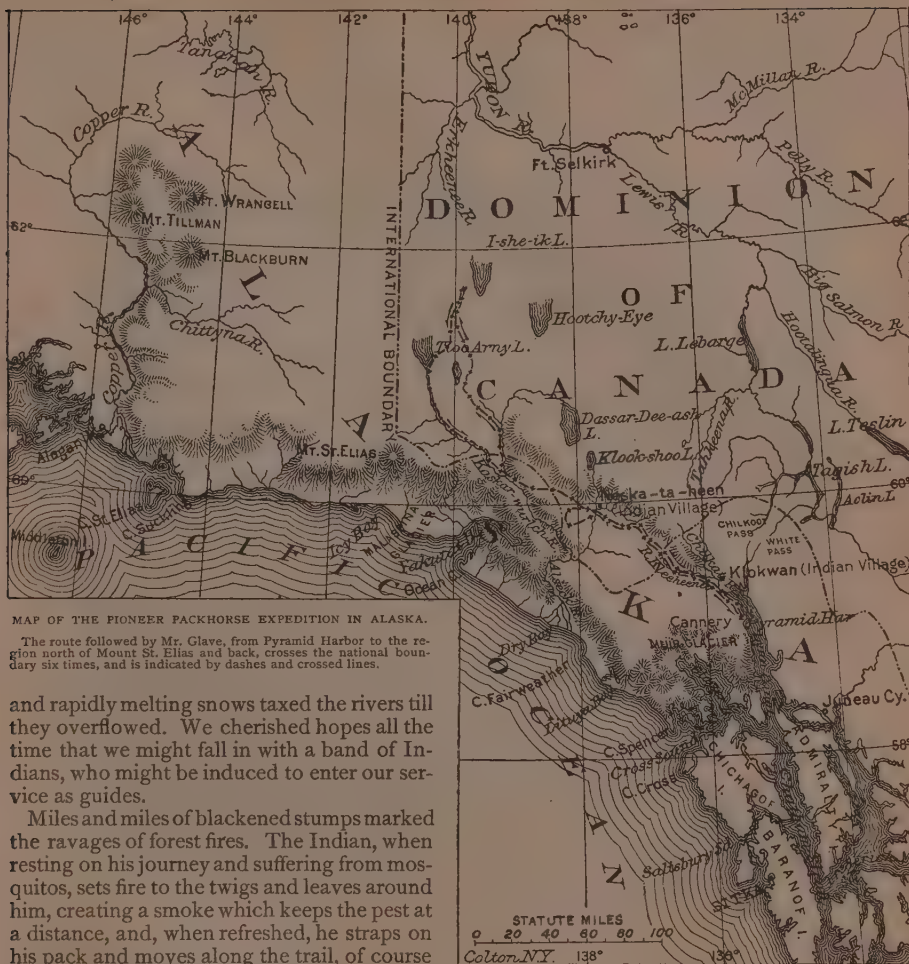
Over intricate parts of the land the Indians follow a beaten track, though they make no decided ways when crossing an open country; but as most of their conveying is done in winter on snow-shoes and with sledges, the trails through this land are extremely difficult to find anywhere.

When the natives, like so many little children, sprawled on the ground, and clumsily penciled out the position of mountains and lakes, they were utterly unconscious of the aid they rendered us. John Dalton's ability as an efficient backwoodsman and his wonderful knowledge of trails proved most serviceable to us at this season. When once he had traveled through a land he could always go over the road again, no matter how long or intricate it might be. This faculty of an experienced scout resembled some-

what the talent of a gifted musician who hears a new piece only once, and then repeats the whole without difficulty, note for note. Such men as Dalton have memories peculiarly sensitive to matters of locality. Each scene along the trail is impressed upon the mind. Lakes, hills, cañons, and points of timber rudely mark the direction, and peculiarities of stones or trees serve to define the path. When following a trail he has previously known, if by accident he leaves it, he is at once made aware of it by the changed signs along the road, which create discord with those stored in his memory. But the presence of an expert local guide would have been of the utmost service to us at this time, in saving us the time and trouble of searching out the trail, as we were hunting about sometimes for hours looking for some sign to suggest the way, until the discovery of an old camp-fire, a few wood shavings, or the print of a moccasin, would give a clue to the trail.

Everywhere we found convenient camping-places, with good water and plenty of feed for our horses, which, although incessantly worried by mosquitos and other flies, remained in good condition. We nursed the little band of horses with the greatest care, attended at once to any soreness or lameness, and loaded very lightly any animal at all unwell. We used them simply for packing our belongings; each of us took charge of two of them, which were led tied one behind the other. Through this wild land the management of four horses proved ample employment for us, combined with our other duties, which consisted of striking camp in the morning, loading up the pack-bags, and saddling up, searching out the trail, cutting roads through timber lands, and at night pitching tent, unharnessing, stacking away supplies, cooking, and maintaining a constant lookout for our horses.

For the first two days after leaving Nesketahen we followed an immense valley stretching to the northwest, and roughly furrowing a pass through the towering uplands flanking it on each side. Everywhere the land was clothed with luxuriant vegetation. Meadows of bluetop, redtop, and bunch-grass delicately tinted with wild flowers are interlaid with forests of evergreens, which reach down from the mountain-slopes and spread over the land in darkened patches, the whole valley being richly watered by chains of lakes and streams. But the ways are intricate and difficult. In places we had to chop a passage for our packhorses through forests of spruce and tamarack, and many of the pastures were only sticky quagmires. Our advance brought us face to face with deep ravines which could be passed only by climbing down their treacherous banks,



and rapidly melting snows taxed the rivers till they overflowed. We cherished hopes all the time that we might fall in with a band of Indians, who might be induced to enter our service as guides.

Miles and miles of blackened stumps marked the ravages of forest fires. The Indian, when resting on his journey and suffering from mosquitos, sets fire to the twigs and leaves around him, creating a smoke which keeps the pest at a distance, and, when refreshed, he straps on his pack and moves along the trail, of course without extinguishing his fire; when announcing his approach to friends at a distance, he sets fire to a half-dead spruce- or tamarack-tree, and the column of thick, black smoke is the signal, to be acknowledged in the same manner by those who see it, so as to direct the traveler to their camping-grounds. In the summer everything is crisp and dry, and the timber is saturated with turpentine. The trees left to smolder are fanned into flame by the slightest breeze; the flames creep among the resinous trees, and spread till whole forests are destroyed. These forest fires and the mosquitos account for the scarcity of game. Over the vast untraveled region that we visited, there was a remarkable scarcity of wild animals. We saw only a few ground-squirrels and some grouse and ptarmigan. The Indians say that all the larger animals retreat in summer to the hilltops, where, ex-

posed to a constant breeze, they are free from the torments of insects.

As we penetrated farther into the interior, the climate grew milder and the vegetation more prolific, and the mountains appeared to be in groups and short ranges overshadowing immense, well-watered valleys. On the third day a break in the mountains disclosed to the left of us a crescent of whitened heights with steep wooded slopes reaching abruptly down to the shores of a big lake, and valleys stretched away to the north and south. The mountain-pass that we traversed was 6000 feet above sea-level, but the ascent and descent were gradual, and, following a cañon-bottom, we soon emerged again into open valley lands.

In crossing one of the many swamps that spanned the valley from hill to hill, two of our

horses were for a time in serious jeopardy. An extensive grass plain stretched out ahead of us, which seemed at first to offer good traveling; but the land proved thoroughly saturated, and at every step our horses sank to their bellies in slush and black mud. Rather than return and run the risk of finding no better way to cross, we decided to push on in the hope of soon passing beyond the marsh, but our advance only increased the difficulties. In one place the ground we walked on was only a muddy cake of earth and roots floating on a pool of slush. As we plunged over this, it sagged in beneath our weight, and the treacherous crust of floating meadow, rocked into slimy, grassy waves, gaped with a hideous opening, and before we could escape, our two trail-horses, Billy and Bronco, were floundering in the darkened slush. To render assistance was difficult, as the poor frightened brutes threw themselves from side to side; but we succeeded at last in quieting them, and held their heads above water while we relieved them of their heavy packs. We then led our other two horses to a place of safety. On one side of the pool that threatened to rob us of our best animals we found a solid bank, upon which we lifted the fore legs of the submerged animals; then with a long lash-rope tied around their necks and attached to our other horses on comparatively solid ground, we hauled them by sheer force from their dangerous predicament. It was two hours before we had gained their release from the icy pool, and they stood in safety, trembling violently with fear and cold. Both Dalton and I had tumbled in several times while controlling and aiding our horses, and we were thoroughly benumbed; but another hour through greasy slush and mire brought us again to dry land.

At our camp for the night on a grassy knoll, the mosquitos and other flies were in greater numbers and more ravenous than we had ever previously experienced them. The whole insect world seemed to hail our arrival with the same relish that reservation Indians welcome Government rations. Their attacks were fierce and incessant; our poor brutes, tortured into a frenzy, though hobbled, stampeded back, and sought escape from the torment by sinking into the swamp through which we had labored only a few hours before. The next morning, however, afforded us a delightful rest, for a stiff breeze from the southward swept the air clear of the pests, and granted man and horse a short respite. When plagued by flies, our leader, who wore a brass bell, would create a continual tinkling, but when unmolested, the band would seek a soft patch of grass and go soundly to sleep, profiting by the unusual lull.

A thorough search throughout the district rewarded us with no clue to a direct course.

We found only a few signs left by roving hunters,—here and there a rough branch shelter and camp debris,—but no beaten trail ran through the land. We were in a most interesting country, studded with lakes, rivers, and mountains absolutely unknown to the outside world. Time had worn the giant mounds into grotesque shapes, some of them resembling castle ruins.

We were now about seventy miles away from Neska-ta-heen, but we felt the want of a guide so seriously that we decided that one of us should return to the village and again endeavor to persuade an Indian to join us. When we left, many of the natives were away, but we were expected back in a few days; among the whole lot, we argued, there might be one in a better frame of mind. Dalton was elected to make this trip; his superior knowledge of trails would enable him to make better time. We decided, however, to shift our camp before he started, for our present position was a veritable stronghold of the insect world. All kinds of tormenting flies hovered around in myriads night and day; they got into our eyes, ears, and noses. We could pass judgment upon the aggravating circumstances only by mental notice; when we ventured to give a strongly worded opinion on this subject, the flies, ever on the alert for new fields of operation, would sail into our mouths.

Three hours' tramp brought us to a splendid pasture, where I decided to camp during Dalton's absence. To the southward, mountains buried in perpetual snows formed a strong contrast with the land around us, where violets, forget-me-nots, wild roses, daisies, buttercups, snowdrops, bluebells, and dwarf sunflowers crouched in mossy banks and tinted the meadows in varied hue. We were not a little surprised to find some bumblebees' honey at this place.

Dalton's return on the little black mare to the village caused no small amount of excitement; he feigned that he had come to get some tools which he had left in the chief's hut, and broached the subject of a guide only incidentally; but finally an offer of \$2.50 a day induced an Indian to start. He was a great powerful fellow, over six feet in height, but it was soon apparent that our mode of travel would not suit his ideas of serving the white man in ease and comfort. When a native is working on his own account he will stagger along the trail with 150 pounds, but when in the employ of the white man, though he eats as much beans and bacon as should satisfy three men, his frame, so poorly nourished, utterly collapses; he cannot even bear the weight of his own blankets. Half the way on the return journey the Indian guide was so fatigued that he rode the mare, and Dalton walked ahead and led her over the trail; and upon their

arrival at the camp from which my partner had started, the copper-colored individual complained sorrowfully of his deplorable fate. "Ee sharn hut," he said, which means, "I am to be pitied." "Too woo oo nook" ("I am very ill"), he mumbled in a half-crying voice, and tenderly touched his head, chest, arms,

south to trade off their winter furs with the coast Indians, and were returning home with weighty packs of blankets, powder, and shot. Their arrival was most opportune for our plans. We found they were bound over the same trail as ourselves, and we had no difficulty in persuading them to travel in company with us. Each



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

A ROCKY STRETCH OF TRAIL OVERLOOKING THE KASKAR WURLCH RIVER.

and knees to signify that the terrible hardships he had undergone had racked his whole body. Obtaining no consolation from us on that score, he attempted to conjure up other grievances for our sympathetic notice. He said again, "Ee sharn hut" ("I am to be pitied"); "hut-klake duish, klake duik" ("I have only one mother and one father"). We felt sure that these sorrowful explanations formed the preliminary to some decisive action, and we were not at all surprised to wake up next morning and to find that he had returned to his lonely parents. Such are the annoyances attendant upon a pioneer journey. Once more we saddled our little band of horses and plodded along alone, feeling decidedly disheartened. But two days after this, good fortune came to our aid: two Indians from Lake Hootchy-Eye came into camp. They had been down

party would equally profit by the combination. In consideration of their showing the way and helping us to cut roads through the timber-lands, we agreed to carry their heavy packs on our horses. The old man, Nanchay by name, was carrying about eighty pounds, and his son Tsook had a load weighing about fifty pounds. To be relieved of these burdens was a great benefit to them, and our proposal was at once accepted. The additional weight on our horses made but little difference, as our pack-saddles were rapidly getting lighter as the season advanced. The presence of these Indians was a great privilege, for the conditions under which we obtained their services afforded them no means of deceiving or humbugging us in any way. They were homeward bound and under no pay from us, so to cause unnecessary delay would be no benefit whatever to them. With



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

CROSSING THE KASKAR WURLCH ON A RAFT.

old Nanchay and his son as guides, we made splendid headway. They were well acquainted with the lay of the land, and they were anxious to reach their destination, as the season's hunting had begun.

Twenty-five miles' traveling over grass-lands and thickly wooded foot-hills brought us to the shores of the Kaskar Wurlch River, a tributary of the Alseck, which enters the Pacific Ocean eighty miles to the eastward of Yakutat. We were now again in the vicinity of the ice-fields reaching northward from the Mount St. Elias range; a bitterly cold wind kept us close round the camp-fire till "turning-in" time, when a goodly pile of blankets felt very comfortable. The next morning all our belongings were stiffened with frost, and the ice-coated logs, handled with benumbed hands, offered no speedy prospect of breakfast, and our boots could not be worn till we had a fire to thaw them. "Roughing it," in the true sense of the expression, is a most cheerless undertaking, to my mind, commendable only as a necessity. During nine years of travel in wild and unfrequented places, my lodgings and board have been strangely varied; but when I can, I like

to have a comfortable room and to summon my breakfast by electric button.

Our further advance northward obliged us to cross the waters of the Kaskar Wurlch, a deep stream about a quarter of a mile wide, with a five-knot current; scattered around the rocky shores we found several big logs, which we towed together into shallow water with our horses, then lashed them into a good seaworthy raft, upon which we piled all our belongings, stores, and outfit. Dalton swam the stream on horseback, the remainder of the horses following, and breasting the torrent magnificently. I took charge of the raft, and with the aid of the two Indians ferried everything across without mishap; upon arriving at the other bank, we did not feel inclined to proceed farther that day. We had been working several hours in the cold water while constructing our raft, and had still a little work to do in securely staking our craft well out into the stream, so that in the fall the decreasing waters would not leave it high and dry on shore.

The old Indian, Nanchay, emphatically objected to the delay. He said he was anxious

to reach his family again, and he endeavored to convince us that his wife and children would be mourning at his prolonged absence. We tried to coax the old fellow, but he remained obdurate, and asked for his pack, so that he might go on alone. We then appealed to his appetite, and promised if he would stay there the remainder of the day, and start at the earliest break of dawn, we would prepare him a well-filled pot of bacon and beans. Still he remained unmoved; but finally the offer of two silver dollars deprived him of all inclination to march on ahead. He took his old flint-lock musket, and loped away to the hillside in search of game, returning after a few hours with one rabbit and a ground-squirrel, both of which, after duly frizzling them on wooden spits, he ate up entirely. I noticed that the rabbit's ears appealed to his taste; he did not cook these, but merely held them in the flames till the hair was singed off, then nibbled them up close to the animal's skull. Nanchay was only a little man, but he was the possessor of the ordinary Indian appetite, which is regulated solely by circumstances. Though he had eaten these two animals, he did not deny himself the liberal allowance which he received each meal from our mess.

For the next three days we tramped over valleys of rocks, threaded a way amidst a labyrinth of pools and lakes and swamps, crossed fertile grass-lands, and finally ascended to a table-land, and tramped along a ridge of thickly wooded foot-hills, through which in places we had to cut a trail. This part of the land is known to the Indians as Shak-wak, being an immense valley running northwest from Lake Kusu-ah almost to the eastern arm of the Copper River. This low-lying area has within its limits ranges of hills, forests, swamps, lakes, and streams, and throughout its whole extent traveling is tedious and difficult. We saw but very few signs of Indians here. The land is seldom visited even by them. There is actually no definite trail. Indians wandering in search of game adopt roads as their judgment guides them. Here and there an old fox-trap could be seen, and a few rude huts of tamarack boughs used as winter camps by hunters and trappers, and stumps of timber ten or twelve feet high cut when the snow was deep. Every time we reached exposed positions our Indians would set fire to trees, but no answering column of smoke replied to the signal; we were the sole occupants of this vast region. Nanchay was a capable guide, he knew every inch of the land, but he was very glum and uncommunicative, and when possible always substituted for conversation a mere grunt. On the trail he trudged



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

SOME OF NANCHAY'S RELATIVES.

along at a deliberate pace, continually examining the ground for fresh tracks of game, and casting his eye every now and then to the mountain heights, scanning the hillsides in hopes of seeing a goat or a mountain sheep. He always carried his old flint-lock, but, with the exception of a few tiny ground-squirrels not worth the powder and shot, he killed nothing. He began to get concerned that no signal could be obtained conveying tidings of his friends. At the next camp, though we had had a hard day's travel, he decided to go on, leaving his son Tsook behind with us, and also intrusting us with the transportation of his belongings. After a few hours' travel next day, we caught up to the old Indian again. He had left us the night before, professing that he was unable to rest till he was again in the midst of his sorrowing family, but on the way he had discovered a small stream well stocked with trout, and forgot at once connubial anxiety at the prospect of a good catch of fish. By the time we arrived he had a lot of them spread out to dry in the sun, and a pile of heads, tails, and fins showed signs of sumptuous banqueting. He lashed up his newly acquired supplies,



DRAWN BY W. TABER.
OUR HUNTER.

which we tied to a pack-saddle, and started on our way. He said his wife had moved camp from where he had left her, and really he did not know where she was. He began an incessant signaling by burning trees, and by and by the keen eyes of Tsook spied a faint curl of smoke creeping up from the wooded brow of a hill about ten miles away, which told of the whereabouts of the missing family. Our pace was now quickened over the trail, which ran through a big stretch of rich grass-land of finer quality and more prolific growth than any we had yet seen, where hay sufficient to winter a whole pack-train could be put up without difficulty.

When we reached the Indian hunting-camp we naturally expected to witness a scene of joy and some expression of feeling at the return of the husband and father after a long and hazardous journey; but no one displayed the slightest concern at his presence. Our arrival with the strange, big animals they had never seen before created a great commotion, but Nanchay entered the family circle unnoticed. When the wife's curiosity at seeing our horses had subsided, without exchange of greeting with her husband she continued dressing the moose-hide she was engaged on when we arrived, and the dogs and children slunk away, and eyed our movements through the bushes. There were at the camp a score of Indians, natives of lakes Hootchy-Eye and I-she-ik, this number including only two men besides Nanchay and his son. In some ways they were very objectionable, but they were very kind to us, and behaved more hospitably and reasonably than any other natives I have met in that land. They were extremely poor, and small gifts of fish-hooks, beads, and needles induced them to display a friendly disposition.

They were living under rude shelters of branches strewn round as a wall, with a layer of tamarack boughs thrown over a few cross-sticks and hoisted on props above their heads, which served also for drying fish and game. They were all busy collecting and preparing

a supply for the long winter months ahead; already their roofed platform sagged and creaked and threatened to topple over with its weight of caribou, moose, mountain sheep, rabbits, squirrels, and fish, the fat from which, subjected to a smoky fire and the sun above, was melting, and kept up a constant dripping on the occupants below. All the big game had been killed by one young hunter; the other Indian, Goo-shoon-tar, was his grandfather, a gaunt old fellow, dressed in buckskin trousers and shirt begrimed to a serviceable thickness with blackened grease. The trapping and snaring department was managed entirely by the women and children. While at this camp the natives kept us well supplied with game, and delicious moose-steaks, mutton cutlets, and sun-dried rabbits reinforced our usual insipid fare.

The natives do not cultivate the ground in any way. They are essentially meat-eaters, though in the summer they gather a great many berries, which they mix up with fat. During our journey we saw blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, pokeberries, juniper-berries, and other small fruits, and also a species of blackberry about the size of buckshot, of a watery, tasteless consistency, quenching to the thirst. In the beginning of August these natives begin to hunt for their winter supply of meat and fish. They make camps such as the one we were visiting, then branch out from these, and scour the land in all directions. All the meat, when dried by smoke and sun, is lashed into convenient bundles, and the hides are dressed and carefully folded. When they have killed off or frightened away all the game from a district, they shift their quarters to a new hunting-field. Late in the fall, when the snows are hard, they construct snow-shoes of poplar and thongs of leather, and carry their supplies back to headquarters on sledges. At each camp, when operations are complete, the accu-



DRAWN BY W. TABER.
OLD GOO-SHOON-TAR.

mulation of meat and fish is cached in rocky caverns, in the forks of trees, and in little log storehouses built on tall piles out of reach of wild animals.

Some of this provision is left for winter excursions, for the Indians will be roaming over the land again a few months hence, trapping the fur-bearing animals, and a supply of food at different points of the land relieves them of the necessity of transporting it. In the spring they go south to Neska-tahen, and there meet the Chilkat Indians, with whom they trade their skins and furs. Some, however, take the northern trail, and barter their winter catch with the white traders on the Yukon River. We learned from the Indians here that we could reach that stream in six or seven days, but the season was now too far advanced for the undertaking. To the southwest of our position, about a hundred miles away, was the Mount St. Elias region; to the north of us the natives told of two very large lakes, Hootchy-Eye and I-she-ik, which we deeply regretted it was not in our power to visit. To the west was another big lake, Tloo Army.

There were a few muskets among the Indians we met in the interior, but they killed a great deal of their game with bows and arrows, some of which were pointed with iron and copper, and others with bone. Even the little boys were very expert with these weapons. These Indians were the lightest-hearted that we met during the whole season. Comforted by a generous supply of food, they appeared to be in good spirits; the boys, when not required to carry loads of meat from the hunting-ground back to camp, competed with one another in wrestling, throwing stones, shooting arrows, running, and jumping, and they amused themselves once or twice by throwing one another up on a moose-hide. A big skin was selected, and slits cut all round its edges with which they could get a good hold with their hands; then all the bigger members of the band would form a circle and stretch the skin taut, holding it about four feet from the ground. One boy would stand on this, and they would endeavor to throw him off his feet by violently jerking him in the air; some of them were tumbled off in a most unmerciful way to the rocks around, but though they got badly bruised, they never complained. Many of the boys were very expert, and the wielders of the moose-hide failed to throw them off their feet. Their agility was

remarkable; they would appear in the air in all kinds of positions, but managed to alight on their feet again. I succeeded in getting an instantaneous picture of one of them in mid-air. There were always a lot of these youngsters around our camp, apparently interested



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

HOOTCHY-EYE STOREHOUSE.

in our doings and strange belongings, but they never stole the smallest thing from us.

At different times samples of native copper have reached the coast. These interior Indians have bartered it with other tribes, some of whom have taken it down the Copper River to the trading-posts on the sea, and the white men have had brought to them pieces of the pure metal weighing several pounds, and showing signs of having been hacked off a solid block. All the coast tribes refer traditionally and historically to the Copper Mountains of the interior. In former days the weapons and utensils were beaten out of this metal. Old Khay Tsou, the powerful Chilkat warrior, despatched his slaves far inland with loads of seal fat to exchange for copper, but the warlike tribes living on the head waters of the White and Copper rivers attacked them so fiercely and persistently that the traffic ceased. The Indians at Nanchay's camp gave most encouraging accounts of the rich deposits of the metal away to the northwest of our position; they assured us that boulders of solid copper were piled at the bases of the mountains, from which they chopped off all they needed. Of course their information

was highly colored for our edification, though they had several little nuggets with them which they carried for repairing purposes. The old man had a band of it strapped around the bowl of his pipe, and the young hunter used barbed arrow-heads beaten from the metal in its natural state. They told us that they had several lumps in the village, each as much as a man could carry.

A few days' march from that camp, a big stream heading from a group of mountains flowed to the north; on the map it is charted as the White River, on account of the milky color of its glacial waters, but to the natives it is known as "Eark Heene" (Copper River). The whereabouts of these copper mines is a mystery, but the combination of traditional reference and of fact, though exaggerated, convinces me that the problem could be solved, and that a well-planned research would be rewarded by the discovery of rich mineral deposits. We tried hard to get Nanchay or some of his people to pilot us to the interesting region, but they were all too jealous of their precious possessions to divulge the secret of location, and they emphatically declined, saying that the land was far away and the trails bad. Nanchay tried to console us with the promise that should we return another season, he would guide us to the place; but he wished to assure us that the present summer was too far advanced, and soon the winter snows would begin to fly.

A few days after our arrival the band of Indians divided into two parties and took the trail for new hunting-grounds. Nanchay was going in search of moose in the grassy hilltops to the north. He marched off at the head of a cavalcade of women, boys, and girls, all carrying heavy loads of blankets, old cooking-tins, fish-nets and poles, parcels and baskets of dried meat and fish, bundles of hides, and a goodly sprinkling of babies lashed securely on the packs. Nanchay himself carried a very light load, and was the only man in the procession, which included two wives, three daughters, various mothers, mothers-in-law, grandmothers, aunts, and nine dusky youngsters of different shapes and sizes, with about sufficient apparel distributed among them to render one ordinary human being decent. The remainder of the band were going to hunt sheep on the mountains around Lake Tloo Army, which lay to the southwest, and we agreed to carry their loads for them so as to benefit by their guidance. These Indian bundles were very undesirable freight, being composed of semi-dried meat, stale fish, unwashed rags, and rancid fat. The natives were shrewd enough to take advantage of circumstances; they marched slowly, snared small animals *en route*, and gathered armfuls of herbs and roots, all of which we piled on our horses. By the time we reached

the big lake, each of our animals was loaded down with their rubbish.

The drier lands of the interior are perforated and tunneled in all directions by the small ground-squirrels, which keep up an incessant piping. These little creatures are about the size of an ordinary gray squirrel, but have only a short tail. When on the ground they appear to be about six inches long, but their anatomy seems to be telescopic: for, when standing on their hind legs on the alert at some one's approach, they lengthen out till they are half as long again. The expert efforts of a band of Indian women with their snares will hush a whole colony of these little animals in one day. The women leave camp at about five o'clock in the morning, and return home at night with several hundred squirrels, the skins of which are patched into robes, and the meat is one of their favorite luxuries.

Lake Tloo Army is a most important waterway; at its southern extremity it is seven miles wide, and stretches like a sea away to the northwest as far as the eye can reach. The Indians say that at its northern end a river drains into the Yukon; if such is the case, transportation can be carried on from this point by water. This immense sheet of water, along the shores of which the Indians say they sleep five nights traveling from one end to the other, is near the boundary line, and when the United States and Canadian governments do really decide to survey the limits of their respective possessions, the use of these waters will be a great aid to them. Streams draining the land around have grooved out ways from all points of the compass. The mountains around are rich in cinna-bar, and the cañons hewn out in the rocky uplands show signs of silver and gold; but though there is plenty of good quartz, still we found no free metal. The general formation was granite, slate, and quartz, which is a good combination for mineral prospects.

Having reached the lake, the Indians made their camp on the hillsides; we pitched our tent on the stone flats near Goo-shoon-tar's. The old Indian urged us to return to the coast. "Winter is near," he said, and, pointing to the freshly whitened mountain-tops, warned us that the snow would soon be falling in the valleys.

Hidden away in the bushes we found a small Indian dugout, and Dalton and I decided to repair this and make a few days' exploring journey in it on the lake. We left our horses securely hobbled on a fine patch of grass-land in the neighborhood, then loaded up our tiny craft, and pushed off. The water, which was perfectly calm when we started, became gradually ruffled; but we made good headway with the paddles until we were crossing a bight in

making a short cut to a rocky bluff ahead. A stiff northerly breeze was springing up, and the water was getting rougher every minute, and began to tumble in over our slight bulwarks. Despite my greatest efforts at baling, the water was gaining on us, the little craft was slowly settling, the breeze had grown to a squall,

this a big sea with a hissing crest swept us ashore, where, paralyzed with cold and battered almost senseless, we lay in a heap piled on the rocks with a splintered canoe. It was a cruel disaster, and deprived us of property not to be replaced. Our two rifles, ammunition, mining-tools, cooking outfit, provisions, Dalton's watch



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

OUR CAMP TO THE SOUTHWARD OF LAKE I-SHE-IK.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

and high waves rolled on all sides. Our canoe was rapidly sinking, and was already below the surface when Dalton and I, realizing that to save our own lives was all we could hope for, jumped into the water and quickly overturned the craft, spilling the contents into the lake. The cottonwood, relieved of its weight, floated bottom upward to the surface again. Then Dalton clung to the bow, and I to the stern, and we kept above water in this way. We swam toward the shore. Angry waves rolled over our heads, flinging us about as if trying to wrench away from us the upturned dugout, which alone could save us. The wind blowing along shore denied us aid, and the icy waters had chilled us till we were almost speechless; but we doggedly fought our way, and at last were nearing the shore. The prospect of saving ourselves was still a feeble one. On shore a bare wall of stone caving in at the water-line bordered the lake. We were rapidly carried on to this by the rolling breakers, which flung us against the rocky wall, or carried us in a surging foam into the hideous cave beneath. Each time we struck we propelled ourselves violently along the wall. Soon we found an opening, and when abreast of

and chain, scientific instruments, etc., sank in the depths of Lake Tloo Army. At the time we were so thankful to save our lives that neither of us thought for a moment about the loss of property. Our blankets and my camera and notebooks were fortunately secured; fastened in a big oil-sack to keep them dry, they floated on the surface, and when the storm had abated we picked them up none the worse for the mishap. I have had the contents of a flint-lock musket emptied at me at short range, and have experienced the comforting sensation as the bullet missed its mark; I have felt the satisfaction of stopping a charging buffalo; but I don't think I ever felt such heartfelt thankfulness as when I was out of reach of the angry waves on the rocky shores of Lake Tloo Army.

The head of Lake Tloo Army was the farthest point reached by us. I have made a rough chart of the land through which we passed since leaving the coast, but scientific instruments subject to the jolting and hard knocks attendant upon such a journey enabled me to record only a crude idea of the lay of the land.

During the whole season we saw but little game—a few bears out of reach and some



DRAWN BY JOHN A. FRASER.

DRAINING THE MOUNT ST. ELIAS RANGE.

mountain sheep on the heights. A small-bore rifle or a shot-gun is most serviceable in central Alaska, for there is a fair quantity of grouse, ptarmigan, squirrel, and duck.

Our season's travel took us over the entire basin of the Alseck, a river which drains an enormous territory. At the outset of our journey, having crossed the divide, we traced its eastern branch, the Tarjansini, which, gathering on its way waters from mountain torrent and snow-field, flows toward Neska-ta-heen. Fifty miles to the north of the Indian settlement another tributary of the Alseck heads from Lake Klook-Shoo, and, winding amidst the hill-lands, courses south and joins the Tarjansini, and these combined forces sweep across the rocky vale at Neska-ta-heen in a rapid torrent.

Then from the west, from an immense glacier and moraine near Lake Tloo Army, the Kaskar Wurch begins its southern journey, and is swelled at once into a dangerous river by the muddy waters hurled into it through gorge and cañon crushed in the mountains by the moving ice-fields sloping from the Mount St. Elias range. This stream, flowing to the south and west, is joined by still another arm, which has its birthplace in Lake Dassar-Dee-ash, to the north in Shak-wak valley. These two waterways flow and eventually pour into the Alseck

itself, a wild, dangerous river which races along with an eight-knot current, its volume at times spread over the rocky valley in a dozen channels which combine in one deep torrent when the mountains close in and narrow the limits with their rocky walls. Along the banks of the Alseck old moraines slope to the river's edge, and active glaciers are pushed far out into the stream; the internal working of the ice-field maintains a continual rumble, and blocks of ice topple into the river, and whip the waters into a confused, seething mass. Eighty miles to the east of Yakutat, on the south coast of Alaska, the Alseck River plunges in one deep, angry torrent through a cañon of rock and ice, flows over the stony waste known as Dry Bay, and pours a muddy volume into the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean.

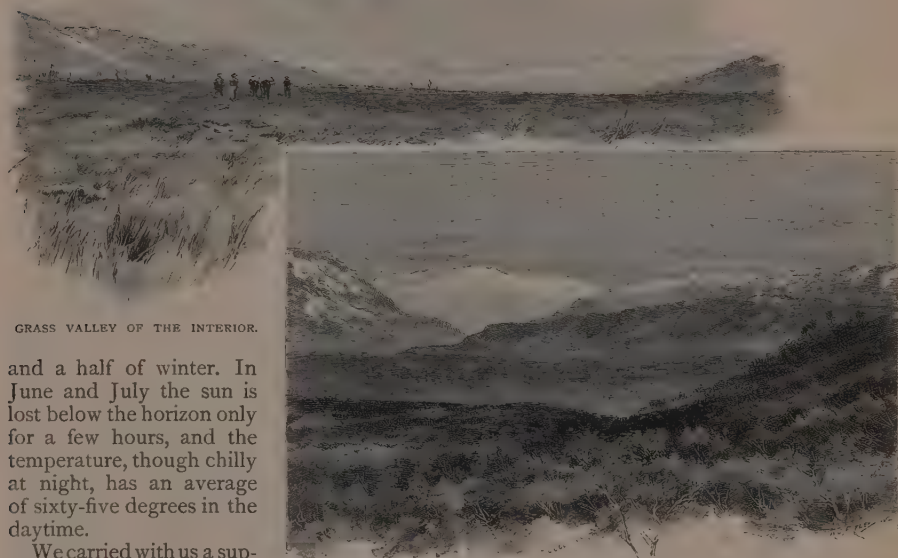
The nature of the whole land can be roughly divided into three conditions: Snow- and ice-fields bury the coast-range and choke up every hollow; to the immediate north the valleys are rocky and barren, but the vast interior beyond is richly clothed in luxuriant vegetation. Scientific authorities theoretically mapped out giant ice-fields as spreading over the entire land from the Fairweather and Mount St. Elias ranges north almost to the valley of the Yukon.

Colossal heights mantled in never-melting

snows tower thousands of feet in the air, but within the shadow of these mighty uplands, in the sheltered hollows beneath, lie immense valleys carpeted in richest grasses, and gracefully tinted with wild flowers. Here in the summer a genial clime is found, where strawberries and other wild fruits ripen to luxuriance, where there are four and a half months of summer and seven

third time, Dalton sprang off his back, and grabbed the tail of the horse I was riding, holding on to his horse's bridle with the other hand. My little mare was a powerful swimmer, and she was able to tow the strange procession to safety.

Upon our return to the coast, we took the same trail by which we had entered the land;



GRASS VALLEY OF THE INTERIOR.

and a half of winter. In June and July the sun is lost below the horizon only for a few hours, and the temperature, though chilly at night, has an average of sixty-five degrees in the daytime.

We carried with us a supply of bacon, beans, flour, rice, and dried fruits, which lasted all the season, and when we arrived on the coast we had still a month's provisions left. We took extra horseshoes with us, but the difficult trails soon decreased our stock, and Dalton displayed great ability in shaping out a pair of shoes from an old English musket which we found in an Indian rubbish-heap.

Miners and prospectors have for many years been seeking a practicable way into the land through which we traveled, but the mountain-passes and want of transportation have kept them back. The trail is now broken and the way open to miners and Government agents.

When swimming the Kaskar Wurch on our return journey, Dalton, together with one of our horses, had a narrow escape. In mid-stream the animal was attacked by cramps, and sank three times. Upon rising to the surface the

DRAWN BY W. G. FITLER.

VALLEY SCENE, CENTRAL ALASKA.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

our horses were in splendid condition, and we rode them nearly all the way. The day we left Neska-ta-heen homeward-bound there were sixteen degrees of frost, and we passed through three snow-storms; at one place it had drifted till it was four feet deep. We had heeded the old Indian's warning none too early. For winter makes an abrupt entry in this land, and begins its stern rule with but short preliminary. The gradual whitening of the hilltops heralds its approach. The warning screech of the water-loon tells that storms are nigh. Rapidly the dazzling curtain rolls down from the heights around, covers up cañon and gulch, buries the forests of spruce and tamarack, and spreads over the valleys below an unbroken field of snow. The roar of the summer torrent is hushed, and lake and stream are frozen hard.

E. J. Glave.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

T. COLE BY VINCENT MARSHALL PAINTED BY WYATT EATON

THE MAN WITH A VIOLIN (PORTRAIT OF T. COLE), BY WYATT EATON.

DOGGETT'S LAST MIGRATION.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.



THE funeral was over, and the Old Man looked somewhat disconsolate. I refer to Old Man Doggett of Broken Bow. Mr. Doggett's baptismal name is in my possession, but few knew it in Broken Bow; fewer still cared anything about it. It was, in fact, a name which the elderly Mr. Doggett used in his dealings with the United States government, and for no other purpose, and it looked odd even to him when he saw it on land-office papers.

The Old Man, as I have intimated, did not look particularly cheerful, but his actions were far from denoting despondency. It was Mrs. Doggett, sharer of his joys and sorrows—mostly sorrows—for something over forty years in a zigzag course from the Eastern States to his present location in the Territory of Dakota—it was Mrs. Doggett, I say, who had departed this life. Mrs. Doggett had been a faithful, patient wife, and had gone to the reward of this kind of wives. Her funeral had been numerous attended by the people from the eleven houses which made up the city of Broken Bow, and from the score or so of settlers' "shacks" scattered about on the prairie in the neighborhood. Hers was the first death to come upon Broken Bow. She had been laid at rest in the Prairie View Cemetery,—“thus,” in the well-chosen words of the Broken Bow “Van-Guard,” “inaugurating this sacred spot so thoughtfully set aside in the Third Ward by the founders of our city.”

The ancient Mr. Doggett sat in front of the Settler's Home hotel as the hazy October sun sank toward the west. A few fellow-citizens surrounded him in easy attitudes. Nobody said much. Each was engaged in the laborious work of watching the down of the ripened milkweeds, which, ignoring the metropolitan claims of the city, was floating lazily about. Justice of the Peace Barlow came up and sat down near the Old Man. After moving about uneasily for a minute or two, this worthy ornament of the bench offered a few words of condolence to the bereaved old gentleman. “Yes,” replied the latter; “it is a little hard on me at my time of life. I'm gettin' old, Judge.”

“Pretty well along for this country, that's so,” assented the ingenuous Barlow; “but back in the States, now, you would n't be so very vener'ble, Old Man.”

“No; you're right,” answered Doggett. “But I'm goin' to miss her, I reckon, specially when I move West. She was very handy at movin'. Prob'bly she had to be,” he added thoughtfully; “we h'isted West sev'ral times.”

This produced a faint smile on the faces of his hearers, not because there seemed to be anything incongruous in the idea of going West on the banks of the Missouri River, but because the Old Man had been talking of it ever since he arrived a year ago, and the public had lost faith. “The Old Man will never go West no more than me,” Bill Dows had once announced sententiously; but since Bill had gone to that region inside of a week after being thus moved to prophecy, not much was thought of his view.

“Miranda,” continued the Old Man after a pause, “was most remarkably handy at cookin' outdoors. I a'lays liked to set on the wagon-tongue when we camped, an' take care o' the children an' the dogs, an' watch her toss up the skillet an' flip a flap-jack. Never knowed her to fail but once, an' that was thirty year ago in Injeana. I'm goin' to miss her on the road, an' that's a fact. But I can't help it. I reckon I'll start to-morrow. Boys,” he added, with a fairly cheerful if not wholly necessary oath,—“boys, come in an' have a drink.”

I scarcely need to say, I suppose, that the old gentleman's call to the thirsty was unanimously heeded by the group around the open door of the Settler's Home. Nor need I say, probably, that his apparent callousness to the loss of his wife met with unfavorable comment on the part of the few women of Broken Bow. Woman will stand abuse, but not neglect; her husband may be a tyrant so long as he is miserable during her absence. The women of Broken Bow were holding an informal meeting at the house of Justice Barlow, opposite the Settler's Home.

“I tell you, it is scandalous the way the Old Man acts,” announced Mrs. Barlow, who made a specialty of “speaking her mind.” “Such a man don't deserve a wife; for my part, I can't see why the Lord let him have one as long as he did. And after she'd moved West with him twenty times if she had once, too. It ain't

any light thing to sleep in a wagon and get meals over a fire on the ground—I've tried it." The excellent Mrs. Barlow seemed to believe that the late Mrs. Doggett's outdoor perambulating housekeeping should cause her bereaved spouse to melt into tears if nothing else would, and this view of the case was gen-

as she turned toward him, and the rich, soft light of the sunset lighted up her face. "Are you going home now?"

"I dunno. Reckon I'd better?"

"Yes; I think so. You've been drinking, Mr. Doggett."

The Old Man's first impulse was to say, "S'posin' I have?" but he thought better of it. Her tone showed that she was sorry. This surprised him,—he was not accustomed to anything of the kind,—and it also touched him. But he decided that it was safer to remain facetious. So he said: "That's so, Miss Holley; but the Government ain't made no law that a man on a claim can't drink, has it? Ain't we got no rights left, nohow?" and the old humorist laughed querulously. He noticed as the light still flooded her face how handsome she was.

"Your wife would not have liked to know that you were going to get drunk to-day." The girl looked at him steadily. The Old Man bowed his head. His stooped form was outlined against the golden sky, which burned far off



"I 'M GETTIN' OLD, JEDGE."

erally shared by the other women present. But the Old Man found one champion even among them, though I am bound to say that she was an unmarried woman, knowing but little about the undeserving creature, man. This was Miss Holley, the schoolmistress.

"I think," said Miss Holley, the schoolmistress, "that the Old Man feels worse than we know; I was talking with him yesterday. He does n't know any better than to act the way he does; he thinks it would be unmanly to show any grief. But he means well, I am sure."

Miss Holley was regarded with a mingled expression of pity and contempt by the experienced married women present, so she said no more in defense of the unpopular Mr. Doggett. But when, as it began to grow dusk, she went out to go to her "claim," which she was "holding" a half-mile from town, and where she was obliged to stay a night or two each week to appease an exacting government, she met the Old Man on the corner. There was a touch of unsteadiness in the old gentleman's legs, and truth compels me to confirm the penetrating reader's worst suspicions, and to admit that it came from the too industrious absorption of Broken Bow liquor, a fiery fluid utterly unfit for either man or beast. But the Doggett mind was clear and active.

"Good evenin', Miss Holley," he said. "Goin' out to comply with the law, eh? He, he!" The superfluous laugh came from the same cause as the undesirable unsteadiness.

"Yes, Mr. Doggett," answered Miss Holley,

across the level prairie.

"I ain't so very drunk, am I?" asked the Old Man in an apologetic tone.

"No, you are not very drunk; but why did you get drunk at all?"

The Old Man's head sank still lower, and he was silent for a full minute. Finally he answered:

"I dunno. I had n't oughter. I did n't know what else to do. I was lonesome. It's lonesome ev'rywhere now. I ain't goin' home; it's lonelier there than anywhere else."

"Yes; you would better go home. It is the best place for you, even if it is lonesome. Come, I will go part way with you."

The Old Man looked at her doubtfully, and then started off along the mark across the prairie which, by a stretch of courtesy prompted by intense local patriotism, was called a road. They went in silence some distance, the girl slightly in advance, the Old Man with his head bowed. Then she paused and turned, this time with her back to the dying west, while the fading light, now gray and almost gloomy, fell on the face of the Old Man.

"There," she said, "it is only a quarter of a mile farther. You will go, will you not?"

"Yes, Miss Holley; I will. It's the best place for me. But it is lonesome there without her—mighty lonesome. I reckon I never knowed how much company she was till now."

"Yes, yes; but you must try and be as cheerful as you can. You know you are going West some day."

"You believe it, do you?" answered the Old Man, eagerly. "Of course you do; you're sens'ble. You know when a man says that he's goin' West that he means it. The rest



MRS. BARLOW.

of 'em don't believe it, but I knowed you did all the while. Of course I 'm goin' West; of course. You've got some sense."

"Yes, you are going West again some day," replied the girl; "but not now—not this fall. You must stay here this winter, and go in the spring."

"No, can't do that; I must go now. I don't like this country; it's gettin' too much settled up. They're talkin' of a railroad comin' through here, an' somehow I don't like 'em. This land don't suit me, anyhow. They say there's the best land in the world in the Hills. I 'm goin' across the reservation into the Hills. I 'm goin' alone; there's nobody to go with me now, except Tige an' the hosses. They're better 'n nothin', but they can't talk, though Tige barks in sev'ral diff'rent ways. It 'll be lonesome travelin' without her—an' her heart was set on the trip. She did n't like it here no more than me. She was of the 'pinion that the s'ciety wa'n't what it oughter be. She never liked the way that town crowd tries to put on airs, an' act stuck up. But she al'ays said you was a nice girl; I reckon she knowed you believed we was goin' West."

"Perhaps," assented the other, with a faint smile. "She was a good woman, and I am sure it will be very hard for you to move West without her. But I must go now. Good night; you will go home now, won't you?" and she put out her hand for his. Shaking hands was a form of social dissipation which the Old Man had largely risen above, but after some hesitation he extended his hand. She took it, pressed it slightly, gathered up a white shawl about her shoulders, and walked away through the dry grass toward her little eight-by-ten house now faded out of sight across the prairie in the fast-gathering darkness. The Old Man gazed after her in considerable bewilderment.

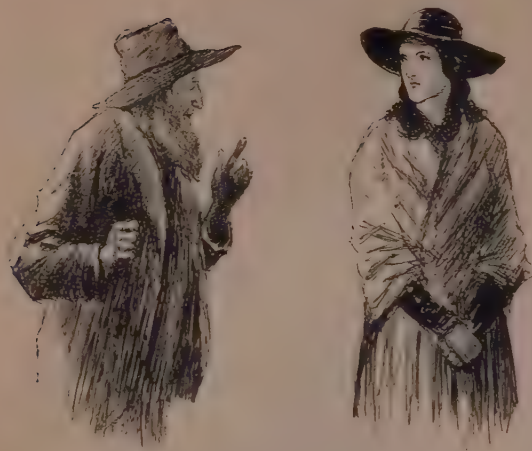
He looked at the hand she had taken in hers, and was somewhat reassured on finding that it appeared to be in its normal condition. Then he looked back toward the town, and saw the lights in the 'Settler's Home. He took a step in that direction, then turned and started for home with a fairly resolute tread. "I 'll go home, as she told me to," he said. "She's the smartest girl in the Territory; she knows what's the thing for me to do, and she knows I am goin' West." His pace slackened a little, and he was silent. "There's Tige and the hosses, anyhow. They'll be some company, but not much. Oh, it's lonesome without her! It's—" The Old Man's voice choked, but he walked on. Soon he came to a little depression in the prairie through which the road ran, and he stopped, and by the last faint light from the west, and the fainter light from the stars, he gathered a bunch of the wild sunflowers which grew there, and which had all day been tossed about on their long, graceful stems by the south wind. Then the Old Man, with the flowers in his hand, went on through the darkness to the place he called home.

At the time of which this history treats the American locomotive had been in full cry after the fleeing Mr. Doggett for over half a century. It had not come up with him for any length of time. There are sailors who never go down to the sea in ships,—born wanderers of the land, latter-day gypsies,—who look upon a covered wagon and a team of horses as a true-born sailor looks upon his ship. Mr. Doggett first saw the light of day near the Atlantic



MRS. DOGGETT.

seaboard, but he soon abandoned the neighborhood. He found the region too crowded. It seemed stuffy and poorly ventilated to him. While still toiling in that fertile portion of the late Noah Webster's incomparable speller



"YOU 'VE BEEN DRINKING."

which is devoted to words of two syllables, he turned his attention to newspaper reports of the West, and especially of the farms which a paternal government was disposing of at a nominal price. So one night he went away from home, leaving parents behind who consoled themselves with ten other little Doggetts. He tarried in Ohio a few years, where he was married, and accumulated property to the extent of a wagon with a white cover, a team consisting of one mule and one horse, a gloomy cow, and four dogs. Then he began his great retreat from the locomotive in good earnest, which, at the time I write of, had consisted of twenty or thirty distinct removals, and had marked out an uncertain line from the Buckeye State to the Missouri River, reaching at one time as far south as Arkansas, and on another occasion as far north as Manitoba. His weakness for Government land had increased rather than diminished, and the number of "claims" which he had owned in different States and Territories was something startling, especially when we remember, as inexorable fact forces us to do, that after the first one or two, he had had no right to them. But the old gentleman's conscience in regard to dealings with the Government was elastic, as I regret to say the consciences of men occupying higher positions in the social scale sometimes are. During all of this time, in which he never lived longer than five years in one place, Mrs. Doggett had been his uncomplaining companion. She was not a born wanderer, and sometimes she looked at old and well-kept homes, with their great shade-trees, and ample barns, and moss-roofed houses, and sighed; but she said nothing, and wandering finally became a second nature to her. Children had come to cheer the Doggetts. At one

time in Illinois six of them had gathered about the blazing fire beside the wagon, and watched their father industriously cleaning his rifle, and listened to his optimistic remarks on the amount of game he proposed to bag the next day. Two of the offspring had been born in the wagon, which always gave them a slightly warmer place in their father's heart. But the life had not seemed to agree with the little ones, and they had gone away to a land of fewer hardships, one in Kentucky, two in Missouri, one in Iowa, another in far-off Manitoba, as they camped by the lonely Red River of the North; and the last, a promising boy of fifteen, who could shoot with great accuracy, and get the better of the other fellow in swapping horses three times

out of four, in western Minnesota, where the Doggett home had temporarily been before it was moved to Broken Bow for another transitory pause.

Through all his troubles the Old Man had preserved a considerable degree of cheerfulness. He usually drowned his sorrows by moving West. He had determined to pursue this course on the present occasion. But he trudged along through the darkness with a heavy heart, and when he pushed open the door of his one-room house and went in, the place seemed very solemn and very lonely. He lighted a smoky lantern, and laid the sunflowers on the table. Then he sat down, and for a long time gazed at the dim and flickering light. Tige, a battle-scarred dog which had fought everything that two States and three Territories could furnish, claimed his attention, but did not get it. At last he arose, and looked about the room through the semi-darkness. He took down his rifle from the wall, examined it, and put it back in its place. "Yes," he said, half aloud; "I must start in the morning. It's too lonesome to stay here. I'll show 'em that I can go. Miss Holley knows I'm goin' now." Then his eye rested on the sunflowers, and he took them up. "I'll go an' put 'em on her grave," he said. "There can't nobody see me now." He went out, and started back along the path. There was no moon, but the stars were shining, though the sky was hazy. The fresh, steady south wind swept unhindered across the level plain with a sharp, almost hissing sound in the long, dry prairie-grass,—"grass," as had been aptly remarked by the Broken Bow "Van-Guard," "so rich in albuminous and nitrogenous matter as to actually fatten stock to the point of ridiculous obesity." It was a strong, sweeping

wind, such as blows only on great mid-continent plains, or at sea. There was no cloud in sight, but the pall of haze was over the whole sky. The Old Man recognized it as smoke from distant prairie-fires. He looked about, but saw only a dull glow in the sky far to the south, which showed a fire there, but many miles away. Sometimes a tumbleweed, that odd but intelligent prairie product which spends the summer in growing round and bigger than a bushel-basket that it may break off at the top of the ground in September and travel with the wind for two or three months — sometimes one of these vagrant weeds would bound across his path and go rolling on in the darkness toward the north. This was the nearest approach to life which greeted the Old Man. He noticed that the lights of the hopeful young city of Broken Bow were extinguished. He walked straight to the grave, which was on slightly higher ground than the little clump of houses. The long grass had been trampled down for a few feet around the low mound. The Old Man stood and looked down upon it for several minutes. Then he placed the yellow flowers near the head. He stepped back, and sat down on a sod which had not been replaced. He clasped his hands about his knees, his head bent forward, and he sat gazing at the dim outlines of the mound before him. Tige, who had followed him from the house, crept up, and lay down with his head on his master's feet. The wind swept over them, the dog crept closer, and the Old Man's head gradually sank lower. Soon both slept, the man deeply, the dog lightly, and the blundering tumbleweeds were left in possession of the scene.

Three hours later the Old Man was awakened from his heavy slumber by a dismal howl close to his ear. He started nervously, turned his head, and found himself face to face with the dog, which sat on the ground in apparent deep distress of mind. The Old Man started to bestow a malediction of a highly profane nature upon the animal, when he caught sight of his own and the dog's shadow upon the mound before him. He raised his eyes to the northern sky, but it was even darker than when he had gone to sleep. The truth rushed in upon him. He leaped to his feet, and turned to the south, and saw a prairie-fire coming up with the wind. It seemed scarcely a half-mile away. Black, burned-out grass stems were falling all about. To the east and to the west, as far as he could see, there was the same wall of fire, the tongues of flame leaping up fiercely and lapping up the long, dry grass before them. And back of them was the wind with its sweeping rush. The Old Man first thought of his own house, but he remembered that one of the last

things which his wife had done before her sickness was to make him build a fire-brake around it, something he was ever adverse to doing till the fire was actually in sight. Then he thought of the rising city of Broken Bow, lying all unprotected. And here I may crave a line to say that the prairie community is usually like the Old Man in the matter of fire-brakes: it needs the stimulating influence of the approaching fire to make it go out and plow the two circles of furrows and burn the grass between them necessary for protection. And though Broken Bow had during the fall constructed (on paper) a court-house and several other important buildings, and had welcomed (in the imaginative columns of the "Van-Guard") the entrance of two railroads, she had utterly failed to provide the means of preserving the eleven houses which she really possessed. The Old Man did not pause after he realized the condition of the town. He seized his hat from where it had blown on the ground, and rushed away to give the alarm. In a few minutes he was pounding on the door of Judge Barlow's house. This able jurist put his head out of the window, instantly grasped the situation with his fine judicial mind, and retreated to clothe himself properly for the occasion, while the Old Man hurried away and began thundering on other doors. Tige began a judicious barking, which aroused the town dogs, and aided the good work of waking the other inhabitants from their dreams of city halls, trunk-lines, and so forth. In five minutes Broken Bow was making vigorous arrangements to welcome the coming fire. But Old Man Doggett was not among his fellow-citizens. He was rushing away across the prairie, straight toward the fire, to warn Miss Holley.

I suppose that the Old Man ran faster than he ever had run before. Already a great cloud of smoke rolled above his head, and the grass-cinders, still glowing, fell around him. He could see the little square, shed-roofed house ahead of him, standing a small black cube against the horizon of flame. The fire seemed almost upon it, but the Old Man did not despair of reaching it first. Tige kept well in advance, barking wildly. As they drew nearer, and the Old Man felt the hot breath of the fire in his face, the dog caught the idea of the proceedings, and



MR. PETER GATCHELL.

rushed farther ahead, and began scratching at the door of the humble dwelling and barking with fresh vigor. As the Old Man came up he saw a white face where the curtain was drawn aside at the one little square window. The flames were leaping higher than the house in the tall blue-joint grass a hundred yards away. "Dress yourself, an' hurry out here!" shouted the Old Man, above the crackling of the fire. The tarred paper which covered the roof was already burning. The face disappeared, and the dog ran to his master and crouched in terror of the approaching flames. The Old Man turned and faced what seemed a black cavern to the north; then he dropped on his knees in the long grass and drew forth some matches. His hand trembled, and he broke the first one. The wind blew out the second. He shielded the third with his hat, and thrust it into a dry bunch of grass before him. It caught and blazed up in his face. The dog leaped back and growled at the new fire. It caught the next bunch, and then the bunch to the right, and the one to the left. The wind took it up and swept it away to the north, leaving an oasis of black. The Old Man stamped out the feeble line of fire which tried to beat southward. He turned to the house as Miss Holley rushed out. The flames reached around the little dwelling from each side as if to shut her in, but she slipped through, and ran with the Old Man to the new-made place of safety. The flames came up to its edge, reached over, found nothing, leaped up angrily, and went out. In ten minutes the main fire, sweeping on to each side of the oasis, had overtaken the little saving fire and rushed away to the north. Nothing was left burning behind but the frail house. The strong sweep of the wind came again cool and fresh. The Old Man brought a buffalo skull, lying like a great white bovine ghost in the midnight black of the ashes, and Miss Holley sat down upon it, for she was weak and faint. They watched the wall of fire as it hurried away, only broken narrowly in one place by the Eagle Butte trail. The opening was slight, and the flames joined hands above it. But suddenly a horse and rider broke through the fiery door of the trail. The horse staggered and almost fell, and the rider reeled, but they came on, with the horse on a quick, nervous gallop. Miss Holley rose with a cry, and took a few steps forward. The horse dashed up and stood trembling as the rider, a tall young man, threw himself off and clasped the girl in his arms.

"Thank God, Kitty, you are saved!" said

the young man. She hid her face against his breast. Then they looked into each other's eyes.

"The Old Man saved me," said the girl. The young man took her hands tightly in his, and they turned to where Doggett had stood. They saw him walking away across the black plain toward his own house, with the dog close behind.



"TIGER DONE IT."

The people of Broken Bow did not return to their beds for what remained of the night, though the fire soon went past, and this metropolitan center was saved. Before long Miss Holley and Morton came, leading the scorched and frightened pony, and received the congratulations of the entire population on their escape. The good work of their fellow-citizen, Mr. Doggett, was generally recognized. But the old gentleman did not appear in town, though the sullen glare of the fire on the northern sky was chased away before the reddening east. It was proposed by Mr. Peter Gatchell, the editor of the "Van-Guard," who had during the excitement as ably guided the plow as he habitually did the pen, that a public meeting be called to pass suitable resolutions of thanks to the Old Man for his night's work. This met with an enthusiastic welcome, as the idea of a public meeting always did in Broken Bow. The task of calling the meeting was somewhat simplified by the fact that every man, woman, and child in the town was already gathered in the post-office. A chairman was elected, and Mr. Gatchell appointed to prepare the resolutions. In a half-hour he reported to the meeting with his work done. I will refrain from giving these resolutions in this place, able as they were, but will refer the reader to that week's issue of the "Van-Guard." They were adopted unanimously, and a committee of five,

headed by Justice Barlow, was appointed to present them to the Old Man. As the sun, big and red, rose up out of the blackened plain, the committee started for the home of the individual to be honored. When they arrived, knocking having brought no response, they pushed open the door and entered. The room was bare of even the little furniture which it usually held. The rifle was gone from its place. Neither the Old Man nor Tige was anywhere visible. But, pinned to the wall by a two-pronged fork, they found this:

Fellow Citizens and ladys and gentlemen :
Tige done it.
Yurs respectfully,
A. DOGGETT.
P. S. We hev gone West.

So the committee went back and reported a failure.

But the next afternoon the news came that the Old Man's horses had wandered back

alone, and were at their late home. A party, headed by Morton, were soon galloping over the trail to the west. They wound down a ravine to the Missouri just as the sun was sinking behind the barren bluffs on the other side. A little down the stream, near the swift-flowing, milky waters, they came upon the Old Man's covered wagon. The camp-fire of the night before had gone out. The horses' harness lay on the ground, and the yellow leaves from a giant cottonwood were scattered over it. The gurgle of an eddy in the river was the only sound. Tige stood sullen guard under the wagon, and growled angrily when the men came nearer and dismounted. But he knew Morton, and allowed him to go to the front of the wagon. He drew aside the flap and looked in. Then he let it fall, and said:

"It was too much for the Old Man. He will never go West again."

In his pocket they found a faded daguerreotype in an old-fashioned black case. The women at Broken Bow said it was a school-girl picture of the Old Man's wife.

Hayden Carruth.



"FOR BRAVERY ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE"



HE recruiting-office at Rivermouth was in a little unpainted, weather-stained building on Anchor street, not far from the custom-house. The tumble-down shell had long remained tenantless, and now, with its mouse-colored exterior, easily lent itself to its present requirements as a little military mouse-trap. In former years it had been occupied as a thread-and-needle and candy shop by one Dame Trippew. All such petty-shops in the town were always kept by old women, and these old women were always styled dames. It is to be lamented that they and their innocent traffic have vanished into the unknown.

The interior of the building, consisting of one room and an attic covered by a lean-to roof, had undergone no change beyond the removal of Dame Trippew's pathetic stock at the time of her bankruptcy. The narrow counter, painted pea-green and divided in the center by a swinging gate, still stretched from wall to wall at the further end of the room, and behind the counter rose a series of small wooden drawers, which now held nothing but a fleeting and inaccurate memory of the lavender, and pennyroyal, and the other sweet herbs that used to be deposited in them. Even the tiny cow-bell, which once served to warn Dame Trippew of the advent of a customer, still hung from a bit of curved iron on the inner side of the street door, and continued to give out a

petulant, spasmodic jingle whenever that door was opened, however cautiously. If the good soul could have returned to the scene of her terrestrial commerce, she might have resumed business at the old stand without making any alterations whatever. Everything remained precisely as she had left it at the instant of her exit. But a wide gulf separated Dame Trippew from the present occupant of the premises. Dame Trippew's slight figure, with its crisp white cap and apron, and steel-bowed spectacles, had been replaced by the stalwart personage of a sergeant of artillery in the regular army, between whose overhanging red mustache and the faint white down that had of late years come to Dame Trippew's upper lip it would have been impossible to establish a parallel. The only things these two might have claimed in common were a slackness of trade and a liking for the aromatic Virginia leaf, though Dame Trippew had taken hers in a dainty idealistic powder, and the sergeant took his in realistic plug through the medium of an aggressive clay pipe.

In spite of the starry shield, supported by two crossed cannon cut out of tin and surmounted by the national bird in the same material, which hung insidiously over the transom outside; in spite of the drummer-boy from the fort, who broke the silence into slivers at intervals throughout the day; in brief, in spite of his own martial bearing and smart uniform, the sergeant found trade very slack. At Rivermouth the war with Mexico was not a popular undertaking. If there were any heroic blood left in the old town by the sea, it appeared to be in no hurry to come forward and get itself shed. There were hours in which Sergeant O'Neil despaired of his country. But by degrees the situation brightened, recruits began to come in, and finally the town and the outlying districts—chiefly the outlying districts—managed to furnish a company for the State regiment. One or two prominent citizens had been lured by commissions as officers; but neither of the two Rivermouthians who went in as privates was of the slightest civic importance. One of these men was named James Dutton.

Why on earth James Dutton wanted to go to the war was a puzzle to the few townsfolks who had any intimate acquaintance with the young man. Intimate acquaintance is perhaps too strong a term; for though Dutton was born in the town and had always lived there, he was more or less a stranger to those who knew him best. Comrades he had, of course, in a manner: the boys with whom he had formerly gone to the public school, and two or three maturer persons whose acquaintance he had contracted later in the way of trade. But with these he could scarcely be said to be intimate. James

Dutton's rather isolated condition was not in consequence of any morbid or uncouth streak in his mental make-up. He was of a shy and gentle nature, and his sedentary occupation had simply let the habit of solitude and unsociability form a shell about him. Dutton was a shoemaker and cobbler, like his father before him; plying his craft in the shabby cottage where he was born and had lived ever since, at the foot of a narrow lane leading down to the river—a lonely, doleful sort of place, enlivened with a bit of shelving sand where an ancient fisherman occasionally came to boil lobsters.

In the open lots facing the unhinged gate was an old relinquished tannery that still flavored the air with logwood, which lay here and there in dull-red patches, killing the grass. The undulations of a colonial graveyard broke tamely against the western base of the house. Headstones and monuments—if there had ever been any monuments—had melted away. Only tradition and those slowly subsiding wave-like ridges of graves revealed the character of the spot. Within the memory of man nobody had been dropped into that Dead Sea. The Duttons, father and son, had dwelt here nearly twenty-four years. They owned the shanty. The old man was now dead, having laid down his awl and lapstone just a year before the rise of those international complications which resulted in the appearance of Sergeant O'Neil in Rivermouth, where he immediately tacked up the blazoned ægis of the United States over the doorway of Dame Trippew's little shop.

As has been indicated, the war with Mexico was not looked upon with favor by the inhabitants of Rivermouth, who clearly perceived its underlying motive—the extension of slave territory. The abolition element in the town had instantly been blown to a white heat. Moreover, war in itself, excepting as a defensive measure or on a point of honor, seemed rather poor business to the thrifty Rivermouthians. They were wholly of the opinion of Birdfreedom Sawin, that

Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer murder.

That old Nehemiah Dutton's son should have any interest one way or the other in the questions involved was inconceivable, and the morning he presented himself at the recruiting-office a strong ripple of surprise ran over the group of idlers that hung day after day around the door of the crazy tenement, drawn thither by the drum-taps, and a morbid sense of gunpowder in the air. These idlers were too sharp or too unpatriotic to enlist themselves, but they had unbounded enthusiasm for those who

did. After a moment's hesitation they cheered Jemmy Dutton handsomely.

On the afternoon of his enlistment he was met near the post-office by Marcellus Palfrey, the sexton of the Old Granite Church.

"What are you up to, anyhow, Jemmy?" asked Palfrey. "What 's your idee?"

"My idea is," replied Dutton, "that I 've never been able to live freely and respectably, as I 've wanted to live; but I mean to die like a gentleman, when it comes to that."

"What do you call a gentleman, Jemmy?"

"Well, a man who serves faithfully, and stands by to lay down his life for his duty—he 's a gentleman."

"That 's so," said Palfrey. "He need n't have no silver-plated handles, nor much outside finish, if he 's got a satin linin'. He 's one of God's men."

What really sent James Dutton to the war? Had he some unformulated and hitherto unsuspected dream of military glory, or did he have an eye to supposable gold ingots piled up in the sub-basement of the halls of the Montezumas? Was it a case of despised love, or was he simply tired of reheeling and resoling the boots of Rivermouth folk; tired to death of the river that twice a day crept up to lap the strip of sandy beach at the foot of Nutter's Lane; tired to death of being alone, and poor, and aimless? His motive is not positively to be known, only to be guessed at. We shall not trouble ourselves about it. Neither shall the war, which for a moment casts a lurid light on his figure, delay us long. It was a tidy, comfortable little war, not without picturesque aspects. Out of its flame and smoke leaped two or three fine names that dazzled men's eyes awhile; and among the fortunate was a silent young lieutenant of infantry,—a taciturn but not unamiable young lieutenant,—who was afterward destined to give the name of a great general into the keeping of history forever. Wrapped up somewhere in this Mexican war is the material for a brief American epic; but it is not to be unrolled and recited here.

With the departure of Our Country's Gallant Defenders, as they were loosely denominated by some,—the Idiots, as they were compactly described by others,—monotony again settled down upon Rivermouth. Sergeant O'Neil's heraldic emblems disappeared from Anchor street, and the quick rattle of the tenor drum at five o'clock in the morning no longer disturbed the repose of peace-loving citizens. The tide of battle rolled afar, and its echoes were not of a quality to startle the drowsy old seaport. Indeed, it had little at stake. Only four men had gone from the town proper. One, Captain Kittery, died before reaching the seat of war; one deserted on the way; one, Lieuten-

ant Bangs, was sent home invalided; and only James Dutton was left to represent the land force of his native town. He might as well have died or deserted, for he was promptly forgotten.

From time to time accounts of battles and bombardments were given in the columns of "The Rivermouth Barnacle," on which occasions the Stars and Stripes, held in the claws of a spread eagle, decorated the editorial page—a cut which until then had been used only to celebrate the bloodless victories of the ballot. The lists of dead, wounded, and missing were always read with interest or anxiety, as the case might be, for one had friends and country acquaintances, if not fellow-townsmen, with the army on the Rio Grande. Meanwhile, nobody took the trouble to bestow a thought on James Dutton. He was as remote and shadowy in men's memories as if he had been killed at Thermopylæ or Bunker's Hill. But one day the name of James Dutton blazed forth in a despatch that electrified the community. At the storming of Chapultepec, Private James Dutton, Company K, Rivermouth, had done a very valorous deed. He had crawled back to a plateau on the heights, from which the American troops had been driven, and had brought off his captain, who had been momentarily stunned by the wind of a round shot. Not content with that, Private Dutton had returned to the dangerous plateau, and, under a heavy fire, had secured a small field-piece which was about to fall into the hands of the enemy. Later in the day this little howitzer did eminent service. After touching on one or two other minor matters, the despatch remarked, incidentally, that Private James Dutton had had his left leg blown off.

The name of James Dutton was instantly on every lip in town. Citizens who had previously ignored his existence, or really had not been aware of it, were proud of him. The Hon. Jedd Deane said that he had long regarded James Dutton as a young man of great promise, a—er—most remarkable young person, in short; one of the kind with much—er—latent ability. Postmaster Mugridge observed, with the strong approval of those who heard him, that young Dutton was nobody's fool, though what especial wisdom Dutton had evinced in having his leg blown off was not clear. Captain Tewksberry, commanding the local militia company, the Rivermouth Tigers, was convinced that no one who had not carefully studied "Scott's Tactics" could have brought away that gun under the circumstances. "Here, you will observe, was the exposed flank of the heights, there, behind the *chevaux-de-frise*, lay the enemy," etc., etc. Dutton's former school-fellows began to remember that there had always been something tough and gritty in Jim Dutton.

The event was one not to be passed over by Parson Wibird Hawkins, who made a most direct reference to it in his Sunday's sermon—Job. xxxix. 25: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

After the first burst of local pride and enthusiasm had exhausted itself over young Dutton's brilliant action, the grim fact connected with young Dutton's left leg began to occupy the public mind. The despatch had hinted vaguely at amputation, and had stopped there. If his leg had been shot away, was it necessary that the rest of him should be amputated? In the opinion of Schoolmaster Dennett, such treatment seemed almost tautological. However, all was presumably over by this time. Had poor Dutton died under the operation? Solicitude on that point was wide-spread and genuine. Later official intelligence relieved the stress of anxiety. Private Dutton had undergone the operation successfully and with great fortitude; he was doing well, and as soon as it was possible for him to bear transportation he was to be sent home. He had been complimented in the commanding officer's report of the action to headquarters, and General Winfield Scott had sent Private Dutton a silver medal "for bravery on the field of battle." If the Government had wanted one or two hundred volunteers from Rivermouth, that week was the week to get them. Then intervened a long silence touching James Dutton. This meant feverish nights and weary days in hospital, and finally blissful convalescence, when the scent of the orange and magnolia blossoms blown in at the open window seemed to James Dutton a richer recompense than he deserved for his martyrdom. At last he was in condition to be put on board a transport for New Orleans. Thence a man-of-war was to convey him to Rivermouth, where the ship was to be overhauled and have its own wounds doctored.

When it was announced from the fort that the vessel bearing James Dutton had been sighted off the coast and would soon be in the Narrows, the town was thrown into such a glow of excitement as it had not experienced since the day a breathless and bedraggled man on horseback had dashed into Rivermouth with the news that the Sons of Liberty in Boston had pitched the British tea overboard. The hero of Chapultepec—the only hero Rivermouth had had since the colonial period—was coming up the Narrows! It is odd that three fourths of anything should be more estimable than the whole, supposing the whole to be estimable. When James Dutton had all his limbs he was lightly esteemed, and here

was Rivermouth about to celebrate a fragment of him.

The normally quiet and unfrequented street leading down to the boat-landing was presently thronged by Rivermouthians—men, women, and children. The arrival of a United States vessel always stirred an emotion in the town. Naval officers were prime favorites in aristocratic circles, and there were few ships in the service that did not count among their blue-jackets one or more men belonging to the port. Thus all sea-worn mariners in Uncle Sam's employ were sure of both patrician and democratic welcome at Rivermouth. But the present ship contained an especially valuable cargo. It was a patient and characteristically undemonstrative crowd that assembled on the wharf, a crowd content to wait an hour or more without a murmur after the ship had dropped anchor in midstream for the captain's gig to be lowered from the davits. The shrill falsetto of the boatswain's whistle suddenly informed those on shore of what was taking place on the starboard side, and in a few minutes the gig came sweeping across the blue water, with James Dutton seated in the stern-sheets and looking very pale. He sat there, from time to time pulling his blond mustache, evidently embarrassed. A cheer or two rose from the wharf when the eight gleaming blades simultaneously stood upright in air, as if the movement had been performed by some mechanism. The disembarkment followed in dead silence, for the interest was too novel and too intense to express itself noisily. Those nearest to James Dutton pressed forward to shake hands with him, but this ceremony had to be dispensed with as he hobbled on his crutches through the crowd, piloted by Postmaster Mugridge to the hack which stood in waiting at the head of the wharf.

Dutton was driven directly to his own little cottage in Nutter's Lane, which had been put in order for his occupancy. The small grocery closet had been filled with supplies, the fire had been lighted in the diminutive kitchen stove, and the tea-kettle was twittering on top, like a bird on a bough. The Hawkins girls, Prudence and Mehitabel, had set some pansies and lilacs here and there in blue china mugs, and decorated with greenery the faded daguerreotype of old Nehemiah Dutton, which hung like a slowly dissolving ghost over his ancient shoemaker's bench. As James Dutton hobbled into the contracted room where he had spent the tedious years of his youth and manhood, he had to lift a hand from one of the crutches to brush away the tears that blinded him. It was so good to be at home again!

That afternoon Dutton held an informal reception. There was a constant coming and

going of persons not in the habit of paying visits in so unfashionable a neighborhood as Nutter's Lane. Now and then a townsman, conscious that his unimportance did not warrant his un-introduced presence inside, lounged carelessly by the door; and through the rest of the day several small boys turned somersaults and skylarked under the window, or sat in rows on the rail-fence opposite the gate. Among others came the Hon. Jedd Deane, with his most pronounced Websterian air,—he was always oscillating between the manner of Webster and that of Rufus Choate,—to pay his respects to James Dutton, which was considered a great compliment indeed. A few days later this statesman invited Dutton to dine with him at the ancestral mansion in Mulberry Avenue, in company with Parson Wibird Hawkins, Postmaster Mugridge, and Silas Trefethen, the Collector of the Port. It was intimated that young Dutton had handled himself under this ordeal with as much modesty and dignity as if he had always dined off colonial china, and had always stirred his after-dinner coffee with a spoon manufactured by Paul Revere.

A motion to give James Dutton a limited public banquet, at which the politicians could have a chance to unfold their eloquence, was discussed and approved in the Board of Selectmen, but subsequently laid on the table, it being reported that Mr. Dutton had declared that he would rather have his other leg blown off than make a speech. This necessarily killed the project, for a reply from him to the chairman's opening address was a *sine qua non*.

Life now opened up all sunshine to James Dutton. His personal surroundings were of the humblest, but it was home, sweet, sweet home. One may roam amid palaces,—even amid the halls of the Montezumas,—yet, after all, one's own imperfect drain is the best. The very leather-parings and bits of thread that had drifted into the front yard, and seemed to have taken root there like some strange exotic weed, were a delight to him. Dutton's inability to move about as in former years sometimes irked him, but everything else was pleasant. He resolved to make the best of this one misfortune, since without it he would never have been treated with such kindness and consideration. The constant employment he found at his trade helped him to forget that he had not two legs. A man who is obliged to occupy a cobbler's bench day after day has no need of legs at all. Everybody brought jobs to his door, and Dutton had as much work as he could do. At times, indeed, he was forced to decline a job. He could hardly credit his senses when this occurred. So life ran very smoothly with him. For the first time in his existence he found himself humming or whistling an accompaniment

to the rat-tat-tat of his hammer on the sole-leather. No hour of the twenty-four hung heavily on him. In the rear of the cottage was a bit of ground, perhaps forty feet square, with an old elm in the center, under which Dutton liked to take his nooning. It was here he used to play years ago, a quiet, dreamy lad, with no companions except the squirrels. A family of them still inhabited the ancient boughs, and it amused him to remember how he once believed that the nimble brown creatures belonged to a tribe of dwarf Indians who might attempt to scalp him with their little knives if they caught him out after dusk. Though his childhood had not been happy, he had reached a bend in the road where to pause and look back was to find the retrospect full of fairy lights and coloring.

Almost every evening one or two old acquaintances, with whom he had not been acquainted, dropped in to chat with him, mainly about the war. He had shared in all the skirmishes and battles from Cerro Gordo and Molino del Rey up to the capture of Chapul-tepec; and it was something to hear of these matters from one who had been a part of what he saw. It was considered a favor to be allowed to examine at short range that medal "for bravery on the field of battle." It was a kind of honor "just to left it," as somebody said one night. There were visitors upon whom the impression was strong that General Scott had made the medal with his own hands.

James Dutton was ever modest in speaking of his single personal exploit. He guessed he did n't know what he was doing at the moment when he tumbled the howitzer into the ravine, from which the boys afterward fished it out. "You see, things were anyway up on that plateau. The copper bullets were flying like hail-stones, so it did n't much matter where a fellow went—he was sure to get peppered. Of course the captain could n't be left up there—we wanted him for morning parades. Then I happened to see the little field-piece stranded among the chaparral. It was a cursed nice little cannon. It would have been a blighting shame to have lost it."

"I suppose you did n't leave your heart down there along with the senioriteers, did you, Jemmy?" inquired a town Lovelace.

"No," said Dutton, always perfectly matter of fact; "I left my leg."

Ah, yes; life was very pleasant to him in those days!

Not only kindnesses but honors were showered upon him. Parson Wibird Hawkins, in the course of an address before the Rivermouth Historical and Genealogical Society, that winter, paid an eloquent tribute to "the glorious military career of our young townsman"—which was no more than justice; for if a man

who has had a limb shot off in battle has not had a touch of glory, then war is an imposition. Whenever a distinguished stranger visited the town, he was not left off without the question, "Are you aware, sir, that we have among us one of the heroes of the late Mexican war?" And then a stroll about town to the various points of historic interest invariably ended at the unpretending door-step of Dutton's cottage.

At the celebration of the first Fourth of July following his return from Mexico, James Dutton was pretty nearly, if not quite, the chief feature of the procession, riding in an open barouche immediately behind that of the Governor. The boys would have marched him all by himself if it had been possible to form him into a hollow square. From this day James Dutton, in his faded coat and battered artillery cap, was held an indispensable adjunct to all turnouts of a warlike complexion. Nor was his fame wholly local. Now and then, as time went on, some old comrade of the Army of the Rio Grande, a member perhaps of old Company K, would turn up in Rivermouth for no other apparent purpose than to smoke a pipe or so with Dutton at his headquarters in Nutter's Lane. If he sometimes chanced to furnish the caller with a dollar or two of "the sinews of war," it was nobody's business. The days on which these visits fell were red-letter days to James Dutton.

It was a proud moment when he found himself one afternoon sitting, at Schoolmaster Dennett's invitation, on the platform in the recitation-room of the Temple Grammar School—sitting on the very platform with the green baize-covered table to which he had many a time marched up sideways to take a feruling. Something of the old awe and apprehension which Master Dennett used to inspire crept over him. There were instants when Dutton would have abjectly held out his hand if he had been told to do it. He had been invited to witness the evolutions of the graduating class in history and oratory, and the moisture gathered in his honest blue eyes when a panic-stricken urchin faltered forth—

We were not many, we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day.

Dutton listened to it all with unruffled gravity. There was never a more gentle hero, or one with a slighter sense of humor, than the hero of Chapultepec.

Dutton's lot was now so prosperous as to exclude any disturbing thoughts concerning the future. The idea of applying for a pension never entered his head until the subject was suggested to him by Postmaster Mugridge, a more worldly man, an office-holder himself,

with a carefully peeled eye on Government patronage. Dutton then reflected that perhaps a pension would be handy in his old age, when he could not expect to work steadily at his trade, even if he were able to work at all. He looked about for somebody to manage the affair for him. Lawyer Penhallow undertook the business with alacrity; but the alacrity was all on his side, for there were thousands of yards of red tape to be unrolled at Washington before anything in that sort could be done. At that conservative stage of our national progress it was not possible for a man to obtain a pension simply because he happened to know the brother of a man who knew another man that had intended to go to the war, and did not. Dutton's claims, too, were seriously complicated by the fact that he had lost his discharge papers; so the matter dragged, and was still dragging when it ceased to be of any importance to anybody.

Whenever James Dutton glanced into the future it was with a tranquil mind. He pictured himself, should he not fall out of the ranks, a white-haired, possibly a bald-headed, old boy, sitting of summer evenings on the door-step of his shop, and telling stories to the children—the children and grandchildren of his present associates and friends. He would naturally have laid up something by that time; besides, there was his pension. Meanwhile, he would live respected and treated kindly by high and low. There were long years of this pleasant existence to be passed through before he reached the period of old age. Of course that would have its ailments and discomforts, but its compensations also. It seemed scarcely predictable that the years to come held for him either great sorrows or great felicities. He would never marry, and though he might have to grieve over a fallen comrade here and there, his heart was not to be wrung by the possible death of wife or child. With the tints of the present he painted his simple future, and was content.

Sometimes the experiences of the last few years took on the aspect of a haunting dream; those long marches through a land rich with strange foliage and fruits, the enchanted southern nights, the life in camp, the roar of battle, and that one bewildering day on the heights of Chapultepec—it all seemed phantasmagoric. But there was his mutilation to assure him of the reality, and there on Anchor street, growing grayer and more wrinkled every season, stood the little building where he had enlisted. To be sure, the shield was gone from the transom, and the spiders had stretched their reticuled barricades across the entrance; but whenever Dutton hobbled by the place he could almost see Sergeant O'Neil leaning in

an insidious attitude against the door-sill, and smoking his short clay pipe as of old. Yet as time elapsed this figure also grew indistinct and elusive, like the rest. The weeks had turned themselves into months, and the months into years. Perhaps four years had passed by when clouds began to gather on James Dutton's bright horizon.

The wisest of poets has told us that custom dulls the edge of appetite. One gets used to everything, even to heroes. James Dutton was beginning to lose the bloom of his novelty. Indeed, he had already lost it. The process had been so gradual, so subtle, in its working, that the final result came upon him like something that had happened suddenly. But this was not the fact. He might have seen it coming, if he had watched. One by one his customers had drifted away from him; his shop was out of the beaten track, and a fashionable boot and shoe establishment, newly sprung up in the business part of the town, had quietly absorbed his patrons. There was no conscious unkindness in this desertion. Thoughtless neglect, all the more bitter by contrast, had followed thoughtless admiration. Admiration and neglect are apt to hunt in couples. Nearly all the customers left on Dutton's hands had resolved themselves into two collateral classes — those who delayed and those who forgot to pay. That unrequited pension, which flitted like an *ignis fatuus* the instant one got anywhere near it, would have been very handy to have just then. The want of it had come long before old age. Dutton was only twenty-nine. Yet he somehow seemed old. The indoor confinement explained his pallor, but not the deepening lines that recently began to spread themselves fan-like at the corners of his eyes.

Callers at Nutter's Lane had now become rare birds. The dwindling of his visitors had at first scarcely attracted his notice; it had been so gradual, like the rest. But at last Dutton found himself alone. The old solitude of his youth had re-knitted its shell around him. Now that he was unsustained by the likelihood of some one looking in on him, the evenings, especially the winter evenings, were long to Dutton. Owing to weak eyes, he was unable to read much, and then he was not naturally a reader. He was too proud or too shy to seek the companionship which he might have found at Meek's drug-store. Moreover, the society there was not of a kind that pleased him; it had not pleased him in the old days, and now he saw how narrow and poor it was, having had a glimpse of the broad world. The moonlight nights, when he could sit at the window, and look out on the gleaming river and the objects on the further shore, were bearable. Something seemed always to be going on in

the old disused burying-ground; he was positive that on certain nights uncanny figures flitted from dark to dark through a broad intervening belt of silvery moonshine. A busy spot after all these years! But when it was pitch-black outside he had no resources. His work-bench with its polished concave leather seat, the scanty furniture, and his father's picture on the wall, grew hateful to him. At an hour when the social life of the town was at its beginning he would extinguish his melancholy tallow-dip, and go to bed, lying awake until long after all the rest of the world slumbered. This lying awake soon became a habit. The slightest sound broke his sleep — the gnawing of a mouse behind the mop-board, or a change in the wind; and then insomnia seized upon him. He lay there listening to the summer breeze among the elms, or to the autumn winds that, sweeping up from the sea, teased his ear with muffled accents of wrecked and drowning men.

The pay for the few jobs which came to him at this juncture was insufficient to supply many of his simple wants. It was sometimes a choice with him between food and fuel. When he was younger he used to get all the chips and kindling he wanted from Sherburn's shipyard, three quarters of a mile away. But handicapped as he now was, it was impossible for him to compass that distance over the slippery sidewalk or through the drifted road-bed. During the particular winter here in question James Dutton was often cold, and oftener hungry — and nobody suspected it.

A word in the ear of Parson Wibird Hawkins, or the Hon. Jedd Deane, or of any of the scores of kind-hearted townsfolk, would have changed the situation. But to make known his distress, to appeal for charity, to hold out his hand and be a pauper — that was not in him. From his point of view, if he could have done that he would not have been the man to rescue his captain on the fiery plateau, and then go back through that hell of musketry to get the mountain howitzer. He was secretly and justly proud of saving his captain's life and of bringing off that "cursed nice little cannon." He gloried over it many a time to himself, and often of late took the medal of honor from its imitation-morocco case, and read the inscription by the light of his flickering candle. The embossed silver words seemed to spread a lambent glow over all the squalid little cabin — seemed almost to set it on fire!

Until within a year or eighteen months Dutton had regularly attended the Sunday morning service at the Old Granite Church. One service was all he could manage, for it was difficult for him to mount the steep staircase leading to his seat in the gallery. That his atten-

dance slackened, and finally ceased altogether, he tried, in his own mind, to attribute to this difficulty, and not to the fact that his best suit had become so threadbare as to make him ashamed; though the congregation now seldom glanced up, as it used to do, at the organ-loft where he sat separated from the choir by a low green curtain. Thus he had on his hands the whole unemployed day, with no break in its monotony; and it often seemed interminable. The Puritan Sabbath as it then existed was a thing not to be trifled with. All temporal affairs were sternly set aside; earth came to a standstill. Dutton, however, conceived the plan of writing down in a little blank-book the events of his life. The task would occupy and divert him, and be no flagrant sin. But there had been no events in his life until the one great event; so his autobiography resolved itself into a single line on the first page—

Sept. 13, 1847. Had my leg shot off.

What else was there to record, except a transient gleam of sunshine immediately after his return home, and his present helplessness and isolation?

It was one morning at the close of a particularly bitter December. The river-shore was sheathed in thicker ice than had been known for twenty years. The cold snap, with its freaks among water-pipes and window-glass and straw-bedded roots in front gardens, was a thing that was to be remembered and commented on for twenty years to come. All natural phenomena have a curious attraction for persons who live in small towns and villages. The weathercock on the spire and the barometer on the back piazza are studied as they are not studied by dwellers in cities. A habit of keen observation of trivial matters becomes a second nature in rural places. The provincial eye grows as sharp as the woodsman's. Thus it happened that somebody passing casually through Nutter's Lane that morning noticed—noticed it as a thing of course, since it was so—that no smoke was coming out of Dutton's chimney. The observer presently mentioned the fact at

the Brick Market up-town, and some of the bystanders began wondering if Dutton had overslept himself, or if he were under the weather. Nobody recollected seeing him lately; a person so seldom in the street as Dutton is not soon missed. Dr. Meeks concluded that he would look in at Nutter's Lane on the way home with his marketing. The man who had remarked the absence of smoke had now a blurred impression that the shutters of Dutton's shop window had not been taken down. It looked as if things were not quite right with him. Two or three persons were going in Dr. Meeks's direction, so they accompanied him, and turned into Nutter's Lane with the doctor.

The shop shutters were still up, and no feather of smoke was curling from the one chimney of Dutton's little house. Dr. Meeks rapped smartly on the door without bringing a response. After waiting a moment he knocked again, somewhat more heavily, but with like ill success. Then he tried the latch. The door was bolted.

"I think the lad must be sick," said Dr. Meeks, glancing hurriedly over his shoulder at his companions. "What shall we do?"

"I guess we'd better see if he is," said a man named Philbrick. "Let me come there," and without further words Philbrick pressed his full weight against the pine-wood panels. The rusty fastening gave way, and the door flew open. Cold as it was without, a colder breath seemed to issue from the interior. The door opened directly into the main apartment, which was Dutton's shop and sleeping-place in one. It was a lovely morning, and the sunshine, as if it had caught a glitter from the floating points of ice on the river, poured in through a rear window and flooded the room with gold. James Dutton was lying on his pallet in the further corner. He was dead. He must have been dead several hours, perhaps two or three days. The medal lay on his breast, from which his right hand had evidently slipped. The down-like frost on the medal was so thick as to make it impossible to distinguish the words—

"FOR BRAVERY ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

POET AND LARK.

WHEN leaves turn outward to the light,
And all the roads are fringed with green;
When larks are pouring, high, unseen,
The joy they find in song and flight,
Then I, too, with the lark would wing
My little flight, and, soaring, sing.

When larks drop downward to the nest,
And day drops downward to the sea,
And song and wing are fain to rest,
The lark's dear wisdom guideth me,
And I too turn within my door,
Content to dream, and sing no more.

Mary Ainge De Vere.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—V.



DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

JOSEPH RICHTER, SCULPTOR.

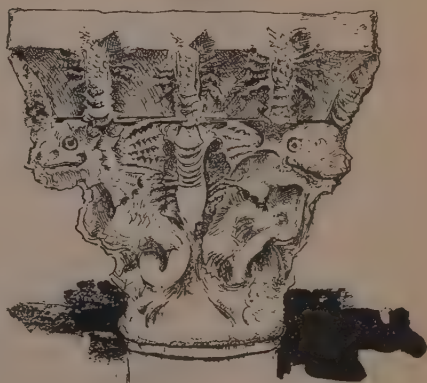
CAPITAL FOR FISHERIES BUILDING.

THE visitor, approaching from the south the district which lies between the northern and central divisions of the park, at the point where the apparently capricious and accidental windings of the Lagoon find their northern connection with the lake, will presently catch glimpses of certain long stretches of roof, gaily broken by towers and decorated belvederes, rising above the skirting shrubbery and wood-growth of the shores, and suggesting the hidden luxuries of a "stately pleasure house," decreed by some Kubla Khan of Oriental romance. As he advances nearer, he will discover that this romantic pleasanse is accessible from the south by a bridge spanning the waters of the canal, or estuary, connecting the Lagoon with the lake, the architectural masses will become coherent and symmetrical, and finally he will learn from unmistakable characteristics that the Fisheries Pavilion lies before him. This pavilion is set in the axis of the Liberal Arts Building extended northward, and between the two buildings in the same axis rise the masses of the great structure built by the United States for the Government exposition.

Apparently the architect, Mr. Henry Ives Cobb of Chicago, in preparing his preliminary studies for this interesting exhibit, finally arrived at the conclusion that, in respect to his plan, its general form must be largely controlled by its adjustment to the shape and limited area of the irregular stretch of shore which he was to occupy with his water-front, and, in respect to his elevations, that they should rather affect

playfulness than formality in outline, so that they might be in more natural relations with their environment; at the same time, the connection established by the main axial line between his building and those composing the Court, the proper classification and arrangement of the collections which he was to accommodate, and the dignity and importance of the task assigned him, seemed to impose a symmetrical treatment both on plan and elevation. In this case it was the good fortune of the architect to have to deal with a department of the Exposition which invited a treatment almost as characteristic as that of the Horticultural department, which had the type of the glazed conservatory as its point of departure. Marine life seemed to suggest to the architectural mind types of form nearly as marked, while all the other great buildings had to be based more or less on the conventional idea of a palace or office of state, depending rather on their details of decoration than on their general features of structure to indicate the purposes for which they were built. This statement is especially applicable to the formal Renaissance buildings around the Court; but even those outside of the Court, like the Mines and Transportation pavilions, which were more free to adopt forms characteristic of service, could hardly confess their objects so clearly as the two buildings which we have noted.

The architect found that his site would be most conveniently occupied by a compact mass



DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

JOSEPH RICHTER, SCULPTOR.

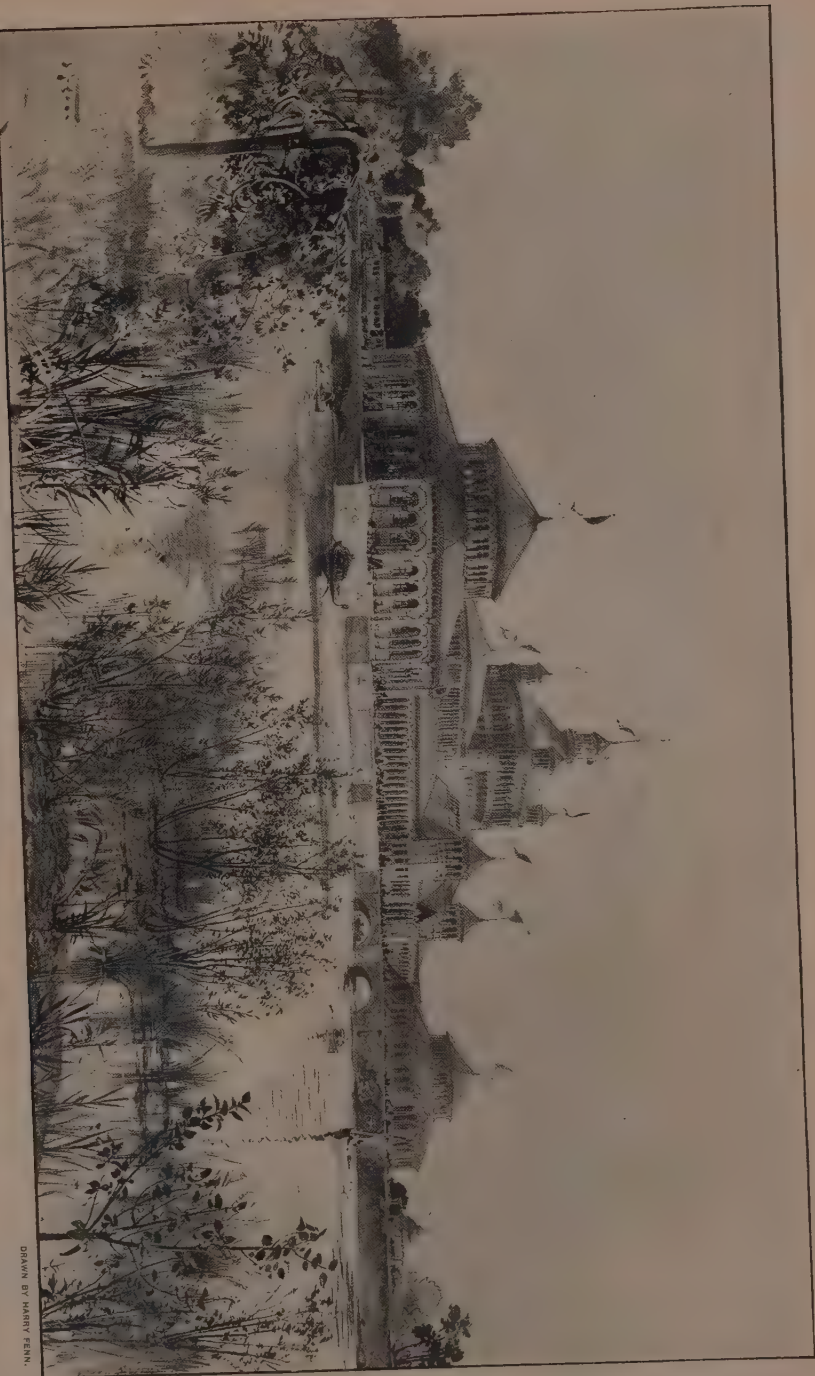
CAPITAL FOR FISHERIES BUILDING.

of building hardly larger than 365 feet in length by 165 feet in width; but as this was insufficient for his exhibition, he set aside two distinctive divisions, the aquarial and the angling pavilions, to be accommodated in separate pavilions, connected with the ends of the main structure by one-storied corridors, so curved forward in plan that the main frontage should seem to be set back between the two smaller buildings. Thus arranged, the main façade faces southward toward the Government Building, and, being closely connected with the shoreline of the estuary, the whole pile assumes the characteristics of a marine pavilion.

Mr. Cobb found that the most convenient unit of dimension in his construction was 20 feet, and, following the simplest and most obvious arrangement for lighting the interior spaces, he planned to provide for a lofty central hall illuminated by a range of clearstory windows and surrounded by lean-tos, or aisles. To the width of this hall he gave four of his units or modules (80 feet), and to the length fourteen (280 feet), thus leaving for the width of his surrounding aisle, or lean-to, two modules, or 40 feet. The entire area found practicable for the main building was in this way fully occupied. A very characteristic feature was imposed upon his exterior forms by the fact that, unlike the other buildings, two full stories were not required in order to obtain the requisite floor-area. Allowing only one module for the height of his aisle-story, he obtained for the outside walls, including a stylobate, or basement, of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, a height limited to 24 feet. This frontage, exceptionally low in comparison with the large area of the building, made it necessary to give to the roofs a pitch sufficiently steep to bring them into the design, and to make them important features in the composition as a whole. A proportionate height for the clearstory walls was found by experiment to be 14 feet, and above this the upper roofs, sloping at the same angle as those below, reached a total height of 65 feet from the floor. In this natural way the exterior expression of the building, distinguishing it from all the other structures of the Exposition, became one of roofs and clearstories. The area in the triforium space under the slope of the aisle roofs being required for exhibition purposes, access to it is obtained by projecting the floor of the triforium, or half second story, into the nave area far enough to form a gallery, or balcony, all around on that level, approached by staircases grouped near the center of the building. The architect thus obtained a mass of building composed of a comparatively low wall, from which roofs sloped steeply to a central ridge, interrupted only by the clearstory of the nave. The conditions clearly demanded an important

culminating feature. This he obtained by erecting in the center of his nave a great circular tower, of which the diameter is equal to the whole width of the nave (80 feet), and by providing it with polygonal turrets at the corners to mask the awkwardness occasioned by the passing of a round tower through the slopes of the nave roof. These turrets he arranged to contain staircases, by which access is obtained to an exterior and interior gallery, or balcony, boldly projecting at the level of the apex of the nave roof. Above this he established a high clearstory stage still accompanied by the polygonal towers, and, following the roof-motive of his design, he covered his rounded tower with a steep conical roof, crowned with an upper balcony and a delicate belvedere, which he repeated on a lower level in finishing his four polygonal turrets. The total height thus obtained is 150 feet. To provide for the main entrances it remained to project transepts 80 feet wide from the tower to the center of the long fronts and thence 40 feet outside the walls of the aisles. These transepts preserved the lowness of effect characteristic of the rest of the buildings, by continuing around them the aisle walls, and covering them with pitched roofs without clearstories. The fronts of these transepts are flanked by low polygonal barbican towers belonging to the same family as those already mentioned.

The architectural character of the two separate pavilions is fixed by the results of the study of the unusual conditions involved in providing for the department of aquaria, to which that on the right of the main building is devoted. The fortunate outcome of this study is a polygonal building 60 feet in diameter and 67 feet high, with a windowed clearstory, all arranged in plan and elevation like an Italian baptistery or English chapter-house, with a glass-roofed aisle 37 feet wide, carried around it in the form of a lean-to, exactly as in the main building. A fountain is provided in the circular central hall, which opens into the aisle by an arcade. The aisle is divided into three concentric divisions forming annular spaces encompassing the circular chamber. Of these the middle one is made a vaulted passage, with a groined ceiling supported by columns and arches, corresponding to those separating the central circular chamber from the aisles. The other two annular spaces on each side of this passage are occupied by the aquarial tanks. All these arches on both sides of the passage and in the central chamber are glazed from top to bottom with transparent glass, the lower eight feet, with polished plate, forming the walls of the aquaria, the rest with decorative glass stained with marine tones. In these aquaria the architect has provided for the display of salt-water



HENRY WEB COBB, ARCHT'CT.

GENERAL VIEW OF FISHERIES PAVILION.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.



DRAWN BY ALBERT RANDOLPH BORS. BY PERMISSION N. Y. PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

FINE ARTS BUILDING.

CHARLES B. ATWOOD, ARCHTCT.

and fresh-water fishes and every form of marine life. The only light which will reach the vaulted passage will pass through the glazed walls of the tanks, and the visitor, in making the circuit of the building through this passage, will seem to be walking dry beneath the water, with all the secrets of the great deep betrayed to him on each hand, according to the systems in use in some of the greater marine museums in the Old World.

The angling pavilion on the other side naturally assumes the same exterior character, and both closely follow the motives of the greater building, which are based very frankly on Southern Romanesque, the outer walls everywhere being formed with a continuous open arcade, the round stilted arches of which are supported on small round columns coupled in the thickness of the wall, as in a cloister. There are three of these arches to each 20-foot bay. Between the coupled columns passes a continuous perforated balustrade, and the building is inclosed by a glazed screen behind this arcade and clear of it. The treatment of the clearstory walls corresponds to this, but with five arches to each bay, and the great clear-story of the tower has a loftier and richer arrangement of arches with grouped jamb-shafts, mullion-shafts, and Romanesque tracery. All the cornices are corbeled according to the style. The Romanesque arcade appears also as the decorative feature of all the belvederes and towers. The only variation made in this arcade treatment to give dignity to the main entrance is to advance slightly from the face of the transept a highly decorated triplet of larger arches covered with a gable, whose outline the architect has enriched with crockets in the form of fishes. The tympanum inclosed by the gable will be occupied by a bas-relief representation of the most heroic business done by fishermen on the great deep—the capture of a whale. Very properly Mr. Cobb has borrowed from marine life the decorative details of his capitals and of the columnar shafts of his porches, and there is nothing in the familiar but inexhaustible range of conventional Romanesque ornament, as applied to this building,

But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

Fishes in every form, crabs, lobsters, water-snakes, frogs, shells, and the infinite algæ of the great deep, are grouped to decorate capital and corbel, but always so massed as to preserve the characteristic outlines and functions of the architectural members. Under the immediate direction of the architect, Mr. Joseph Richter of Chicago has in this way composed from sixty to eighty models of capitals, corbels, and shaft

ornaments, each differing from the other in the idea which it conveys, but all loyal to the conventional type. The Romanesque of southern France and northern Spain, even in the religious buildings, is distinguished by a semi-barbaric humor expressed in grotesque and caricature. There is therefore no unnecessary audacity of imagination in the playful treatment of the details of the Fisheries Pavilion; it not only brings it into harmony with the spirit of the style, but serves to make it joyous and festive without loss of dignity, grace, and fitness.

The whole building shows clearly enough how the modern architect can, on the one hand, use precedent with loyal intelligence, but without being enslaved by it; and on the other, how, when occasion requires, he can be original without going through the superfluous and dangerous process of inventing a new language in which to express himself, as is the custom with the unlettered and the untrained.

AFTER much controversy and many changes of plan and site, the department of Fine Arts found its most appropriate position near the middle of the northern division of the park, surrounded by the smaller pavilions which are to form the headquarters of the several State commissions, and by those to be erected by foreign governments.

This building, the design of which was prepared by Charles B. Atwood, the designer-in-chief in the Bureau of Construction, was practically confined by conditions of site and cost to a frontage of 500 feet, facing north and south, and to a depth of 320 feet, with opportunities for lateral extension by detached wings, connected with the main structure by galleries of communication. It was to be strictly fire-proof, and on this account was carefully isolated. Through this isolation it was freed from the necessity of submitting to concessions for the sake of harmony with neighboring buildings, so that, surrounded by ample grounds dedicated to art, its form and character as a symmetrical monument could be freely developed.

In formulating the plan, it was found convenient to adopt a decimal module of proportion. In the beginning it was evident that the scheme



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SANDIER.

AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE DOME OF FINE ARTS BUILDING.

would be fundamentally affected by the fact that the area was to be occupied, not by one great hall with continuous floor-space, as was the case with all the industrial buildings, but by a series of halls or chambers; and that of these there must be two divisions, one set devoted to the exposition of sculpture and the plastic arts, requiring conditions of area, shape, height, and lighting different from the other set, which had to be arranged for the accommodation of paintings, drawings, and engravings. The former called for ample uninterrupted floor-space, indefinite height, light from above so diffused as to avoid, as far as possible, conflicts of shadows and confusion of reflections, and, in general, a largeness and nobility of aspect entirely consistent with monumental architecture in its highest sense. On the other hand, the galleries of chambers for the exposition of

paintings and drawings needed not to be more than 30 feet in width, and demanded clear wall-spaces not more than 20 feet high, with coved ceilings raising the ceiling skylights 10 feet higher, so that the wall-surfaces might have

plan, pierced in the axes of the central halls with lofty arched openings, thus dividing the supporting walls into four masses of masonry, so disposed as to give passageway between nave and transepts outside of these piers, to



R. A. ED Brooke, SUPERVISING ARCHITECT, TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

DRAWN BY F. LEO HUNTER.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

noshadows. A decorative or architectural treatment was not invited. The halls of sculpture, therefore, being the widest, highest, longest, and most architectural, were the arteries of the system, to which all the other members, being lower, smaller, and simpler or more purely utilitarian, had to be distinctly subordinate. The architect, therefore, placed the former in the main axes of his plan, arranging them in the form of a central longitudinal nave, 500 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 64 feet high to the cornice, crossed in the center by a transept 340 feet long, and of the same width and height. These he provided with skylights and clear-story, and with a wide balcony, giving circulation around the entire system at a higher level, and accommodation for bas-reliefs and minor objects of the fictile arts, while the larger works of sculpture and modeling were to occupy the main-floor areas. The outer ends of nave and transept in the center of each façade naturally became porches with vestibules of noble preparation and ceremony. It was also inevitable that the culmination of interest externally and internally should be in the center of the building at the crossing of the great halls. In the hands of the architect this feature took the form of a noble domical chamber, 155 feet high externally and 128 feet high internally, with a diameter of 72 feet. This dome he supported on a massive substructure of octagonal

avoid the necessity of making this central hall a thoroughfare. Still further to dignify it as a place which should be not a mere passageway between adjoining halls, but where the more conspicuous objects should be gathered for especial honor, as in the tribune of the Uffizi Palace, he placed two columns of his main order in each opening, supporting an entablature across it on the line of the impost, with statues above, as was often done in the Roman baths and basilicas, so as to form an open screen. By this great central feature the sculpture-halls are divided into two long and two short courts.

Doors on the sides of the longer courts give access to the ends of a series of twenty-four picture-galleries, which are made of the standard height and width of 30 feet, and 60 feet long, thus affording for each gallery about 2500 feet of wall-space available for hanging, this being a convenient unit for dividing the collection into groups according to character or nationality. At the outer ends of these transverse galleries, opposite doors open into larger longitudinal intercepting galleries, about 40 feet wide, forming the envelop of the building. At one end these longitudinal galleries communicate with the shorter or transverse courts of sculpture, and, at the other, with corner pavilions, 50 feet square. In this manner nearly 100,000 square feet of hanging-space are ob-

tained in a series of communicating galleries, so contrived as to facilitate classification, and the parallelogram of the plan is completed, becoming compact, articulate, and orderly, justifiable by considerations of circulation, economy of space, convenience, and construction, and, as we shall presently discover, leading directly to a symmetrical disposition of exterior masses, which will compose architecturally with dignity and elegance, and without the necessity of having forced upon them any feature of importance not already suggested by the structure itself.

As regards the exterior, the objects of this building seemed very clearly to invite a monumental expression, set forth in terms connected with the evolution of the highest civilizations in history, associated with the greatest triumphs of art, established by the usages of the greatest masters, and formulated by the schools and academies of all nations. It was necessary that it should be pure, formal, and stately, entirely free from caprice or playfulness, refined by scrupulous elegance of detail, and enriched by every device of decorative sculpture which could be consistently recalled from historic art, so that, when completed, it should be fit to enshrine the figures and groups in marble and bronze, the paintings in oil, water-color, and fresco, the carvings in ivory, wood, and marble, the bas-reliefs, engravings, etchings, and drawings, by which the century is taking its rank in history. It is evident that any design not strictly ordained by academic principles and practice, any design indebted to semibarbaric or romantic precedents, impressed with personal idiosyncrasies, or in any way experimental, would, under the circumstances, be out of harmony with the purposes of the building. Indeed, the building itself should be in sympathy with its contents, and as nearly all dogmas of modern art are more or less directly derived through pagan, Christian, or Renaissance experience from classic models, it was evident that the shrine which was to contain them, if Greek in character, would respond to every mood and principle of artistic expression.

The scheme of this building, as already outlined in plan developed in block-elevation, is an extensive parallelogram of flat-roofed skylighted buildings, about 47 feet high, raised upon a continuous basement 9 feet high, and emphasized at the corners by projecting pavilions 50 feet square and of the same height as the rest; while, above this low-lying mass, the clear-stories and roofs of the central, longitudinal, and transverse courts clearly detach themselves in long level sky-lines, generating in the middle of each façade some form of boldly projecting entrance-porch, and, at the crossing of the courts in the middle of the plan, culminating in a domi-

cal feature, which must be made about 155 feet high from the ground in order to be adequate to its functions.

Of course the arrangement of plan in any building, however utilitarian, when developed in elevation, is capable of some degree of architectural expression, either symmetrical or picturesque, as the conditions may invite; and this expression must be based upon considerations of structure and usage. Thus, even the most uncompromising of structural forms, as a grain elevator, or a block of commercial buildings, by decorative treatment may be elevated into a work of art without impairing any of its characteristic functions of utility. But, in laying out his scheme, the architect cannot but mentally anticipate its ultimate appearance when built, and naturally prefers those alternative arrangements of plan which are most capable of architectural effect. So in the present building, Mr. Atwood, in composing his plan, did not permit himself to be embarrassed by unnecessary difficulties in exterior expression through want of prudent foresight. It was hardly by accident, therefore, that the combination of masses which we have seen taking shape lent themselves to what might be called a Renaissance development of pure Greek forms. In considering the conversion of these prosaic masses of utility into the poetry of art, the architect assumed as his key-note the beautiful Ionic of the portico of Athena Polias in the Erechtheum, as suggesting a degree of refinement and elegance of detail less redundant but more exact than the Corinthian of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, less chaste and severe than the Doric of the Parthenon, but happily combining the qualities of both. Unlike any of the buildings which we have been considering, no light is derived through the outer walls (these being the walls of picture-galleries), which, therefore, structurally must be left plain. To obtain a play of light and shadow upon these windowless surfaces, and to make them interesting, the architect, following the Greek method of placing in front of the plain cella walls of the temples a screen, or peristyle, established an Ionic colonnade about 8 feet from his walls, composed of columns 27 feet high, set 10 feet on centers, and resting on the basement, or stylobate, of which we have spoken. Thus a continuous loggia, or sheltered ambulatory, is formed, extending between the bold projection of the central porch on each front and the slighter projection of the corner pavilions, giving to the long curtain-walls a decoration entirely classic in character.

The main entrance in the center of each long front is architecturally distinguished by what is technically known as a *tetrastyle portico in antis*, that is, a portico of four great Ionic columns, 40½ feet high, set between two three-quarter

columns built into the jambs of a great opening pierced in the projecting outer wall of the sculpture-court, thus forming an open screen in front of a deep vestibule. This portico is approached by a noble flight of steps with a statue of Minerva in the center thereof, and over this portico is placed an attic, of which the pilasters, corresponding to the columns below, are faced with caryatid figures or telamones, 14 feet high, like those in the clearstory of the Greek temple at Agrigento, thus bringing the upper cornice of the portico to a height of 73 feet, the whole attic being continuous with the clearstory of the courts, and securing an important bond of architectural unity for the composition. This portico is finished with an enriched pediment, which serves as the decorative expression on the façade of the pitched roof of the courts. Just above the point where these court-roofs abut against the square substructure of the central dome a simpler form of pediment is repeated, this being the external development of the interior columnar entrances to the central domical hall or tribune, to which we have already referred. Above these pediments the square substructure of the central feature finishes with a cornice and crest, preparatory to the round drum and low dome which crown the whole mass. A corresponding but inferior portico, with only two columns *in antis*, is established for the center of the end façades.

The marked predominance on the principal fronts of a boldly projecting portico 73 feet high (representing the courts), while on each side of the portico are long stretches of colonnades only 56 feet high (representing the picture-galleries), was found to be too great, giving a transition too sudden from high to low. This difficulty of composition the architect ingeniously remedied by flanking the mass of this portico with two pavilions of intermediate projection about 30 feet wide, to correspond with the divisions of the plan. These pavilions he made of the same height as the galleries, and faced them with small caryatid blank porticos, suggested by that of the Erechtheum. Behind these pavilions, in the four internal angles formed at the junction of the longitudinal and transverse courts, are circular staircases, giving access to the system of balconies around these courts. The domes covering these staircases are so developed externally as to perform a similar service of preparation at the corners of the square substructure of the great central dome. The corner pavilions the architect decorated with flat pedimented porticos, and the light iron colonnettes supporting the interior balconies and the roofs of the courts are modeled after suggestions in the painted architecture on the walls of Pompeii.

It is a part of the scheme to make the numerous statues, friezes, and other decorations,

in the round and in relief, replicas of the greatest masterpieces of Greek and Renaissance art, so that the building itself shall be a museum, not of historical sculpture only, but of painting.

It is fortunate that the opportunity of presenting in this building a monument which internally and externally should be a specimen of serious and elegant academic architecture has been improved in a manner so scholarly and so loyal to traditions. We present this composition in geometrical elevation and plan, so that the eye may at once perceive how exterior and interior have grown together, the former becoming an architectural expression of the latter, and the latter yielding no point of convenience or economy to adjust itself to any preconceived theory of design. The whole is an artistic organism, delicately poised, in which use and beauty find themselves in a condition of perfect harmony.

There is no building on the grounds which we should more regret to see destroyed at the conclusion of the Exposition than this beautiful monument. Its essential structure is, as we have seen, fire-proof; only its porticos, its peristyles, and its exterior decorative details are temporary. These could be so readily replaced by permanent construction in the same form, that the architects of all the buildings hope it may be permitted to remain as the most appropriate and worthy memorial of the Exposition of 1893.

We have seen that the Fisheries Pavilion, with its tentacle-like arms, is closely nested in the indentations of the northern margin of the estuary which connects the waters of the Lagoon with the lake. On the opposite side of this estuary is the northern or water front of the United States Government Pavilion, the longitudinal axis of which, extended northward, passes through the center of the Fisheries Pavilion, and, extended southward, forms also the longitudinal axis of the immense palace of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts.

By this axial system the group of buildings on the lake-side is architecturally allied with the main groups around the great basin and its connecting canals, the Transportation Building, on the shoreward side of the Lagoon, having corresponding relations with them. The largest and most important structures of the Exposition thus have a mutual correspondence, which is of the utmost value in the expression of dignity and purpose. The other great pavilions (the Horticultural, the Woman's, the Illinois State, and the Art buildings) are ranged with the lines of city avenues and streets on another axial system. But this divergence of lines is masked by the interposition of the Lagoon, with its wooded and winding shores.

In the Government Building the departments of War, Agriculture, and the Interior, and the National Museum required each a space of about 20,000 feet; while the National Fisheries Commission, the Post-office, and the departments of State, Justice, and the Treasury, with the other public offices, each demanded spaces varying from 18,000 to 1600 feet. These departments combined demanded about 148,000 feet of floor-space, with considerable additional accommodation for offices of administration, and special collections in galleries. These considerations dictated for the building a length of 420 feet on the axial line, to which we have referred, and a width of 350. The naval exhibit is to be held in a separate structure, built in the lake, east of the National Building, on the exact model of a first-class modern armored battle-ship, fully equipped and manned, lying alongside a mole extended from the shore. The level area between the building and the lake provides outside accommodation for a model marine hospital, for the apparatus and daily exercise of a life-saving station, for a naval observatory, for the experimental plantation and irrigation exhibit of the Agricultural Department, and for the parade-ground of an encampment of United States troops. The Lighthouse Board has its exhibit at the end of the pier of which we have spoken.

For the main building of the Government exhibit the supervising architect of the Treasury Department, Mr. W. J. Edbrooke, conceived a structure occupying the entire area of which we have spoken in such a manner as to obtain a vast uninterrupted hall, in which whatever subdivisions might be required should be effected by partitions having no structural significance. By six ranges of columns set 25 feet on centers he secured support for seven parallel longitudinal aisles, each 50 feet wide, of which four, including the outer aisles, are high, with pitched or gabled roofs, and the other three, alternating with these, are low with segmentally arched roofs, over which the high aisles obtain a well-distributed light throughout the interior by a range of clearstory windows. These longitudinal aisles are crossed transversely in the center by a higher transept, consisting of a nave, or main hall, 40 feet wide, flanked by double 20-foot aisles.

From a decorative point of view, it was evident that a lofty central, culminating feature must be introduced, of sufficient importance to confer peculiar distinction upon an architectural composition which must stand among the other buildings of the Exposition as an adequate representative of national dignity. The architect, therefore, built in the center of this

complex of longitudinal and transverse roofs a dome 120 feet in diameter and 25 feet high from the floor, so that it should dominate the wide-spreading and comparatively low-lying mass of the building from every point of view. Below the roofs this domical structure appears in the middle of the great hall as a central octagonal tribune, or chamber, of which each side, 50 feet wide, is pierced by an arch; above the roof it assumes the form of a sixteen-sided drum, or podium, decorated on each face with an order of coupled arched windows between pilasters, from which spring the ribs of a dome 78 feet high, embellished by lucarnes. A lofty lantern completes the upward movement of the sky-lines, and a corbeled, aerial balcony is introduced as the base of the lantern to give animation and lightness to this most sensitive part of the design.

The architectural character of the inclosing walls of the building must of course depend upon the skill with which the architect has made use of the suggestions of the general plan. The requisite height for a great hall 420 by 350 feet, with galleries across the north and south ends and in the aisles of the transept, gives 45½ feet as the general height of the façades, above which is placed a balustrade to mask the roof-system. We have seen that the loftiest part of this roof-system is in the transept. This feature compels recognition in the central pavilions of the long east and west fronts, which become the principal portals of the building. Each of these pavilions is composed of five members or divisions, corresponding in position and width to the transept and its two aisles on each side. The three central divisions are carried 30½ feet, and the two outer divisions 6 feet, higher than the main cornice. All finish with level sky-lines, but the three middle divisions are crowned, the central one by a typical group of figures, and the other two by national eagles mounted on octagonal pedestals. The idea of the portal is adequately expressed by a central arch, occupying the whole width of the transept, and springing from the level of the main cornice of the building, which is continued across all the pavilions as a string-course.

The structure and dimensions of the outer longitudinal aisles developed in elevation produce a curtain-wall in four 25-foot bays, coincident with the spacing of the columns within, each bay being treated with a great arched window, divided horizontally by a transom or string-course, corresponding with the level of the interior galleries and continued all around the façades. These bays are separated by buttress-piers of slight projection, and on each angle of the building a corner pavilion, 50 feet square, covered with a low square dome, is nat-

urally evolved from the conditions of the plan. Each front of these corner pavilions has a glazed arched opening set between two narrow subordinate pavilions. On the north and south fronts the gable-ends of the longitudinal aisles produce an architectural composition wherein the three central aisles are expressed in a boldly projecting triple entrance-pylon, carefully subordinated to the main entrances on the east and west fronts, the outer aisles in two corner pavilions, and the intermediate lower aisles in a correspondingly depressed frontage 50 feet wide, covered with an ornamented segmental gable, following the roof-lines. Thus it will be seen that the main features of the façades are the direct decorative or architectural expression of the plan, and the design, as a composition of masses, is articulate and reasonable.

The Government architectural office, which designs and constructs more great buildings than any ten private architectural offices in the world, can accomplish its prodigious work only by traditions which are the result of organization and discipline. These traditions have assumed form, more or less definite, under the administration of a succession of supervising architects, who, having found it physically impossible to give to each of the forty or fifty public monuments always simultaneously developing under their charge the study and thought necessary to a work of art, have been constrained to establish formulas of design by which, with the assistance of intelligent and trained subordinates, work might be produced which, if necessarily cold and conventional, should at least be orderly and have the merit of correctness. The characteristics of most of our national buildings may be explained by the conditions under which they have been designed, and therefore no one thinks of regarding them—as the corresponding structures in other civilized nations are regarded—as the highest and most deliberate expressions of national genius in architecture. They are big, costly, and, for the most part, soundly built of the most perfect materials, and with the best workmanship; but with some few exceptions, it has been practically impossible for them to exhibit those qualities of refinement, beauty, and fitness which can come only from special, artistic study, and from that sort of inspiration which results from taking pains. They represent our talent for organization, but not our talent for art. The efforts of the American Institute of Architects to obtain legislation whereby the designs for Government buildings may, by direct selection, or by some adequate and just method of competition, be thrown into the hands of the best architects of the country—as is the case among other civilized nations—should, for these reasons, have the warm sympathy

and coöperation of all who desire to see this great nation take its proper rank in the history of architecture. Until this is done, our national monuments will continue to be significant rather of our wealth than of our art.

The present architect of the Treasury Department, handicapped, as he is, by prodigious preoccupations and responsibilities, is to be congratulated on what he has been able to accomplish in the architectural outlines of the Government Building. We have seen that its main features are coördinate in plan and elevation; that a well-ordered project has been outlined with every proper regard for symmetry, for lighting, for economical structure, and for the due relation of important to inferior parts; and that as a whole the masses are well balanced. The design is based on Renaissance formulas, but, in respect to detail, when compared with the other buildings of the Exposition in the same style, it will be found to have the true Government stamp. The mind of the master has dictated successfully the general scheme, but the detail, in its facile but crude invention, in its profuse but unimaginative use of conventional phrases and symbols, betrays the fact that it has been developed officially and without the benefit of the master's honest and patient study. The fruits of such study, in the designs of most of the other buildings, which unavoidably challenge comparison with it, are visible in their intelligent respect for historical precedent, and in their knowledge of its proper use in the evolution of modern work, in the refinement and purity of their lines, in the clearness and delicacy of their expression, in their reserve of power, and in the fastidious conscience which has patiently chastened and corrected, has been prodigal of labor in rejecting and amending, and has thus made the work sensitive, elegant, and scholarly. The design of these buildings developed slowly in what Matthew Arnold would call an atmosphere of "sweetness and light." In fact, the organized division of labor in the office of the Government architect must of necessity be fundamentally inimical to the cultivation of true artistic feeling. The work which has resulted, with some few notable exceptions perhaps, constitutes a class by itself, peculiarly mechanical and automatic in character, and, for the most part, destitute of that sort of interest which comes from individuality of expression, and from studious adaptation to conditions of use, site, climate, materials, and environment. This official administration of design, whereby the public work is turned off with the most businesslike expedition, has played no unimportant part in the creation or encouragement of a certain architectural vernacular in our country, through the baneful imitations of untrained architects in private

practice. This vernacular will continue to be a reproach to us until the true artist has had opportunity to express himself in our public monuments with the same deliberation which he has shown, and is showing, in his private work, and thus to create a school for a more healthy cultivation of style. Whatever qualities of individuality may have characterized and given interest to the private work of the Government architects, before and after they have taken upon themselves the burden of this office, these qualities have almost invariably disappeared while under the powerful influence of the Government system. These gentlemen have been like the Greek artists, who lost their peculiar and delicate power when they became the servants of Roman masters. They have been compelled to content themselves with the show and not the substance of art, and to acknowledge as their own a succession of cold and formal official monuments, in which the smallest amount of design has to do the largest service by unimaginative but costly repetitions, and which differ one from the other only by reason of the amount of the appropriation in each case, and, to a certain extent, because of the difference in their requirements, not according to the personal quality of the architect who has given to them the respectability of his name. He has laid aside his function as an artist, and has become a creature of politics, of administration, of classifications, and of formalisms.

If our Government could place the designing of its buildings in the hands of architects

who have proved their ability to do justice to such great opportunities for professional distinction, the art of architecture would not only receive the encouragement which is due to it from one of the most enlightened nations of the world, but our public monuments would at last adequately express our civilization. In England, in France, in Germany, and, indeed, in all the great European countries, the public buildings are their highest and most characteristic efforts in art. It is the ambition of every architect to make himself worthy to be employed upon them. They constitute the great prizes of the profession. We cross the Atlantic to see the cities which they have made beautiful. In our own country enough of treasure has been appropriated for national buildings, and spent on them, to make our cities equally noble and attractive. But under the present system these opportunities have been worse than lost; for they have encouraged an unnecessary extravagance of expenditure without adequate return, and they offer no higher type to be accepted as the expression of our civilization than respectable conventionality and organized commonplace.

If the suggestive contrasts of quality in the buildings of the Exposition should serve no higher purpose than as an object-lesson to our legislators, teaching them that their responsibilities in respect to our national architecture are not properly discharged by maintaining a costly architectural factory in Washington, the unsubstantial pageant of Jackson Park will not have been in vain.

Henry Van Brunt.



THALASSA.

O BEST beloved, give me of thy rest !
 If I might lay my worn and aching frame
 Along the hollow of thy mighty hand,
 Where now thy pliant fingers grip the land,
 Or feel the snow-white summits of thy breast,
 Fair as the three-formed huntress maiden's fame,
 Rock slow beneath me, slow and deep and strong,
 Keeping the rhythm of that old cradle-song
 The morning stars sang to the infant world —
 Then would the lids of sleep drop down unfurled,
 And I should slumber in enchanted ease
 Between thy serrated infinities,
 As on the airy bosom of the west
 Sleeps yonder star, a nursling of the skies.
 Thalassa ! thou art the incarnate rest ;
 In thy great heart immortal stillness lies.

W. J. Henderson.

THE VILLAGE ALIEN.



AN August sun was beating down on Strathboro'. The little town wore a strange aspect. An intelligent bird, coming from afar, and flying over houses, yards, and gardens, might have realized something curious in the look of things.

The square surrounding the court-house and lined with shops was utterly deserted; the shop-shutters were generally up, and the court-house, which had no shutters, showed the need of them in many a shattered pane of glass, which gave it an air of degraded desolation. Both in the square and beyond, grass and weeds overgrew, in a disorderly, squalid way, many an unaccustomed spot. The ample gardens behind the houses were oftener a tangle of luxuriant untrained growths; the asparagus-beds flung out their feathery foliage in great spreading masses, and against them the ironweed and ragweed and Jamestown-weed grew tall and lusty, and among these climbed wild morning-glories. At one side, perhaps, would be a little patch of cultivated ground, where a few sweet-potatoes and a little corn took up most of the room.

Not a man was to be seen anywhere, but now and again a sunbonneted woman, or several sunbonneted women together, would pass from one house to another.

Inside the houses, or on their shaded galleries, groups, still altogether feminine, were gathered, talking with an air curiously uniting listlessness and restlessness, apathy and anxiety.

The truth was, they had special immediate cause for fear, but they suffered so long and so much in similar ways, that in many the capacity for keen feeling was blunted. Yet they would have told you that they suffered none the less because they suffered dully.

It was in 1863. The Federal forces under General Paine were in possession of this part of Tennessee, and their headquarters were at Tullahoma, not fifteen miles away.

Strathboro' had been well stripped of men for many a day, even the fourteen- and fifteen-year-old boys were away fighting; but until this morning a few male persons were to be seen about, and though usually they were old or sick or deformed, the sight was a comfort to the weary eyes of the womankind. Rightly or wrongly, they now involuntarily felt as never before the superiority of the dominating sex; it was they who were fighting out this war, and even the least awe-inspiring man represented

the power that carried Fate in its hand. And now, to-day, here they were, left without a man—a white man, that is—in Strathboro'. No, not literally without one; Uncle Billy Caldwell, aged eighty-two, still sat at home in his big chair, quivering and bewildered, and Blossier, the Frenchman, was also left behind.

This peculiar state of things was brought about by General Paine in his efforts to stop sudden rebel raids upon his bridges, railroads, and telegraph-wires. These attacks were always made, and the offenders gone, before punishment could reach them, and, under fresh provocation, General Paine had conceived the idea of holding the few remaining and helpless male citizens of Strathboro' responsible for the doings of the soldiers he could not catch. So, this morning an armed squad had descended upon the disheartened little town, and had marched off to Tullahoma the lame, the halt, and the blind. Falstaff's army was a robust body compared to this handful of mutinous spirits.

Uncle Billy Caldwell was not only eighty-two, but he weighed nearly three hundred pounds; if taken, he was obviously sure to die on the way, and that would inevitably cause some delay and inconvenience, so it was plainly discreet that he be left behind: but as to the Frenchman, there was no logical reason for the leniency shown him; it was simply that the Anglo-Saxon conquerors had, in common with the Anglo-Saxon conquered, so deep a feeling of his foreignness that he seemed outside of humankind. The question of taking him to Tullahoma was dismissed with a grin, as it might have been had it referred to one of Uncle Billy's ancient hounds. But old Blossier himself, naturally, took no such view of the matter. He understood English very imperfectly, but he believed that France was honored in his person; and he had his ragged straw hat pressed to his bosom as he bowed low to the officer in command, before beginning to express, as best he could, between the two languages, his gratified sense of their regard for *la belle France*, when lo, he raised his head, and officer and men were gone, hurrying, backs toward him, up the street!

Strathboro' people would have considered old Blossier crazy if they had not felt, obscurely, that such an opinion included an admission that he had once been sane—an admission so unthinkable that they contented themselves with explaining everything on the ground that he was a Frenchman.

Yes, he was a Frenchman; that was still clear to even his poor confused brain, though little else autobiographical was. He was not old in years, not much more than forty, but the adjective was more than an epithet: it was descriptive of his relation to life. How he had drifted to Strathboro' he would have found it hard to tell. He had dim memories of barricades and dangers, and swelling emotions in his youth, and he cherished them, and around them gathered vague sentiments of patriotism that still stirred within him at the mention of France and of liberty; but the changes of the years had been too much for his powers of synthesis. He had been hustled through too many and too varied scenes; he could not untangle the coil of memory; he was confused; he gave it up; he lived on from day to day.

For five years he had so lived in Strathboro'. He maintained himself by doing odd jobs of many kinds, nursing the sick, laying out gardens—particularly flower-gardens—and tending them, mending furniture, painting indoor woodwork, making odd toys—children particularly adored them. In fact, he did all these things and others uncommonly well, else, in this slave-owning community, he would have had nothing to do. He never had much, and the war had not increased his income; but he lived, somehow, in the queer little hut he had built himself in a worn-out, abandoned field at "the edge of town," and he had so far redeemed a portion of the exhausted land as to have a flourishing bit of garden at his door, which of course was a great help for the summer. He did not return in kind the good-natured, curious contempt Strathboro' felt for him. No, in his muddled way he was cosmopolitan, and felt for his neighbors a regard that in some cases was almost affection; and now to-day as he stood in the middle of the old turnpike and watched his feeble and saddened fellow-townsmen as they started with their armed escort upon their long, hot march, his heart yearned with anxiety for them. He had nursed Mr. Patten through that spell of typhoid fever that had left him so weak; he remembered Jimmie Pembroke's broken leg, never properly set, and how much walking always started it hurting; he looked up at the lofty head of old Judge Caldwell with pitying awe, and wondered how the soldiers could thus humiliate dignity and worth: but it was when his eye turned back to the hollow-eyed, staring women, hanging over gates, and out of windows, and forth from gallery steps to see the last of the prisoners, that his feelings choked him. He alone was left to care for them.

In after years this whole incident took a humorous tone in Strathboro' traditions, but the comical side of it was pretty well lost sight

of at the time. Several citizens, on suspicion of aiding in the depredations of soldiers and bushwhackers, had been shot recently in that same Tullahoma camp, and now the wrathful general was swearing that he would keep his communications open if he had to kill every man along the whole line of the railroad. The sunlight seemed a glare rather than a radiance in Strathboro' that day.

Over the hill the marching men passed out of sight, leaving a faint trail of dust, like smoke, behind them. Blossier went up the street and stopped at Mrs. Pembroke's gate. She was a widow, and Jimmy, whose lame leg Blossier so sorrowfully remembered, was her only son. She sat on her front steps, her gray, disordered head in her hands. Blossier bared his, as he stood there, silent.

"Oh, they did n't take you!" was Miss Catherine's salutation when she finally saw him. "*Non*, madame, I rest here for to protect ze ladies. I am rejoice to aid you of any manière. Zee government regard my country, *voilà je*—how you say—I is here. Command Blossier, madame."

"There ain't anything you can do," said Miss Catherine, wearily, and she got up and went into the house; she thought it hard that she must be bothered by old Blossy just then.

As evening drew on, Blossier reflected that in the long silent stretch of the night would lie the severest trial to "the ladies'" strained nerves. He put himself in their place, and conjured up what he conceived to be the fears hovering in their imaginations. His good offices had not been rejected always, during the day. He had helped one woman with her fretful sick child, he had brought wood and water for others who were deserted by their servants; but what could he do at night?

He was sitting in his cabin, gazing westward into a serene, cloudless, primrose sky; as he got up and turned indoors, his eye fell on a queer, big something in a dark bag in a dusky corner—he had an inspiration! In that bag was an old viol, a double-bass, a relic of a time, draped in the mists of antiquity, when Blossier had "assisted" in a theatrical orchestra.

Perhaps few musical instruments are less adapted to the purposes of a strolling serenader than a double-bass; but as Blossier caught sight of his, it was to a night of serenading that he dedicated it. He would systematically patrol the town, and from that double-bass should issue strains assuring the poor ladies that a friend was near and on the watch.

To be sure, as he considered the scheme, he felt keenly the limitations of a double-bass. He knew that his was not even good of its kind. He had regretted before that Fate, at the time she made music his resource, had not thrown a

more companionable instrument into his hands, but never before did he feel its galling deficiencies as now. Why, a fife would be better!

Blossier felt the picturesque and poetical element in his plan, and that it was odious to be obliged to depend on such means for its execution. However, there was no chance of getting a fife and learning to play it within an hour, so he soon contrived more optimistic views of the case as it stood. A bass-viol gave forth, at all events, a very strong masculine sound, well calculated to convey assurances of protection!

He put himself again into his ragged coat, again took up his ragged straw hat, and started forth to inform the ladies of his intentions; there would be nothing comforting in it if in the night that heavy scraping boom took them unawares. "*Au contraire*," he said gravely to himself.

It was not hard to spread the news. The women were concentrating their weakness for the night; scattered relatives were flocking together to spend it at the most central house of the clan; the women living on the outskirts of the village came over the bridge, or down the turnpike, or up the stage-road, as the case might be, to lodge for the time being with neighbors more closely neighbored than themselves. The general trepidation passed the bounds of reason. Many Strathboro' households had been exclusively feminine for many months,—yes, years,—their natural protectors had been long endangered beyond the chances of this misadventure; but with a solidarity of sentiment that did them credit, the women all agreed to suffer in kind with those who had special cause for alarm, and uncommon fear prevailed.

Blossier was a little man, a little, thin, dim, hay-colored man, but with so French a face, and of a type so associated in our minds with dark coloring, that it seemed as if he must have faded to his present tints after centuries of exposure to the weather.

The viol was much taller than was he, and, you may be sure, after he began his patrol at ten o'clock, he soon found more reasons than sentimental ones for wishing it something else.

On his first round he stopped in front of every door on one side of the street, and boomed forth a few deeply buzzing bars of the "*Marseillaise*," or still more unfamiliar and dislocated strains from "*Orphée aux Enfers*."

He had vague doubts as to the appropriateness of Offenbach, but the jolly fragments he remembered titillated his own Gallic nerves so delightfully after the emotional tension of the song of patriotism and the exhaustion of carrying the viol, that he concluded the ladies too must surely find them cheering.

Some of them confessed afterward that they were comforted by these sounds as of a gi-

gantic bumblebee in musical practice; others said they were so queer and foreign-like that they made them lonelier than before; they fairly "honed" to hear even that old fiddle grumble out an attempt at "Dixey," or "Juliana Johnson Coming to Town." The night wore on.

And oh, how slow that keen-eyed star
Has tracked the chilly gray!
What, watching yet! how very far
The morning lies away!

Mrs. Pembroke, moved by a half-conscious remorse for her daylight ungraciousness, came out to her gate as Blossier stopped there for the second time, and asked him in to have "a dram and a snack."

Pretty Miss Molly Boon called to him once, as he went by her mother's house, and asked him to come in and help her move a sick child. Miss Molly gave him a cup of coffee. The east was gray with the welling dawn when Blossier, weary enough, stopped before the last house at the end of a street—his bow arm dropped, his eyes fastened themselves on a corner of the house—yes; there it was, fire! a curling spit of flame leaped, vivid in the darkness, around the corner, above the floor of the porch.

The double-bass fell. Blossier ran up the walk; before he could reach the house the sneaking flame had grown bolder, it had fastened itself into the wooden pillar by the wall. He shouted; he threw a stone at the door as he ran; around the corner the fire was bursting up from a pile of debris against the wall; it caught like teeth in the dry clapboards; the porch-pillar was burning. Blossier ran in upon the blazing stuff; he had torn off his coat and wrapped it around his fists, and he kicked and knocked the brands far out into the gravel walk and the grass. Two women were now beside him. It looked as if the house would go; the little flames were burning merrily. That meant that most of the town would go, for a fine dawn wind was springing up. They brought buckets of water and a ladder, and meanwhile Blossier was whipping the fire with a shovel that he had caught from one of them. He contrived to command the women without losing a second; he made them pour water from the floor above; he fought like a fiend. Suddenly a memory of the barricades rose clear and sharp within him as he had not remembered them for years; the spirit of war swelled like a trumpet's note within the little man, and his soul responded to its own cry for the salvation of "*les femmes et les enfants*."

It was a sight to see, the alien, old Blossy, in the weird growing light, his life in his hand, his clothes burning upon him, his face scorched and smoke-blackened, fighting, at the close quarters of a death-struggle, an enemy that was not his enemy, gaining a victory that did not save him!

The joyous light was pouring over the summer earth in delicate, elating wavelets when the last flame flickered out, and Blossier fell amid the cinders as if he too were gone.

The crying women—one white, one black—bent over him. The old negress started to lift him, but her mistress caught her arm.

"A'nt 'Cindy," she said, "take his feet," and she pushed the servant aside, and stooped herself over the ghastly face.

"Miss Jane," said the other, "I kin tote him by m'se'f. You 's too trembly—"

"I 'll help tote this man into my house myself, A'nt 'Cindy," was Jane M'Grath's answer; and together they lifted their burden.

"Into the spare room," said she in the hall. Her voice was clear and hard, while her tears, falling like quiet rain on Blossier's face, were making little white blots and streaks there.

In the beginning of the conflict, Mrs. M'Grath had set her five-year-old daughter on the gravel walk by the front gate, out of harm's way, and told her to stay there. There she still sat, crying lustily.

"Go over after Miss Mary Bell Croft," Miss Jane now commanded Aunt 'Cindy, "and take Janey with you, and leave her there; the children 'll look after her a while."

As she spoke she was cutting his clothes away from Blossier; his arms seemed badly burnt. She saw this had better be done before he came to himself.

"Do you know the news?" called Mrs. Pembroke to Mrs. Kitchens, across the way, hurrying out to the front gate, while her breakfast was being put on the table. "The town came within an ace of burning to the ground, lock, stock, and barrel, last night. Jane M'Grath's house was afire, and old Blossy—Mr. Blossy I reckon I feel like calling him to-day—put it out, and he got burnt mighty bad. Old A'nt 'Cindy came over hours ago to fetch Mary Bell to come help Jane fix him. They ain't got no idea how it caught. The children—A'nt 'Cindy's grandchildren and little Janey—had been piling up some rubbish 'gainst the wall, making a play-house, and that was where the fire begun. You never can tell what children are up to; like as not they 'd been trying to roast corn or something. There was a right smart south wind blowing early, and if Jane's house had got fairly caught—No; 'Cindy said they did n't think Blossy was burnt dangerous. Yes; you're right: he is lucky to be in Jane's hands. Jane ain't smart, but she's mighty clever. It's a wonder I did n't see the whole thing. I was up and down all over the house most of the night, and I heard that poor thing scraping and bomming on that there big fiddle of his, all over the town. Yes, it was kind o' company; but I lay down 'bout daybreak, and got to snoozing after 'while.

Mary and little Mary stayed mighty still. I never heard 'em up and down none after eleven o'clock, but Mary says she never slept two hours. But I tell you, a man never has the wife that 'll worry over him like his mother. I feel like I 'll walk to Tullahoma myself to-day, if I can't find out something 'bout Jimmy any other way," and Miss Catherine wiped her eyes as she turned toward the house, calling, "Yes; I'm coming," in answer to a second shrill warning that breakfast was waiting, and leaving Mrs. Kitchens still struggling to get in her account of how she spent the night.

This was about as much impression as the incident of the fire made anywhere; the town had come near burning down, but it had n't; old Blossy had saved it. There was something a little embarrassing about this: it made the usual tone about him seem, just at the time, ungracious; yet what other tone was there to take?

Anyhow, Jane M'Grath was taking care of him, and if she wanted help she knew where to ask for it, and—when were the men coming home from Tullahoma, and how were things with them?

Yes, it was well for Blossier that it was Jane M'Grath's house he had saved; it was well that it was on her, and not on another, fell most directly the debt of gratitude that the whole village owed him, but which the village was too stupid and insensible, too preoccupied and too selfish, to realize and acknowledge. Jane M'Grath was accounted in Strathboro' a particularly dull woman. Strathboro' cared a good deal for what it called smartness, and carefully classified all examples thereof as either bright or deep; but Jane M'Grath, whom they had known all her life, was, as was well known, not smart, neither bright nor deep, though she was clever—that is, good-natured, kindly, easy to get on with. Jane was more than good-natured; she was good—good with that positive quality of character that cheapens everything else in this world by comparison: and she was the furthest thing in the world from a fool; she was a wise woman.

Strathboro' did not count the conduct of life among the achievements of smartness, though it valued that too, and gave Jane a certain meed of appreciation as a wife, a mother, and a housekeeper.

Jane put her views of life's duties into no words. She did not think in words; she made about as much use of language as your horse might, for convenience, if he could.

One day as Blossier, his swathed hands on a pillow before him, sat in a big wooden rocking-chair in a wide, dim, breezy hall, sunshiny outdoors before and behind him, it occurred to him that he was getting well too fast. Janey,

according to orders, was playing on the gallery, within sound of his voice, so that he could call her "if he wanted anything,"—not that Blossier had been known to want anything since he had been in the house.

Aunt 'Cindy's voice, softened by the distance to the kitchen, rose and fell on the pleasant air in religious fervor; and up-stairs Jane M'Grath's footsteps could be heard. The men had all come back from Tullahoma a week before, but Andy M'Grath was not among them; he had been in the field a year, and two more were to elapse before he should return. Jane felt that the entire weight of their debt to Blossier devolved for the time upon her.

Janey's moon-face appeared at the door,—she felt it incumbent on her to come and look at her charge occasionally,—then, seized with a sudden impulse, she clambered down the steps, disappeared, and in a moment was laboriously climbing back again, with a very big marigold in her hand. She trotted to Blossier, her bare feet softly patting the bare floor, started to hold it out to him, remembered the swathed hands, and held it up, tiptoeing, to his nose. Flowers were to be smelled in Janey's creed, without petty distinctions as to odors.

"*Merçi*," smiled Blossier, as she laid the happy yellow thing on his pillowed lap; "*ne comprenez vous pas? Non?*"

The child stood looking in his face, grave and silent, ready to see what this odd creature would do next.

Jane had come down the stairs, and was standing looking on; at the same moment, then and there, she and Blossier each became possessed of an idea—small ones to be sure, but destined to become pregnant.

Blossier's blinking little lashless eyes (the lashes had been white, so their absence made no great difference in his appearance) were fixed on the curl-rags that tied up Janey's straight brown locks. Jane herself was a simple, plain body, not given to considering the decorative side of life, but she did sorely want curly hair for her child! Blossier's mind reverted to a hair-dresser he had once known in New Orleans—if he only had such a pair of tongs as that man used he was sure he could, when his hands got well, curl Janey's hair to a marvel; and how pleasant it would be to come and do it every day. Vague vistas of usefulness to this worshipful hostess opened up cheerily before him.

The dear dumb Jane was remembering certain Strathboro' girls who had gone to boarding-schools where they had studied French,—everybody knew they had; it was often mentioned in their honor,—but she had heard some very smart people—Judge Caldwell, for instance—say they did n't believe they could

speaking it, and Judge Caldwell mentioned that he had Northern folks who got French nurses for their children, so that they learned to talk French when they were little. Why (this preface and conclusion came all but simultaneously in Jane's mind)—why could n't Janey learn it from Mr. Blossy, and why could n't other children learn from Mr. Blossy (she had a pang here at giving up the hope of a lonely eminence of learning for Janey), and thus Mr. Blossy be lifted to the dignity and prosperity of a teacher? That might indeed be a payment on the debt of gratitude.

Janey looked at her marigold with thoughts of reclaiming it—it seemed unappropriated, unappreciated, lying there on the pillow; and then she heard the coaxing voice of Aunt 'Cindy's small granddaughter calling from the big crape-myrtle tree,—she was not allowed to trespass further upon the front yard,—“Janey, Janey, I got a pooty fur ye, Janey,” and she trotted off to bestow her society where it was most prized.

Jane may not have been blessed with many ideas, but she gave profound attention to those that did visit her. She pondered all day on the possibility of Blossier becoming a teacher of French, and after supper she went over to consult Mrs. Pembroke about it.

“Of course,” she said, after she was seated on the gallery in the starlight, and had introduced her subject, “nobody can do much with the war going on, but I'm willing to make some sacrifices for Janey, and Mr. Blossy would n't expect much; we could just share what we've got with him till times are better. I'm afraid he's been awful pore lately. And, after all, the town would 'a' been 'most burned down sure if it had n't been for him, sure for a heap more as for me.”

Miss Catherine had no little children to be instructed, so Jane with difficulty and hitches got out so much suggestion of Strathboro's obligations.

“That's all true, Jane,” replied Miss Catherine, cheerfully; “but everybody ain't as anxious to recollect them kind of things as you, and as your mother was before you. I remember now how she cherished that old Mammy Dinah of yours, just for the way she nussed you when you had that terrible typhoid sickness when you was little. Seemed like she could n't do enough for that niggah when she got old and wuthless. Good niggah she was, too.”

There was a pause, and, just as Miss Catherine was again taking up the thread of reminiscence, Jane interrupted:

“Mr. Blossy ain't a niggah, and it seems kind o' dreadful to see a white man live like he does here in Strathboro'. It ain't as if he was a real poor-white either. He's got education,

I've heard tell. He reads French newspapers. He's got some now at my house."

"Well, he's a foreigner, you know, Jane. You never can tell anything about them like other people. He's been here doing niggah's work years, but it don't seem exactly like any other white man doing it. He's just a Frenchman first or last, and for them that wants to learn French, I reckon that's what they want. I s'pose it would be a good thing for the pore old body, but you can't do much, Jane, with the war going on, and the Lord only knows—" then loyalty sealed her lips against the first expression of doubt as to the conclusion and after-tale of the conflict. As to the present she was right. In those days there was small interest in Strathboro' in the acquirement of French by any means whatsoever. Jane accepted this fact, and went her own way.

Long before poor Andy M'Grath, gaunt and tattered, despairing and beaten, came back to his home, Strathboro' had become familiar with the sight of Blossier going about his work with a tiny figure by his side—a little girl with the most marvelous double rows of brown curls under her corn-shuck hat; curls as stiff and slick and regular as if they had been done out of wood with a turning-lathe. Strathboro' admired the curls unanimously, but an accomplishment of their owner filled them with an even livelier interest. That little thing could speak French—talk it right along with old Blossy!

The pair were continually called upon to demonstrate the fact.

When old Mrs. Farnley came in from the country to stay with her daughter-in-law, she was not to be convinced by the ordinary exhibition.

"You, Mr. Blossy," said she—"you go clean out there by that there crape-myrtle, and stay there where I can see you. Janey, you tell Mr. Blossy when he comes back to give me my stick—tell him in French." Janey was a little mystified, but she was used to exhibiting her French, so she successfully performed the feat required of her; and when Blossier, with a bow, handed the old lady her staff, more witnesses than one had a new realization that the strange tongue was not a meaningless jargon.

Andy M'Grath's soul was as much like Jane's as one corn-field pea is like another. The Infinite mind doubtless saw distinctions between them, and Jane knew that Andy took more sugar in his coffee than she did, and Andy knew that she would spank Janey sometimes when he would not; but so far as other human beings were concerned, they might as well have had interchangeable identities. When they got married, Mrs. Pembroke remarked to Mrs. Kitchens that it was curious to see two such good, dumb, clever, say-nothing bodies marry

each other; but then, she added, perhaps it would have been more curious yet if they had not.

Of course Andy accepted Blossier in exactly Jane's spirit. He felt a little at a loss as to how to conduct himself with a Frenchman, finding himself without social traditions on that point; but he had the best will in the world to adapt himself as well as he could to any new etiquette required. Neither he nor Jane had a touch of the usual sore contempt for ways new to them—so little may a large spirit be dependent on experience or intellectuality.

Andy had been home a week, and it was the evening after they had first persuaded Blossier to sup with them. Janey, her curls tumbled into merely human tresses, but presumably dreaming French dreams, lay in her trundle-bed; and close by, Jane and Andy sat at the window, cooling off, and, as they said, "talking things over." Jane now opened up the subject she had had so long at heart.

"Pears, Andy, like Mr. Blossy's too good to be doing niggah's work all the time. Of course with a Frenchman things is different, but seems like if he can teach Janey he might teach others."

"It pears like it would be more fitting," said Andy, seizing the idea.

"It's called a smart thing to know French; there's Babe Tucker."

"Blossy must know all about it," responded Andy again.

"Yes; I heard Judge Caldwell say years ago that he was educated."

"It's a bad time now, Jane."

"I know that, Andy, but we can just try and get him started. The war's over, and people got to educate their children quick if they're going to 't all."

"French is extry."

"Well, Blossy's right here, and a heap of houses besides ourn would have burnt down if he had n't been. It won't cost much. He'll be better off, anyhow, than working all the time like a niggah. You talk to your brother Ben, Andy; he'll like to have his girls as smart as Janey," concluded the self-sacrificing Jane, with a sigh.

TEN years from that night Judge Caldwell was saying to a guest, a lawyer from western Tennessee: "Yes, sir; Strathboro' can show more people, old and young, accomplished in the French tongue, sir, than any town—a larger proportion, sir, so accomplished—than any town in the State. There are numerous children in Strathboro' that talk French with each other together at their play, sir, sometimes. In fact, there is a little niggah here about the house somewhere now that I heard saying—

you, 'Liza, where 's that piccaninny of yours?" the Judge interrupted himself to call to a servant passing the door.

"She done sleep, Judge."

"Very well; never mind."

"Well, sir, I must let you hear that little ducky talk French in the morning. It sounds comic, it does indeed. She picked it up from my grandchildren. Strathboro' always had a literary taste. This county has produced a large proportion of the great men of middle Tennessee, Mr. Hunter,—a large proportion even take the whole State together, sir,—and owing to the circumstances I have related to you, a rivalry in the French language and literature sprang up among our people,—ladies and children, that is, chiefly,—till now, sir, almost as many of them have read 'Corinne,' sir, Madame de Staël's masterpiece, as are familiar with the 'Beulah' or 'St. Elmo' of our own Miss Evans."

The Judge spoke truly. It had come about that learning French was the game the town most affected; and Blossier was, of course, the teacher.

The tone about him had not greatly changed; a familiarity with French had not much decreased Strathboro's sense of the anomalous in the existence of a Frenchman; but the face of life had greatly altered to Blossier. Stimulated by the gentle proddings of Jane M'Grath, he had studied to fit himself for his new calling, and it had come about that he had developed a little genuine simple interest in exercising his few wits, and (bless him!) was enjoying the sweets of the intellectual life.

Moreover, though the tone of the town about him had not much altered, nevertheless its tone to him was necessarily, in the new circumstances, more friendly and considerate, and that deeply touched and pleased the little man.

He still lived by himself, but now it was in the "office," in Mrs. Pembroke's yard, and so he was within the pale of civilization, and could be looked after if he fell sick. Jane had not rested till that possibility was provided for. But Fate is apt to pass over the possibilities scrupulously provided for; Blossier had never spent a day in bed since he recovered from his burns, when one autumn the dear Jane herself sickened and died, and was laid away in that shadow village always growing, growing, silently and ominously, by Strathboro's side.

Poor Andy M'Grath was indeed left, as Aunt 'Cindy said, like the half of a pair of scissors. Yes, that was it; he was now a something absurdly useless, unnaturally unfit for existence, a something to provoke the mirth of Olympus.

How strange a thing, still strange in its awful familiarity, that a creature so inoffensive, living in dumb, helpless good faith the life thrust upon him, could seem so played upon!

At the funeral, after Jane was laid in the ground and the earth was well heaped over her, Andy turned his poor bewildered, pain-dazed eyes upon the faces about him, and amid their wearied assumption of solemnity, beneath which the usual easy little interest in the commonplace was already asserting itself, he saw Blossier, his features working convulsively, as he gazed with eyes that did not see upon the hideous mound.

It was not in Andy to feel resentment against the others; perhaps he too realized, in the depths of his wordless consciousness, that poor humanity could hardly exist except as it is "well wadded with stupidity"; but his heart went out to Blossier, and was eased a little at the sight of his grief.

He went to him and took his hand, and without a word the two men, the two piteous old children, went away together from Jane's grave.

Months went by, and Strathboro' became used to seeing them together, and had almost ceased to gossip about the queer taste Andy showed, when one June day new fuel fed the flame of popular criticism.

The week before, Blossier had overheard one of his pupils, a middle-aged, unmarried lady, say, in his class, to her nearest neighbor, that "it was a plum' shame the way poor Mrs. M'Grath's little girls was runnin' wild with nobody but Aunt 'Cindy to look after 'em, and she so old she did n't know what she was doin', anyhow," and that it was her "'pinion that pore Miss Jane would rather they had a step-ma than to have 'em left with no raisin' at all like that."

Jane had left four daughters. This little incident gave Blossier food for profound reflection. He reflected to some purpose. That night instead of going and sitting on the gallery steps, after supper, with Andy, as usual, he stopped outside the front gate, and called with a portentous, mysterious air, "Mees-tere Andee, Mees-tere Andee,—*non, non!*" in answer to the invitation to enter, and then he beckoned, still mysteriously, with sidelong, backward nods of the head, for Andy to come to him. "Howdy?" said he when Andy reached the gate, now assuming a light, *dégagé* air, totally inconsistent with his previous manner. "Come *chez-moi*, these eve-ning."

When Andy was seated on the steps of the "office," Blossier brought him a mint-julep, and with a glass of cheap claret for himself—the one luxury of his prosperity—sat down in the doorway.

"Mighty nice," said Andy, politely; "get your mint close by?"

But Blossier was so absorbed in trying to arrange his thoughts for presentation that he forgot to answer.

"Mees-tere Andee," he at last began, "your

leetle daughtere air-r much upon my meditation. I weis zey have ze bess condition possible."

Andy stopped with the uplifted glass half-way to his mouth, and began with a troubled countenance scrupulously to study its contents.

"My fateres was one *tailleur*, Mees-teree Andee," Blossier inexplicably proceeded, putting his glass down on the step, and talking eagerly with outstretched palms, "and my moo-teree was — was — she make toy, mose delicate wiz fin-gere, *et moi*, me — I help, I help bote when I leetle, when I biggere."

Andy had forgotten his glass now, and was staring and yet trying to look polite and not too conscious of the strangeness of French ways.

"And, Mees-teree Andee, my fin-gere also, alway, even now — I sew for my clo'es my-se'f alway, you not know? I know I do ainy t'ing zat way easee, beautiful; and ze *manière*, ze politeness, ah, Mees-teree Andee, you know ze French peepul zey have ze *manière*; I teach ze leetle daughtere all, I keep ze houze, I sew ze clo'es, so not in Strathboro' is such clo'es, Mees-teree Andee, *si vous* — peremeet me, Mees-teree Andee, come *chez vous*, to your houze — you comprehend?"

By this time Blossier was standing on the walk in front of Andy, rapidly pantomiming his ideas, and pleading with gesture as well as with voice, as if begging that children of his own should be cared and labored for by Andy. For a moment Andy stared on in silence, and Blossier's heart was in his mouth; then he got up, caught and wrung the Frenchman's hand an instant, dropped it, and, turning his back, pulled his old soft hat over his face.

Two days later Strathboro' had the enormous excitement of seeing Blossier's household gods — a queer little cart-load they made — moved to Andy M'Grath's house, and behind the cart walked Blossier, carrying our old friend the double-bass.

So was established the oddest household south of Mason and Dixon's line.

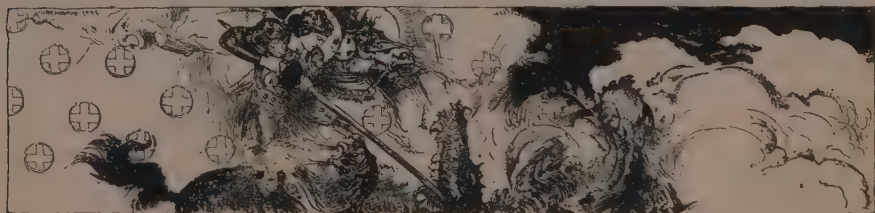
It was a year before Strathboro' sounded the full depths of its oddity, and ceased to vibrate with the excitement of fresh discovery. Blossier took completely a woman's place in the household economy, and the world has seen

few more touchingly funny sights than that little man sitting cross-legged on the floor of Jane's old sitting-room, making feminine fripperies of an unmistakably Parisian character, frivolous and modish, airy and coquettish, to be worn by his favorite, the faithful but stolid Janey.

He sits there yet, bald, a little shaky, annoyingly dim of sight, but still enjoying turning out, for Janey's babies now, such dainty confections of laces and ribbons as no other fingers in Strathboro' have ever concocted. Strathboro' has long ago accepted Andy M'Grath's establishment — for Andy still heads it — as one of its peculiar possessions, and takes much pride in it; and Jimmy Pendleton, who buys goods in Memphis, or one of Judge Caldwell's granddaughters, who is a belle and visits the best people from Louisville to New Orleans, or any of the most traveled residents of the place, will tell you again and again that the fame of its French and its Frenchman has gone abroad as far as west Tennessee and southern Kentucky and even northern Alabama.

Janey only, of the children, — with her husband and her children, — lives in the old place; the rest are married and scattered, and Andy and Blossier seem to depend on each other more and more as the years go by. They never had anything to say to each other, and they have nothing now, but they love to sit side by side on the gallery on summer evenings, or by the open fire in winter, as might two rough-coated, long-acquainted old dogs, and with no more sense of failure of companionship in the silence. Each understands how past and present are mingled in the other's mind, as Janey's children tumble about, nightgowned for their final romp; and each knows the dear figure that as wife or patron saint is ever in the other's thoughts, though Jane M'Grath has been buried so long that even in this small world she is become to others little more than a name on a tombstone; and together these two look forward quite trustfully to the time when their names also shall be on tombstones. And, truly, if there is assurance for the merciful and the meek and the pure in heart, for the salt of the earth in short, as to that veiled and awful door through which poor humanity is always crowding, they may be assured.

Viola Roseboro'.



ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

CORREGGIO.—1494—1534.

(ANTONIO ALLEGRI.)



HE father of the painter known, from the insignificant little town between Modena and Mantua in which he was born, as Correggio, was a clothier, but the uncle of the artist, Lorenzo Allegri, was a painter of the local

school of art, of which the head was Antonio Bartolozzi. It is probable that Antonio Allegri was a pupil in the school. All that we know is that he was set to work in an artist's studio at an early age, and next appears as a master, painting the churches of his native town in a style which for individuality and power of a certain kind must remain a problem. The chroniclers have not failed to suggest solutions in attributing his education to certain masters; but evidence is lacking for any authoritative statement of that kind, nor does Correggio's matured style grow naturally out of that of any of his contemporaries or predecessors of whom we know, unless it may show a slight early tinge of the school of Ferrara. There is no proof that he went to Rome or came under the influence of Raphael or Michelangelo, or that he studied under Da Vinci. It is useless to spend conjectures on origins or supposed influences which are not recorded in the work of the painter. Our first positive information of him is that when twenty years of age, and therefore not legally capable of making a contract, he and his father were called to the convent of the Minor Brethren of S. Francesco in Correggio, to make arrangements for the execution of an altarpiece, the price for which was fixed at one hundred ducats. This was in August of 1514; and in the following April the picture was delivered, having been executed, as is shown by a memorandum of the delivery of the panel for the work, since the previous November. The picture represents the Madonna and Child with St. Francis and three other saints, and is now in the Dresden Gallery. It is signed "Antonius de Alegris P." In the town of Correggio there remains an altarpiece in the church of Sta. Maria della Misericordia, representing Saints Leonard, Martha, Mary Magdalen, and Peter. Of what may

be recognized as the painter's early work, preceding these altarpieces, but already of well-formed manner, may be accepted a panel lately discovered in London, "Christ taking Leave of Mary before the Passion," a Madonna and Child at Hampton Court, and some minor works at Milan.

In 1518, when twenty-four years old, Correggio came to Parma, his fame preceding him, and he received at once important commissions. Donna Giovanna, abbess of the Convent of St. Paul, commissioned him to paint the ceiling of the great chamber in a fine suite of rooms occupied by her. The fresco represents a vine-covered trellis in which are sixteen oval apertures through which the blue sky appears, and in every opening there is a group of little genii playing with hunting-trophies. Sixteen lunettes underneath contain mythological scenes in chiaroscuro of gray. Over the mantel is Diana mounting her chariot. Classical convention is disregarded in the mythology, and perspective in the architectural design; in these particulars, as in his method of painting, Correggio refuses to be other than his own master. It is not known when this decoration was finished, but in 1519 the painter was at home again, called there by a lawsuit, which he finally gained in 1528, and which concerned a legacy left him by a maternal uncle. During the year 1519, however, he was a not infrequent visitor to a fair daughter of Parma, the orphan child of an esquire of the Duke of Mantua; and she became his wife at the end of the year. In 1521 he had a son born, and soon after moved to Parma, where he resided until 1530, when, having lost his wife, he returned to his native town. Here he possessed two houses and some land, and was in favor with the ruling family, as appears from his being a witness for the marriage-contract of the daughter of the lord, Gian Battista.

In 1521 Correggio signed an agreement for the decoration of the cupola and the apse of S. Giovanni of the Benedictines of Parma, for which work he was paid 272 gold ducats in 1524, 30 having been paid in advance. The paintings in the apse seem to have been removed in 1587, and are now in the museum of Parma, except two fragments in London; those of the cupola are still in place. While



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

MADONNA AND CHILD IN GLORY, BY CORREGGIO.

IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

at work on the painting of S. Giovanni, in the autumn of 1522, negotiations were entered into with the painter by the chapter of the Duomo of Parma for painting the choir, with its chapel, and the dome, in fresco. He was to receive 1000 ducats for the whole; and as the payment was made by instalments between the years 1526 and 1530, it is probable that the work was completed in that period, though the choir seems to have been thrown out of the contract. In the design of the dome the base of the vault is surrounded by a balustrade, on which sit little angels, and which represents the tomb of the Virgin; the dome represents the sky, with clouds through which the Madonna is carried up to the waiting company of saints surrounded by angels, the whole suffused in a golden light. The good people of Parma, whether clerics or laymen, were not pleased with the work; but one of the chroniclers reports that Titian saw the dome, and was much pleased with it, which may be true, as Titian is recorded as having been in Parma in 1530.

Of the easel-pictures of this period, the "Betrothal of St. Catherine," now in the Louvre, was painted about 1519. There is a small replica of it in Modena in a private collection. The "Madonna del Coniglio" at Naples is of this period, as are the "Madonna and Child with St. John" in the Prado at Madrid, together with a "Noli me Tangere"; also several pictures at Parma, in the gallery, and a "St. Sebastian," painted in 1515 for a gild of archers of Modena. The "Madonna Kneeling by the Child" of the Uffizi is probably of this time, as well as the "Christ at Gethsemane" of the National Gallery in London. The "Holy Night," now at Dresden, was commissioned in 1522 and put in its place in the church of S. Prospero in Reggio di Emilia in 1530, the price for it being recorded as 208 lire. It has been sought to identify the well-known "Magdalen Reading," at Dresden, with the painting described by Vittoria Gambara in a letter to Beatrice d'Este in 1528; but it does not correspond with the description, which is of a Magdalen kneeling in a cave, with hands raised in prayer, and has now been conclusively determined not to be by Correggio. Of the mythological subjects painted by the artist, the best preserved is the "Antiope" in the Louvre. The "Mercury Instructing Cupid," in the National Gallery in London, is one of the most important subjects of this class that we have, and the "Danaë" in the Borghese Gallery at Rome is the most masterly of Correggio's nude subjects. The "Ganymede" and the "Io" are at Vienna, and the "Leda" is at Berlin.

Correggio spent his last years in retirement

in his native town, nor does there seem to be any foundation for the ingenious stories of his dying from the over-exertion of carrying home a sack of copper coin with which certain monks were said to have paid him for his work. He left a son, Pomponio, who was also a painter, and one of his three daughters survived him, as did his parents. He died March 5, 1534, when scarcely forty years old.

No one of the great painters of the Renaissance has provoked greater extremes of appreciation than Correggio. A great painter he certainly was, with certain powers developed to the highest degree attained by Italian art, but with a seductive technical mastery which has been a false light to all students who have come after him. In his catalogue of the National Gallery, Sir F. W. Burton has given a most admirable summary of the qualities of Correggio's art, to which I am disposed to make only one dissent,—from the attribution to him of any power over the imagination,—when he says: "None before him had shown the capacity of painting to affect the imagination (irrespective of subject) by the broad massing of light and shadow, by subordinating color to breadth of effect and aerial perspective, and by suggesting the sublimity of space and light." In that intellectual side of art in which the imagination resides, Correggio seems to me singularly torpid and devoid of any gift akin to the inspiration which quickens imagination, if indeed it is not identical with it. The sensuous, the splendor of surface, the magic of execution, the mastery of color-harmonies and of composition of light and shade,—the great technical, but purely technical, qualities of painting,—are all that I can admit to Correggio; and the proof that he had little besides these lies in the fact that a translation of his work into any medium in which his technic is lost becomes almost too commonplace for study. Burton says of him:

The proportions of his figures are frequently faulty. The grace which fascinates us tends to degenerate into affectation, and movement into tumult. . . . In the management of the brush he has been excelled by few and surpassed by none, and his mode of execution and his coloring are as peculiar to him as his other qualities. His flesh-tones are rich and warm, or cool and opalescent, with infinitely subtle modulations and transitions. The harmonies he sought differ from those of the great Venetians. Full colors he used with powerful effect in his oil-pictures, but he was fond of quiet tertiaries. His general abstention from green, which plays so conspicuous a part in the Venetian system of color, is remarkable.

But he concludes with a sentiment which is echoed by most earnest critics:

Taking this great genius by himself, it is difficult to overestimate his powers. But the influence he exercised upon later art was more baneful than otherwise.

The quality of Correggio which to a painter is more than any other the sign of his immense power is in his touch, the richness and decision of his impasto, and the marvelous sweep of his brush. It is this evidence of power, the fascination of this supreme knowledge of his subject and facile success in rendering it, which give the spectator the impression of a greater force beyond, which did not exist. His conceptions are merely pictorial, but, as compared with anything before him, peculiarly pictorial; there was neither religious exaltation nor recognition of any religious ideal; there was

neither imagination in his conception nor depth in his sentiment; he ran the old and the new mythology through the same fusion into the same molds. While his splendid workmanship redeems many deficiencies, his successes and their cheapness, when measured by the larger scale of values, made him one of the greatest dangers to those who, coming after him, caught his vein of feeling and learned to content themselves with what lies on the surface. His influence can have been only "baneful" and never "otherwise"; for the example of shaking off conventional limitations in treatment of religious subjects had been given before, and in wiser measure. In Correggio independence in conception of religious themes becomes profanity. His was the end of religious painting.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE.

THE "Madonna and Child in Glory," by Correggio, is an early work of that master. It hangs in the Uffizi Gallery, in the Sala della Scuola Italiani, next to the Tribuna. It is of small dimensions, not measuring more than 6½ inches by 9¾ inches, so that my reproduction of it is but little smaller than the original. It is a brilliant and charming little gem, naïve and sweet in conception. The colors are rich and glowing. The background is of a bright, soft yellow, with delicate rays shooting through it from the brighter nimbus about the Madonna's head; the clouds about are of soft, warm gray tones, and the cherubs' heads melting into them are of warm flesh-tints. The angel with the lyre and the woeful expression to the right of the Madonna is clad in a yellow robe, soft and rich. Her hair is yellow, and the dark wing which is seen at the back is of a rich, deep crimson. The lyre is yellow like gold, and the flesh pearly and bright. Why has the artist given this angel so sad a countenance? It is perhaps a prophetic note of the suffering and sacrifice to come, though all is joy and glory now. The drapery of the Madonna is, for the most part, blue. The under por-

tions, covering her breast and her sleeve, are of a soft, dull red. The blue robe that falls over her head and shoulders has a lining of green. It is turned up over the forehead, and falls over the shoulder. The drapery of the knees is of a fine, rich tone of blue. The flesh-tints of the Madonna and Child are in cool, pearly, bright colors. The angel playing on the viola is clad in a grayish blue robe, purplish in the shadows. The hair of this angel is of a soft brown, and the viola is of a soft yellow color. The clouds in the foreground are of cool, bright tints. I have endeavored to give some of the force and brilliancy of the original by an admixture of fine and coarse cutting, for a coarse line gives a sparkle to the tint, while by a fine line we can get a dull, soft gray. Thus the foreground clouds owe much of their brilliancy to the contrast of the soft, fine gray cutting of the background, and the brightness of the flesh-tints is enhanced by their juxtaposition to finer work.

This work of Correggio is under the name of Titian, but the authorities are unanimous in ascribing it to Correggio.

KENSAL GREEN.

(OCTOBER 23, 1890.)



WITH what sorrow, with what sadness,
Laid we one whose heart was gladness
Underneath the gentle sod.
Silver mist and birches true
Wept for him their tears of dew,
Wept for him their tears of dew.

Slowly, sadly we departed;
One was dead, one broken-hearted,
In this graveyard old.
Silver mist and birches true
Wept for both their tears of dew,
Wept for both their tears of dew.

A. W. Drake.



FROM A DES. BY G. B. DE LAURENCE. A.C. OF THE PRINTING BY R. B. B. B. B.

COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA AT BARCELONA.

ENGRAVED BY T. M. LA VIGNE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

VI. THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.



COLUMBUS determined to leave some thirty-ninemen in Fort Nativity, in order that he might the better sail homeward with the rest. His friend Arana, a kinsman of Beatrice, was left in command of the improvised fort and its slender garrison. A royal chamberlain was appointed to succeed the commander in case of need, and a Segovian to replace the chamberlain. A surgeon, a carpenter, a ship-calker, an armorer, a tailor, and a gunner were also left to ply their callings if required. Columbus had brought with him so abundant a stock of provisions that he was able to leave wine, biscuits, and supplies for a whole year. To these he added arms for their defense, and seeds wherewith to cultivate the fruitful soil. Having thus furnished all the necessary stores, he supplied them also with wise counsel. First of all he enjoined submission to their commander, since without a head all would be vain, while obedience would foster good will and concord among them. He said that, if obedient and in close fellowship with one another, they would obtain the mastery over the Indian tribes and country, not by an unnecessary show of force, but by the natural ascendancy of their virtues and intelligence. Cordiality in their relations with the natives, respect for the latter's customs, with purity of life, would justify the Indian's good estimate of the Spanish character, while submission to temporary exile would find its reward in benefits to come, and in the glory of being the first to rule the new-found land. All this seemed plain sailing to Columbus because of the skill these men had shown in overcoming the difficulties of the well-nigh fabulous enterprise. The cacique deeply regretted the parting from his friend, as did the little band of Spaniards from their far-sighted leader. Tearful were the leave-takings, although the admiral fired joyful salutes to banish forebodings and instil new hopes.

On January 4, 1493, Columbus set sail, and on the 5th he hove to before a great rock that towered like a mighty cathedral, to which he gave the name of Monte Cristo. January 6, he met Martin Alonso Pinzon. The Indians had already reported having seen his bark in

the bays of Haiti; and although scarce believing the good news, Columbus had written him friendly letters as though nothing amiss had happened, being naturally apprehensive of a rupture which might turn to open animosity and defeat all his plans, especially as he himself was at the mercy of the commander of the *Niña*, the brother of his rival. These letters had never reached Martin Alonso's hands. So, when they met Columbus made no reproaches and accepted as sufficient the puerile excuse that stress of winds and waves had divided them, when he well knew that Pinzon had yielded to the tempting tales of abundant gold in those regions. The latter had indeed found much gold, two thirds of which he had divided among his sailors, keeping the rest for himself. Imbued with the conviction that he had been predestined from his cradle to this supernatural mission, Columbus attributed the conduct of his lieutenant to the wily scheming of Satan for his destruction. But, being a good mystic and a Franciscan of the third degree, he deemed it expedient for his ends to balk the infernal plot by the most exemplary patience, and so remained silent, being assured of the untruth of Pinzon's story, and resolved to punish him for it when he should get him safely back to Spain. This meeting with Martin Alonso hastened the return, Columbus being apprehensive lest some offered chance might add a graver wrong to Pinzon's desertion. The daily marvels of the voyage allured him in vain, siren-like fishes, turtles as big as bucklers, rivers with sands of gold, Eden-fields, sculptured promontories, placid harbors, and beauteous islands, hardy natives, abundant signs of gold like a ceaseless mirage entrailing his will with promises of wealth. In vain were stupendous tales told him of two islands hard by in those waters, one inhabited only by men, and the other by women, who visited but once in each year; in vain the conflict of five sailors, who went ashore at Monte Cristo, with the warlike natives, whose attempt to capture them led to the first shedding of Indian blood—Columbus was in haste to return to Spain without further delay, and on the 17th of January, 1493, the shores of his new-found world sank from his sight.

Good weather and a fresh breeze favored

this homeward course until the 11th of February. On that day they fancied themselves near some land, for many birds were seen. They knew not for certain where they were. Some said they must be off the Azores; others Madeira; others that they were nearing the mouth of the Tagus and the lovely rock of Cintra. But, unfortunately, they were on the edge of a fearful storm, that burst upon them on the next day, February 12. It was in truth a new and strange experience for them. Afloat since their departure from Palos, the discoverers of the New World had suffered no other mishap than the loss of their flag-ship on the Haitian reefs owing to heedlessness and slumber, through over-confidence, on a glassy sea and in a gentle breeze; and even that had found compensation in the noble friendship of Guacanagarí, and in the opportunity to explore the richest gold-country they had yet seen. From the dawning of August 3, 1492, until daybreak of February 12, 1493, it seemed as though every beneficent influence had sped them on their way. The steadiness of the winds, which seemed to blow ever from the same quarter, was fancied by the explorers to be an obstacle to their return to Spain. How often had the admiral likened the face of ocean to the bosom of Guadalquivir, its fragrance to orange-blossoms, and its skies to those of Andalusia, lacking only the nightingale's song to complete the voluptuous joys of Seville. If, on their homeward course, spurred by the eager wish to tell the tale of their discoveries, they were thus smitten by a dreadful tempest, it could only be, according to Columbus, because of the continued machinations of Satan himself, warring against the discovery of these new lands and the conversion of their inhabitants to Christianity. The storm was the more appalling, inasmuch as the caravels were leaky and unballasted. Science then knew nothing of the world revealed by the microscope, and so those sailors could not know that tropical animalculæ were burrowing the timbers of their barks and weakening them day by day. Worm-eaten and lacking ballast, the caravels sped like arrows amid the blasts and the seething billows. All poets vie in depicting the fury of the ocean tempest. Columbus very soberly describes the terrible tempests he himself had passed through, unlike Vergil, who pictured, with poetic heightenments, the storms he had never experienced. The historian of to-day, lacking personal knowledge of such a tempest as broke upon Columbus, may yet appreciate it by conning the pages of his journal. After much lightning and high winds on the three preceding nights, the gale increased on the night of the 14th. Suddenly there lowered upon those frail caravels a thick ashen and leaden

cloud; the waves raged beneath the hulls, meeting in awful shock, as though driven by contrary currents; upon the sails and rigging fell a deluge, as though the waters of the ocean were above them as beneath; beetling mountains seemed to rise from the eternal darkness that yawned below like the shades of hell, and jagged lightning-peaks glared above them as the storm-clouds changed their form; while whirlwinds as conflicting as the currents of the sea threatened to swallow them up. In vain they took in all canvas and lay under bare poles; death faced the terrified sailors. It being impossible for the *Pinta* to withstand the hurricane, she was soon driving before it. Lights were shown from the *Niña* all night, but at daybreak the *Pinta* was not in sight.

Columbus gave himself up for lost. His discovery seemed about to sink forever in the silent depths, leaving naught but the superstitions of old to bar the ocean-wastes from all such mad ventures as his, upon which heaven's wrath was thus visited. His sons, to whom he was bearing the hereditary rank of admiral and a domain such as mortal had never won, wrested by a miracle of genius from kings and pontiffs by the son of a humble wool-carder, were to be left orphaned and in want. The benevolent monarchs and the mighty magnates who had been his patrons would never welcome him, as in dreams he had so often pictured, with open arms and hail him as a conqueror. The acclaim of proud cities, the gratitude of kings, the gifts of fortune, unparalleled riches, power, and name for him and his, were all to be swallowed up in the abyss. Memories, too, came thronging of the dear companion whose love had enthralled him in Cordova, and brought him joy and forgetfulness amid the horrors of his darkest trials. Possessing all a sailor's faith, Columbus implicitly trusted in the efficacy of vows, as suited also his intimate beliefs and cast of mind. To appease the divine wrath he offered a humble public penance and a pilgrimage—in his shirt, and upon his knees—from his ships to the sanctuary nearest the spot where he might land. The crew all asked to be admitted to share in the act of penance, even as they were sharers of the awful chastisement. Beans were shaken in a cap, one for each man on board; one of them being marked with a deep-cut cross, so that he who drew it should make a penitential pilgrimage to Guadalupe. Columbus drew the cross-marked bean. Lots were cast for a pilgrim to go to Loretto, and it fell to Pedro Villa, a sailor of Puerto Santa María. They next drew for one to go to Santa Clara of Moguer, and the lot again fell upon Columbus, who, being thus burdened by the caprice of chance with two penances, felt greatly con-

soled, deeming his choice a special grace of heaven. This duty to his Maker being performed, Columbus turned his attention to men; and, in order that the memory of the discovery might not perish, he wrote it down amid the storm, and, wrapping his scroll in a waxed cloth, sealed it up in a keg, which he cast overboard, trusting that, by God's grace, his precious secret might float to shore, and somewhere fall into good hands.

On the 15th of February they sighted land, but what coast they knew not. However, seeing land and landing were, under the circumstances, by no means the same thing. The sea still ran very high, and, as *Las Casas* says, the ships could only tack with the utmost difficulty. On closer examination they supposed themselves to be near one of the Azores. Columbus by this time was worn to a shadow by fasting, loss of sleep, and exposure, sustaining life by the sheer force of fevered excitement, although well nigh exhausted by the wet and cold. From the 15th to the 18th they stood off and on without being able to run inshore; but on this latter day they landed, and found that the island was called *Santa María*. Columbus naturally looked for a hearty welcome from its people. Saved as by a miracle from the dashing billows, the land he saw seemed to him almost supernatural. His newly discovered islands, opening fresh fields for the islanders of that region, assured him of triumph, and not repulse. Indeed, the first demonstrations were friendly and joyful, and the islanders showed the greatest delight on hearing of the discovery and beholding the discoverer. But beneath their show of glad welcome lurked a base treachery. Notwithstanding Castile had made peace with Portugal, the Portuguese king could not resign himself to the thought that so great an enterprise had slipped from his grasp. As, on the setting out of the expedition, it had been reported that he was resolved to prevent the exploration, so now, on its return, the fruits of the resentment born of his own want of insight and judgment became apparent. But in all that the Lusitanian monarch did in this regard is noticeable a spirit of indecision that explains his failures, for great resolves demand not only firmness of will, but fixity of purpose and clearness of plan. Dom John could not rightfully ascribe to Columbus the burden of his own error; mute indeed was the conscience of such a man not to confess the true responsibility for the irreparable blunder, which in the sight of history rests only on the king himself. Columbus sent three men ashore, and they did not return, being detained by the eagerness of the islanders to hear their marvelous story; but two messengers from the captain of the island came to the caravel, bringing fowls and other fresh sup-

plies for the crew. The admiral showed them great courtesy and told them how, in fulfilment of a vow, half his crew would go the next morning in solemn penance to the nearest hermitage. They so went, but, to their keen surprise, were assailed by the Portuguese, who, gathered on foot and on horseback, invaded the sanctuary during the mass, with threatening gestures and ribald cries, and seized as enemies their allies and guests. An equal surprise was in store for Columbus. While awaiting the return of the pilgrims in order that he might himself perform the like duty, the Portuguese captain put out in a boat, and told how he had imprisoned them all. Indignant at this incredible outrage, and after announcing his titles of admiral and viceroy, and exhibiting the letters patent of his sovereigns calling upon all friends and allies to lend customary aid to him, Columbus wound up by threatening the offenders with the wrath of Castile, mighty to avenge wounded honor, until not one stone should be left upon another. Fearing lest his moorings should be cut by the rocky bottom, Columbus determined to quit the spot. He had no ballast, however, having been obliged to make use instead of casks filled with sea water; nor even sailors enough, for all his ablest seamen were prisoners on shore. The thick horizon and swollen sea, and the reduction of his able-bodied crew to three skilled sailors, were enough to dismay Columbus, and to make him turn with longing eyes to the fair islands he had quitted, as to an earthly paradise. The sea rolled furiously inshore, and so tossed the ships as to add bodily discomfort to mental anguish. Yet he gave thanks to God even now, for had he been forced to encounter heavy cross-seas instead of broadside rollers, he would inevitably have foundered. The admiral went in search of better shelter at an island called *San Miguel*, but could not find it. He dreaded to return to *Santa María*, yet, despite the injuries there suffered, he put back, whereupon several men called to him from the craggy shore, and begged to be taken on board. Soon a skiff put out, manned by five sailors, two priests, and a notary, who asked to see the royal letters and commissions of which he had spoken. Columbus refused, distrusting their intentions; but not having evil means at command, he resorted to good, and, exhibiting the letters, demanded the restoration of the prisoners, which was at length accomplished, to the great satisfaction of all concerned and to his own keen relief. Once a prisoner of the Portuguese king, as Columbus averred he would have been, when could he have regained freedom? Unbounded, indeed, must have been his gratitude to God for having thus happily escaped this fresh affliction.

Taking his men aboard, he turned prow to-

ward Castile on Sunday, the 24th of February. He encountered variable weather until the first days of March, when a violent tornado again struck him, and brought him within two fingers' breadth of loss and ruin. He vowed more pilgrimages to various shrines of the Virgin, while to his God he offered the sacrifice of patient submission to the divine decrees. The mountainous waves, whose fury no poetic trope can depict, overtook and dashed madly upon the frail bark, tossing it aloft as though to crush it, and again hurling it down into the depths. He sighted land amid the thick pall of inky clouds lit by the lightning-bolts, and gave orders to shorten sail, since it was exceedingly dangerous to be offshore in such a storm and darkness. The gale soon blew itself out, and on one hand appeared the white dunes that hem the harbor-mouth of Lisbon, in front lay the broad embougement of the Tagus girt with golden sands and white with the lacery of the surges, while near by was the picturesque port of Cascaes, an intermingling of cabins and skiffs, of fishing-nets and plows; and, greater than all, the lovely Rock of Cintra, damascened with gardens, bright with flowers, and fragrant with balsamic odors. Columbus would much rather have hit upon lands where floated the banner of Castile, for he was inspired with slender confidence in a state whose authorities had so rudely treated him in its outlying possessions, and whose king had sworn to charge upon others acts for which a right conscience could himself hold alone accountable. But he could not avoid anchoring in the Tagus. The crested waves still pursued him, and storms violent beyond the experience of man prevailed, so that in those days some five and twenty ships of Flanders with many trusty seamen were swallowed up. On entering the mouth of the river, fearing an attack by the people of the shore, Columbus asked permission to moor in front of Lisbon itself. There he found at anchor a powerful royal ship, of heavy tonnage and armament, under command of that skilful master Bartolomé Diaz, who came in his long-boat to the caravel, and bade him follow whither he would take him. Columbus resisted this command, as befitted his exalted rank and powers, merely exhibiting the letters patent in virtue whereof he might enter at will the ports of any state in alliance or amity with Castile. His high office being made known, every courtesy was shown him. The captain of the Lusitanian ship visited him, attended by musicians and in great pomp, paying him much attention and sharing in his rejoicing; the folk of Lisbon crowded to see and to acclaim him for having dispelled so vast a mystery by his daring, and for revealing to the world so strange a land by bringing back with him liv-

ing examples of its primitive race. Dom Martin de Noronha, a Portuguese hidalgo, brought him a letter from Dom John II., inviting him to the court, where he was notably welcomed; the villagers of Sacamben, where he passed a night on his way to the king's seat, greeted him with all sorts of festivities; the prior of Crato, the foremost personage of the neighborhood, entertained him as a guest in obedience to Dom John's orders; the king seated him at his own table with the greatest respect, and listened attentively to the narrative of his discoveries; and even the queen, then temporarily sojourning in the convent of San Antonio, would not permit him to depart without hearing from his own lips that epic of the sea, marvelous beyond any fancied and sung by poets in their loftiest flights; and thus he who had quitted Portugal as a poor madman returned thither to be reverently hailed as a demigod. This contrast, more than all else, wounded the heart of Dom John. Every new report of the discoverer stung him like an envenomed dart, and the conviction of his frustrated grandeur racked his brain. The thought that all those pearl-seas and golden lands, those spice-islands fair and stainless as a new-found paradise, might have been his, and had been lost through his heeding not the man to whom he now listened with envy, filled his bewildered mind with plans impossible of realization, and schemes of recklessness and violence strove for the mastery in his halting will. In the course of his conversation with the admiral, the rash thought possessed him that the new islands might belong in reality to him, the conqueror of Bojador and Guinea, in virtue of old treaties with Castile and of papal bulls. But Columbus readily met such arguments with the masterful skill of one in whom the divinations of genius were joined to learning and research. Some assert that in secret, and baffling the scrutiny of Columbus as far as he might, Dom John brought from the caravel an Indian native of the first-discovered island, and bade him show by means of stones and pebbles set in due order the number and position of the islands of that beauteous archipelago. When he saw the great group of the Bahamas and the vast and fabulously fertile Cuba, with Española large as Portugal, beyond reef-girt Salvador, Fernandina with its thrifty tribes, and the poetic isles of Concepcion and Isabella, all coral-rooted in the sea and rearing their crowns of palms heavenward, he was smitten with such despair that he turned against the discoverer all the reproach that he himself alone deserved. Deep, indeed, must his rage have been when his courtiers, ever on the alert to pander to what they divined to be the royal desire, plotted to assassinate Colum-

bus and, seizing his caravel, to brave anew the now explored sea, and to set upon the islands discovered for Castile the standard of Portugal. But some remnant of conscience in the king, and some lingering fear of the Catholic Sovereigns, led him to allow Columbus to depart whither he would, and so he bade him a courteous and ceremonious farewell, charging him with congratulations to the Castilian rulers for the new and marvelous empire they had won.

The delicate sensitiveness of his nature was displayed by Columbus now, as often before, by his turning first to the spot whence he had set sail, thronged though it was with sad memories of his former obscurity and poverty, rather than to the court whence the first aid toward his undertaking had come and where dazzling rewards awaited its success. True it is that the pains and trials whereby success is won enhance beyond measure its material and moral value. The humble stranger-pilot; the wandering Genoese; the obscure sojourner in a petty village of the coast; the plebeian kinsman of an unknown family; the unhappy father for whom his elder son was become a grievous burden through his inability to maintain him as his deep heart's love prompted; the sorcerer, comprehended only by the wisdom of Garci-Fernandez the physician, and the intuition of Fray Juan Perez the penitent, doubtless found in the remembrance of the trials that had so hardly beset him the motives of a higher satisfaction at the fame he had won, and a deeper appreciation of his rank of admiral and viceroy achieved by the heroic force of his will and his inspiration. What countless vigils! What bitter jeers remembered in the solitude of the cloister! What yearnings as he beheld life and hope waning! What of those long days of Juan Perez's mission to Granada? What of his lack of means, even after so favorable a compact as that with the sovereigns at Santa Fé? What of the desertion of his crews, his parting from his child, his last look upon the cliff-set monastery when the unknown wastes were yawning before him, the daring discoverer? Contrast the penitential procession before his setting forth with the triumphal pageantry of his return; that requiem-like mass celebrated by the solitary Padre Juan with the glad "Te Deum" of the crowds that now awaited him; the heart-rending wailings of farewell at his departure with the joyous acclaim of triumph; the scoffs heaped upon his mad schemes with the benedictions attending his assured success; the lamentations of the by-gone time with the present rejoicings,—the one is as the day of Calvary, the other as the day of the paschal resurrection! He who had most contributed to the success of the Columbian plans, Pinzon, reached Puerto sadly and alone, and like a hunted felon slunk to his home, to

die! Ah! Martin Alonso fell a victim to his failure to realize the greatness of his share in the work, and to his having coveted the glory of it for himself. How splendid were Lucifer had he not fallen! How great Martin Alonso had he not aspired to be Columbus! He had amassed the wherewithal to complete the equipment of the voyage; assembled by his authority the three caravels and their crews; accomplished the task of organization when even the deputed powers of the sovereigns had been in vain; subdued the disaffected sailors; restored order when all seemed lost, dispelled moral tempests more terrible than those of ocean; shown amid all difficulties exceptional qualities worthy from their very dissimilarity of being ranked with the superhuman endowments of his prescient rival; but all his shrewd foresight, his firmness of will, his patience, his heroic valor, his faculties of administration and command, were commingled with such mad jealousy, such poignant envy, such hostile rivalry, as to drag him to this shameful end and forever to tarnish his glorious life. His quitting Columbus to go in quest of the wealth which the Indians of San Salvador reported to lie hidden in the heart of Haïti was an act of insubordination, unpardonable anywhere, but most so upon the seas when ruin impends if all yield not the most passive obedience. Neither should he, upon his return, have coveted the high laurels due to the greater originator, for even in his subordinate place peerless fame and benefits awaited him. The punishment befitted the deed. When he reached Bayona, in Galicia, near the mouth of the Miño, Columbus was already in the Tagus; when he arrived at the harbor of Saltes, Columbus had already landed long before him, and received his merited welcome. Naught was left Pinzon but to die. Even in that tragical and obscure ending of his woes and his despair, is seen the high resolve of the sailor who faces death as all things else. Columbus perchance might not be overpaid by all that Castile could bestow; but the fault of Pinzon was required beyond measure. Some, nevertheless, would excuse the pilot's error by the greed of the admiral, who could not brook that any of his sailors might share in the benefits of an enterprise which so conspicuously obeyed the instincts of barter and the lust of gain. From the time of sighting the first island until the last reefs of Española sank from sight, Columbus thought of naught save amassing gold, and spoke of naught save gold. How scanty his inquiries of the Indians in regard to their religion, laws, and customs; how endless concerning gold-mines! He himself confesses that Pinzon, when they parted company, had gathered much gold by barter with the natives, and had distributed it in proportionate shares

among his sailors, reserving a goodly part for himself. But Columbus kept for himself all that he found. Every prospect of profit in his pathway tempted him and called forth his imperious resolve, when he deemed the occasion propitious, to grasp it. He had well nigh lost all at Santa Fé, by his inordinate demands for more profitable conditions. His failure at the court of Lisbon, so propitious a field for all discoveries, is attributed by some to his tenacious and overweening claims for his own benefit in comparison with the share to fall to the crown. He could not even relinquish the paltry prize and slender pittance offered to him who should earliest sight land. There is no doubt whatever that the first man actually to behold the celebrated Lucayan shore, discovered in the morning hours of the 12th of October, was Rodrigo de Triana; yet, because the admiral saw a faint gleam of light in the distance, a fact not even well attested, he appropriated the pension, to the grievous discontent of the good Rodrigo, who, wounded by this attack upon his fame and his pocket, quitted the service of his sovereigns, and went over to the Moors. As the curious volume of his *Prophecies*¹ shows, Columbus persistently dreamed of buying back Jerusalem from the Grand Turk, but only in the event of his finding seas of pearls, cities of gold, streets paved with sapphires, mountains of emeralds, rivers of diamonds, wealth such as had never fallen to Croesus or Solomon, the treasures of all the Indies far beyond aught that philosopher could compute or even poet feign. The sovereigns themselves discerned these failings in Columbus, when, in writing him the solemn epistle whereby they congratulated him upon his discovery, they first speak of the service done to God and his king, and again of the things he had accomplished for religion and his country, and conclude by referring at considerable length to the profits reaped by the discoverer, his several titles, his numerous benefits, and his enormous share in the revenues to his own behoof. More fittingly should this first letter after the splendid achievement have been a hymn of praise, and not a business reckoning. But it was a reckoning, and not a hymn, because the sovereigns well knew the greed of the discoverer and his disposition to grasp even the uttermost scrap of his bargained privileges. Pinzon, naturally more liberal than Columbus, more generous by national traits and domestic training, free-handed to give, as is shown by the fact of his not having asked even a receipt for the large contributions he brought to the common enter-

prise, must at the last have become vexed at the covetousness of the admiral, and convinced that he would endeavor to turn everything to his own personal advantage and lasting renown. But they who so persistently charge this vice upon Columbus ignore the main characteristics of a nature and temperament such as his, and shut their eyes to the exceptional end where-to he was born and reared. The New World would never have been discovered if to the divine impulses springing from the warmth of a self-contained semi-religious ideal had not been joined the paltry but continuous incentives of more sordid motives, serving to spur the will to vigilant effort and tireless activity. Providence and nature joined in guiding alike the nobler and higher part of Columbus and the lower and more animal part, in order that he might realize an almost fabulous ideal, in obedience to all the impelling mainsprings of the human will. If any one thing be lacking, the totality of the work is marred. These strangely composite men, so lofty, yet so contradictory, while possessing in the higher attributes of their being more of the angel than other mortals, have likewise in their lower traits much more of the animal. These mixed traits were congenital to the men of that time, when the ancient feudal chivalry was expiring and modern mercantile self-interest springing up; to the natives of such a city as Genoa, alike artistic and commercial; to the calling of a sailor, which by its dual aspects looks upon the sea as a temple and a mart, and upon life as a truceless combat and a business transaction; to the artists and learned men of the Renaissance in whom imagination, poetic impulse, the intuitive faculties, sovereign inspirations, esthetic motives, the revelations of philosophy, profound thought, superhuman art, and the worship of the true and the beautiful attained vast proportions, at the expense of morality and conscience,—if I may venture to hint such a thing in regard to a sublime revealer who has even been very generally proposed for canonization.

FROM memory-haunted Palos, Columbus went to Seville and thence by land to Barcelona, where the sovereigns awaited him. It being his good hap to journey through the fairest and richest region of the peninsula, there is no need of telling how he was received by Andalusians, Murcians, Levantines, and Catalans in his triumphal progress. One who has not had the good fortune to witness a Levantine festival can scarce form a conception of the joy of the populace. April having already opened *Indias*.² To Navarrete and Harrisre, only the 72d leaf seemed to be in Columbus's own handwriting. It was written mainly in 1501. A summary is in Navarrete's "*Coleccion*," II., 289.—TRANSLATOR.

¹ This Book of *Prophecies* remains inedited. The manuscript is in the Columbian Library at Seville—a portentous folio, "two fingers thick," entitled "*Coleccion de las Profecias de la recuperacion de la Santa Ciudad de Hierusalen y del descubrimiento de las*

when the admiral took his way through that enchanting Eden, it need scarce be said that orange-blossoms showered upon him amid the endless rejoicings, as the applause of innumerable crowds smote his ear. From every way-side nook he could discern through the garlanded almonds and pomegranates his own Mediterranean blue stretching beyond the figs and aloes. Upon his stately entry into any town, the booming of cannon, the peal of bells, the strains of sweet music, the acclaim of the crowds, the clash of timbrels and the melody of lutes, the homage of the civic authorities surrounded by their picturesque alguacils, the joyful halleluiahs chanted by monks and priests in solemn procession, the fragrance of the streets strewn with rosemary and lavender, the portals wreathed with flowers, the house-fronts hung with boughs and the frondage of the cane, the crimson damask and snowy drapery falling from casement and balcony in graceful folds, the countless streamers and banners that waved above, the stretched awnings softening the glare with delicate gleams and grateful shadows, made such a succession of bright pictures as art might strive in vain to represent truly. At length the discoverer drew nigh to Barcelona. The city in its festal attire was a sight to see. All the luxury of the civilization of that day was gathered there in wondrous splendor.

A deputation of nobles had received him beyond the city's gates, and attended him to where the civic authorities stood in waiting, each preceded by his mace-bearer. What a sublime meeting of the Old World and the New! The procession was headed by the crews of the caravels, bronzed by the sun and tanned by the salt waves, exciting popular enthusiasm by their brave sailor-like tread and the vigor of their embrowned features; after came, borne upon men's shoulders, those strange plants so different from any then known among us—the maize with its golden ears, the yet unnamed yucca, the cocoa-palms, the broad-leaved plantain, and the farinaceous tubers we now call potatoes. To this Indian flora succeeded the novel fauna, some living, others for the most part dried and mounted. All were amazed by the manatees, like huge aquatic oxen, the iguanas, like gentler crocodiles, and the sirens, fleshy of body and by no means as lovely as fable tells. Next came the birds, parakeets of many kinds, with brilliant silken plumage, mounted on lofty perches; and after these, the Indians, on foot, naked and gaily painted with crowns of feathers on their heads and breech-clouts on their loins, much startled at the dismay they themselves caused, yet obedient to the glance and smile of the discoverer, who led them where he would amid the astonished crowd. After the Indians came the

gold, the primitive jewelry, and the strings of seed-pearls given by the caciques, all artfully displayed. Lastly came an attendant escort of the ship's officers, and then Columbus, adorned with all the insignia of his various offices, a true cavalier upon a spirited charger, haughtily erect despite his years, and heedful of every mark of honor shown him, a smile of gratitude upon his lips, the furrows of deep thought upon his brow, and in his eagle glance the reflected splendor of his soul. We need not dilate upon how those Barcelonese, famed for urbanity and finished types of the culture of their day, vied with one another in proving their comprehension of the transcendency of the incredible event. From the pavement of the streets to the cornices of the houses, a compact multitude was gathered, delirious with an enthusiasm finding vent in never-ending exclamations that, rising and echoing through all the air, spread the electric thrill of a common yearning in which, as it were, the soul of the whole city was condensed. In this poem of the discovery of the New World—an epic indeed, though history must perforce narrate it in prose—the choice of Barcelona for the reception of Columbus appears intentional and not mere chance, for none of our towns had so good a right to usher in the new age of labor and barter as that exceptional city of the toiler and the artisan, whose nautical and mercantile renown competes with the greatest fame of the cities of Italy and Hellas.

Beneath a canopy of rich brocade and upon a throne of Persian fabrics sat the two sovereigns, attended by the most splendid court of all Christendom. Gonzalez Oviedo, the chronicler, with his minute attention to details, says that, even as at Santa Fé he had witnessed the melancholy exile of Boabdil, so now a year and a half later he beheld the triumphal entry of Columbus. And rightly did he couple these memories, for the history of man records few events of such importance. The discoverer dismounted, and advancing, bonnet in hand, beneath the standard he had planted upon the reefs of Salvador in the name of Castile, entered the royal audience-hall, with a deep emotion such as frail human nature could scarce endure. By the royal dais stood the Prince Don John, in whose honor Columbus had given to Cuba the name of *Juaná*; and amid the assembled court were doubtless gathered the great patrons of Columbus, foremost among them the Cardinal of Spain, Pedro de Mendoza. A murmur of admiring surprise greeted the discoverer, whose brimming eyes, quick to discern the pathways of the ocean, could scarce trace his path in that splendid hall. Moved by an irresistible impulse, the sovereigns cast royal etiquette aside, and stood

up, regardless of the usage of the Aragonese and Castilian courts. When Columbus beheld this mark of esteem, he sought to kneel, but Ferdinand forbade him, and, descending from the throne, clasped him to his breast.

A YEAR and a half had passed from the day the sovereigns overcame Boabdil to their reception of Columbus. What a contrast between these two historical events and their central epic figures! On the Vega of Granada perished the olden world of fatalism, and in that audience-hall of Barcelona began the new world of liberty; there despotism sank away, and here the rights of man dawned; beneath Mendoza's cross uplifted on the Vermilion Towers fell the social structure builded upon warfare, while beneath the banner set by Columbus on the coral-reef of Salvador arose another society, which, despite its birth in armed conquest, was soon to be self-converted into an outgrowth of trade and labor. To be scanned aright, social truths demand the far perspective of infinite time and space. Boabdil, setting out with the conquered warriors of the Koran for the Libyan sands, closed the ancient era, while Columbus, returning from the measureless ocean with the simple sons of the world revealed by his mighty genius, inaugurated the modern era. Yet they who had wrought these marvels knew not their full scope or transcendency, and were even unaware that they had in fact found a new world in the ocean, believing that the discovered land was but a spur of the old historical continent.¹ Setting aside the usages of the traditional courtly code, the Catholic Sovereigns bade Columbus be seated in their presence, and speak as he listed concerning his voyage. The discoverer spoke freely and long, repeating as though by rote the record of his journal and the report he had prepared for his sovereigns. A humble recognition of God's aid and of the help vouchsafed him by God's royal vicegerents on earth fitly prefaced his well-arranged discourse. The facts being set forth in orderly sequence, he gave due prominence to the more important features of his divine Odyssey, and to the emotions aroused in his mind by his sudden meeting with yonder virgin isles of beauty. Columbus spoke much of the gold he had obtained, and cast ardent eyes upon it as a promise of more to come. But, even as he was unaware of the true geographical position and

immeasurable vastness of the archipelago he had found, so he divined not the potent factors he had added to interchange and trade. Had one set before his eyes the new productions so fraught with blessing to mankind, such as the febrifuge we call quinine, hidden on the mainland he had not reached but was soon to discover, his genius, now blinded by the glitter of gold, would have foreseen other and incalculable advantages to flow from his achievement. He knew naught of the bread made from the rich ears of the maize, nor the worth of the food-bearing but unsightly potato, now so indispensable to man's life. Who could have foretold him the future of tobacco? He saw it first in Cuba. Certain Indians carried it, rolled in dry leaves and lighted at one end, while they sucked the other end, and so regaled themselves with the smoke. How could he have forecast the part that leaf and its smoke were to play toward the enjoyment and the revenues of the civilized world in both hemispheres? With gaze reverted to the past, Columbus believed that all these lands had fallen under the dominion of our Spain to revive the crusades of the feudal ages, when they were in reality destined, in the plan of divine providence and in the development of human progress, to renew society as they had renewed life. But the onlookers of his time shared not such fancies. Columbus yet believed that Cuba was a part of the Asiatic continent and that the second expedition to be sent to the shores of Cuba and Española, with more and better-equipped vessels than the first, would attain to the kingdom of Cathay, the golden city of Cipango and the realms of the Great Khan, all rich with priceless gems. Whatever his inward beliefs, he could not for an instant doubt that the Church, thanks to his discovery, would win many souls and the State new subjects, while the Spanish nation should stretch out beneath new skies and through new seas to other virgin lands, as though God had willed to reward his faith and constancy by another and immaculate creation. How fitting, therefore, that upon the completion of the discoverer's story, a celestial chant should arise in mystic cadence, bearing to heaven's heights a glorious "Te Deum," voicing the emotion that possessed all hearts in that marvelous moment, when it seemed as though God and mankind were reconciled by the restoration of the lost paradise.

Emilio Castelar.

¹ A belief not even dispelled by the results of the later voyages. See the interesting document entitled "Informacion y testimonio de cómo el Almirante fue á reconocer la Isla de Cuba quedando persuadido de que era tierra-firme," drawn up on the *Niña*, June 12, 1494,

by the notary Fernand Perez de Luna, in which the officers and seamen testified, by request of Columbus, that Cuba was, indeed, a part of the mainland of India. (Navarrete, "Coleccion," II., 162.) Cuba was first mapped as an island by La Cosa, 1500.—TRANSLATOR.

THE CHATELAINE OF LA TRINITÉ.¹

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."



IX.

BELLAGIO: THE GODDESS MANIFEST.

THE interval between the reunion at the gateway of Juliet's garden and the ceremony at her tomb was brief, but it had been long enough for Aurelia West to inform Tempo-Rubato that the acrobatic fantasy at Iduegni had had other witnesses than those to whom it had been especially addressed, and pointedly to intimate to him that it might be proper for him to declare his real status before the present occasion was much older. She had been as peremptory as she dared, and had awaited his explanation with the air of one who has brought up a delinquent with a good round turn. But Tempo-Rubato had been in no wise abashed or embarrassed, or even inconvenienced. He had simply laughed loud and long,—a laugh to flood a shrine with profanation,—and had asked them (all three, impartially) what they had thought of it, anyway. There had been no denial, no subterfuge, no palliation, no explanation whatever; and they were simply left to feel that this erratic person must be allowed the widest claim he cared to make,—must be granted full freedom on the highest plane he chose to occupy,—and dumbly wonder under what aspect he would see fit next to present himself.

This next aspect was offered at Bellagio, and presented a transition from apple-green fustian to navy-blue serge. Our two young ladies were just ending a morning's loitering stroll on the terrace of their hotel, when a small craft happened to pass by within a hundred feet of the shore. It was one of the kind common to the Lake of Como, but was gilded, curtained, and upholstered to the verge of the operatic. The glorious azure plain of Como might straightway have become a mere muddy puddle, and the towering crest of Crocione but a bald and inconspicuous mound, and the smiling undulations of the Tremezzino simply the flat vacuity of a prairie farm, for all the heed that Aurelia West now

¹ Copyright, 1891, by Henry B. Fuller.

gave them; for the craft before her was impelled by a young man in the garb (full-rigged, and more) of a sailor,—widening trousers, a low, broad-brimmed straw hat, a wide, low-cut, anchor-embroidered collar, a gold-fringed sash of white silk,—and the passenger was a lady who lolled back under the same parasol that had illumined the quay at Lucerne, and who lazily admired the quick and supple muscularity of her ornately attired companion.

Aurelia asked the Governor at lunch if he considered the *salon* of their hotel at all adapted to the giving of a concert. The Governor sent out a questioning look full of startled apprehension, as if to inquire what was in the wind now. It was the look of a man who feels the ground shifting beneath his feet—of a man whose recent experiences have made it worth his while to wonder what will happen next. He had entered upon this little tour simply as a quiet scientific gentleman whose tastes were subdued and whose requirements were extremely moderate, certain that what was good enough for him was good enough for the unexacting Chatelaine, and that what would please them both would assuredly suffice for their guest. But at just the present moment his status was something of a puzzle to him. It seemed now and then as if his eyes caught distant glimpses of the flaunting of banners, as if his ears detected remotely the half-smothered clamor of trumpets, as if his nostrils were being tickled by fumes wafted from invisible censers, and there were hours when their modest little excursion seemed to have merged into something almost equaling a progress. And one day, after an hour's quiet cogitation in a retired corner of the garden, he became satisfied as to the identity of the chief figure in this triumphant march—reaching the result by a process of elimination. In the first place, it was not he himself. True, there were moments when he felt that the cheeks of the genius of Fame showed a tendency to distend themselves unduly on his account; he was daily hearing himself addressed by new and ingenious titles supposed fittingly to recognize his eminence, and this eminence had been further confessed by unexpected attentions from various officials in the minor towns lying between Verona and Milan. Yet, on the other hand, he often felt himself degraded almost to the level of a lackey: it was fetch and carry, do this and do that—a long and unceasing string of minor attentions which Aurelia West expected and demanded, and in which even the Chatelaine, careless of her gray-haired guardian, completely acquiesced.

In the second place, the chief figure of the progress was not their guest from Paris. True, she was showing an increasing disposition to flaunt her magnificent apparel here, there, and

everywhere, in places high and low, in season and out, and she was developing a capacity for haughty insolence toward hotel-keepers and their dependents that almost chilled the old gentleman's blood. But, on the other side, for every inch that she exalted herself in public she would humble herself a foot in private; and when the Governor had seen her a few times running about nervously with her mouth full of pins, and had once encountered her in a dark hallway with a shoe of the Chatelaine's in one hand and a tiny blacking-brush in the other, he saw that Aurelia West was not burning to be the Princess, but only the Princess's devoted slave.

There was only one of them left—the Chatelaine herself. It must be for her, then, that they had given up their quiet and pleasant inn at Verona, and had transferred themselves to another, larger, showier, more expensive. It was for her that *Fin-de-Siècle* was always being sent trotting about for carriages and coachmen, that *Tempo-Rubato* would be despatched for *ciceroni* and *sagrestani* to open up famous places at distinguishedly unusual hours, and that Aurelia West had so willingly metamorphosed herself into a lady's-maid. It was for her that the hotel-keeper at Brescia had bowed down with obsequious devotion, and that the half-dozen eager waiters had tumbled over one another's heels; it was for her that the *sindaco* of Bergamo had driven up to the door of their inn with a carriage and pair; it was for her that he himself had been left to spend three dismal days in the Brera at Milan, staring at casts, coins, and madonnas, while Aurelia organized and led a triumphal tour among the shops of the Corso and the Galleria. The Governor studiously contracted his eyebrows as he stared through the white walls of Cadenabbia across the lake, and rubbed his nose thoughtfully with his long forefinger. Well, after all, the dear child was worth it.

But he might have spared himself an uneasy apprehension that the indefatigable Aurelia was designing to organize an entertainment at the hotel with the Chatelaine as chief patroness, and Aurelia, too, might have spared herself any apprehension that Des Guenilles was intending to duplicate here her performance at Meran; for the Duchess had dismissed her three or four remaining voices, and, having thus stripped herself of the last shreds of *opéra comique*, was indulging in a fortnight of unadulterated rest preparatory to her autumnal engagements in Paris itself. Meanwhile, she was established in the other big hotel at the far end of the town, and was daily doing Cleopatra-on-the-Cydnus, as far as circumstances and surroundings permitted—the resemblance being greatest, of course, on those occasions when Antony was

not required to furnish the motive power as well as the devotion.

But the lake was free to all, and its shores were made accessible by frequent steamers. Aurelia twice covered the course from Como to Colico, and once she made a side-excursion down into the arm at the end of which stands Lecco; and on all these occasions she passed the panorama in review with the ferret-like, undeviating gaze of the specialist. The sheer fall of mountain-side, and the white tumbling of cascades, she viewed with complete indifference; the busy activities of quarry and silk-manufactory were so completely ignored as even to pass unresented; the fine picturesqueness of church-tower and monastery was taken in unconsciously, if at all, while the crumbling walls of untenanted castles and fortresses seemed to strike her as anachronous to a degree: but for every distant glint struck by the sun on balustraded terrace, for every glimpse of pediment or colonnade caught through groves of cedar and magnolia, her eyes were keen indeed. In fact, Aurelia's sole concern in all this was to discover a villa ideally suitable for the enigmatic son of the Duke of Largo. Before long she did discover it, but not from the deck of the steamer.

For, on a certain afternoon, one of the insinuating boatmen of Bellagio, with more heed to profit than to meteorology, had tempted our friends out upon the water at a time when the prospect for wind and rain seemed more than commonly good. Within half an hour the prospect became a certainty, and a strong wind and a high sea drove them straight to shore. They effected their haphazard landing at a flight of broad and easy marble steps which broke through a long and stately terrace to lead down to the water between rows of sculptured vases rioting with flowers, and which led up to avenues of box and clipped ilex adorned with multifarious statues. And when a brilliant figure in white flannels came hastening down one of these stately paths to assist them in alighting, the transported Aurelia rose at once to the situation on the wings of ecstasy: here at last was indeed the villa of Tempo-Rubato, and it was the master himself who had come to welcome them. Tempo-Rubato knew nothing of this ecstasy, but he had a sharp sense of atmospheric conditions; yet with all his haste to get the Governor and his charges under shelter, he had barely done so before the storm broke.

It was sharp and sudden, short yet violent; a gusty roar, an ominous lashing of waters, a heavy downpour, a touch of thunder and lightning; then the infuriated beauty quieted her heaving bosom and veiled her flashing eyes, and bound down her flying hair and stilled her angry clamor, and presently Como, save for a

murmur reminiscent of rebellion, was herself again. Within a quarter of an hour the sky was clearly blue, and Tempo-Rubato walked forth with his guests, accompanied by his parents, who were spending a month with him in *villeggiatura*, and by Fin-de-Siècle, who had sprung up from somewhere or other, and who announced himself as on his way back to Paris. The broad, graveled walks trickled with their last rivulets, the polished masses of box and laurel tingled with a million raindrops, the white walls of villas and hamlets glistened on many a remote mountain-slope, and a full-arched rainbow hung out its flag of truce from shore to shore. Through this scene Tempo-Rubato, fully *en prince* at last, led the way with an air of easy and gracious mastery. The Chatelaine was simply enchanted by the spectacle, and did not hesitate so to express herself. As for the splendors of the villa itself, they impressed her almost to the verge of discomfort. The pictorial stateliness of the Vintschgau had not been without its effect upon her, but the difference between that and what she had previously experienced had been only one of degree. Here, now, was a difference of kind; never before had she encountered anything so suave, so luxurious, so spaciouly serene, so indolently graceful. Every glimpse of cloud-wreathed mountain-peaks seen down long avenues of ilex overawed her; every glance at the blue expanse of waters caught through openings in statted and arcaded galleries acted only as a spur toward the adequate expression of her delight.

This undisguised appreciation was not at all to the taste of Aurelia West, who did not care to have the Chatelaine show herself so completely pleased, so powerfully impressed. She herself accordingly drew on a weary and half-disdainful air, as if her own infancy and childhood had been passed in villas of uncommon splendor, and as if she had tired of all such long years ago. She entered upon a quiet little course of disparagement by means of cross-references to other travel experiences: she drew upon the outskirts of Vienna and the environs of Paris, where, as she more than intimated, features of equal magnificence were not altogether wanting, and she reminded the prostrate Chatelaine of one or two rather fine things in the ancestral home of Zeitgeist that found no fellows here. Propped up by such aids as these, the Chatelaine was not completely bowed and broken by Tempo-Rubato's grandiose environment; but she went through an ordeal which tried to the uttermost their united fortitude when the Marchese summoned them subsequently to a grand fête, when moonlight, music, fireworks, and what not besides, combined nearly to vanquish this simple-minded

girl and even to modify the *nil admirari* attitude of her friend.

The Governor found himself at home among the serried nymphs and goddesses of Tempo-Rubato's freshened elysium,—personages whom the old Duke pointed out as well as he knew how,—and he jotted down with some nimbleness one or two little notions that he fancied might do very nicely at Avenches. He even begged from Tempo-Rubato a slight pencil-sketch of the uncommonly effective landing-stage, from which to complete his own new *marmorata*, and he carried away a ground-plan and a perspective view which their host cleverly slap-dashed down on a page torn from his note-book. Fin-de-Siècle, too, scratched down his own little impression on the sensitive mind of the old gentleman, when he informed him, at one stage of their progress through the grounds, that he had just despatched his last chapters to Paris. This was done in a tone most marked, one sinister and even threatening; and the Governor, whose mind sometimes moved with a bounding intuition that was little less than feminine, instantly saw himself figuring upon the pages of a book, and none too flatteringly either. He sighed and shuddered. Were all the rites of hospitality powerless to exorcise the demon of publicity? And if he himself figured among the *dramatis personæ*, how about his associates? If he were the *père noble*,—or ignoble, as he rather feared,—how, then, as to the heroine?—an inquiry that he trembled to pursue.

But this ominous thought would now and then flap its dusky wings about his head as they loitered along through thicket and greenhouse, for Fin-de-Siècle had fixed a most intent regard upon the Chatelaine, and kept it there. Aurelia, never completely certain heretofore of exemption from a snub from this quarter, now found herself swiftly fading into nonentity. She undertook to revivify her own image in the mind of this contemptuous youth by reverting to certain episodes common to the Parisian experiences of them both; but some of these he ignored, and others he had forgotten, or had so far forgotten that it would be weariness to remember. Aurelia was willing, under certain conditions and for certain ends, to humble herself, but she was not yet quite ready to be humbled by anybody else, and she resolved to lie in wait until occasion might hold out the prospect of solace to her mortified spirit.

Such an occasion offered itself almost immediately—perhaps you will say she made it. It was in the largest of the greenhouses—the central one—that she found an opportunity at once to reassert her own importance and to exalt still higher the already exalted Chatelaine. Under a great octagonal dome of glass, focus

of Tempo-Rubato's horticultural endeavors, was set a small, stone-encircled pond, the surface of which was half hidden by the big, flat, lustrous leaves of some rare plant which had brought all its energies to one surpassing focus of its own—a single, great, white flower of transcendent purity and splendor. Aurelia's hands at this very moment were cumbered with flowers that Tempo-Rubato had presented to her,—flowers of but moderate rank, it is true, but distinguished by the giver and his giving,—nor had the Chatelaine been altogether forgotten by the doting old Duke; but nothing like this prevented Aurelia from fixing a determined gaze on that one unique and precious blossom—a gaze that passed from Tempo-Rubato to the Chatelaine and back again, but began and ended in the center of the pond—a gaze wide with expectation and prophetic of demand. And then she spoke—with a slow and distinct deliberation. This magnificent flower, she said, had doubtless been waiting for the coming of the lady on whom it could properly be bestowed. Well, the lady was here (this with a bow toward the Chatelaine that was almost a reverence), the Lady of La Trinité.

There was a slight pause, and in it was faintly heard the whirring of the wings of panic. Tempo-Rubato gave a start and a short, nervous laugh, the Duke paled perceptibly, and the Duchess, with a moist fear in her eyes, laid a detaining hand upon her son's arm; even Fin-de-Siècle gave a quick little gasp. The Governor should have done as much or more; but he simply looked in a fond, doting way upon the Chatelaine, as much intoxicated by this flattery, as much uplifted by a sense of coming triumph, as were he himself the principal—too sensitive to the fumes of the ideal to give due heed to the lees of the actual, however certain they were to remain behind. As for Aurelia, she realized pretty nearly—though not completely—what she was about; she had entered upon a course of splendid audacity, and this step was only a little longer and a little bolder than any preceding one; she honestly believed her friend conspicuously deserving of the best which could be offered; that blind old man had allowed his godchild to disparage herself too long already.

Every one turned to the Chatelaine, but she made no effort to stay the execution of this high-handed decree. She was modest and reasonable enough, but she was too human to be above homage, and too inexperienced to interpret signs and tokens, however open and abounding. She should have taken Tempo-Rubato's strained bow and forced smile not as a sign of acquiescence eagerly courting encouragement, but as a plea for the averting of a

ruthless sacrifice. She should have seen, from twenty indications, that this one flower was the apple of his parents' eyes, and that to pluck it was like quenching the flame in a lighthouse, like snatching the halo from some saint. A month before she would have shrunk back from so marked an attention, but whiffs of a new atmosphere wafted from afar and laden with adulation now tickled her dilated nostrils; a claim made not by herself, but by another on her behalf, might surely hold; so she stood there quiet, smiling, acquiescent—if her look expressed anything, it expressed a wondering inquiry as to the reason for delay.

Tempo-Rubato set his teeth, and moved toward the edge of the basin. Aurelia advanced a step, and begged him not to inconvenience himself. To pluck the flower was a privilege, and nobody would appreciate this privilege more highly than Count Fin-de-Siècle; she begged that he would stand back in favor of his friend. But Fin-de-Siècle, thus suddenly brought forward, did not seem very successful in summoning up a look to express his sense of the honor. He glanced timorously at the turbid fluid as it revealed itself obscurely between the curled and huddled pads—a surface that gave no precise indication of depth and positively no information as to the nature of the bottom, which was very likely to be both curving and slippery. The Governor chuckled and encouraged the young man's advance; it was not through fire and water that he was asked to go,—hardly water alone; mud, rather,—and it did not become him to stand too long trembling on the brink. Aurelia, with a mingling of the spiteful and the romantic, tauntingly assured him that every good and true knight held himself in readiness to obey the commands of the sex, and that promptness was half the service. Tempo-Rubato gave audibility to a sardonic smile by means of a short, dry laugh, and laid a propelling hand on the shoulder of his hesitating friend. He himself was to be a victim, but there was some satisfaction in the thought that he was not to be the only one. He was to suffer, indeed, but with dry feet and an unimpaired self-respect.

The Chatelaine received the flower with a gracious serenity. She did not lay too much stress on Fin-de-Siècle's ruined shoes and muddied trousers (he had been obliged to sink on one knee to escape falling flat on his back), nor did her eye dwell too long on the broken pads that remained floating about as witnesses of the struggle. Aurelia fixed a studiously indifferent gaze on a plebeian plant which occupied the nearest ledge, determined to exclude the noteworthy and the exceptional. The Duchess turned toward her son as if to ask what angel—what destroying angel—they were entertain-

ing unaware. His glance in return seemed to imply the uselessness of denying that she was an angel when even the imps from the lower world acknowledged and proclaimed it.

The complacency of Miss West metamorphosed this dragonade into a tribute and a triumph; but she had always been taught to expect a great deal of men, to express her expectations unreservedly, and to insist most vigorously upon their fulfilment. It was her fundamental belief that the young woman was the corner-stone of the social edifice,—the *raison d'être* of society,—almost its be-all and end-all. The spokes of the social wheel all centered in her; toward her every function worked, from her many a function proceeded; she both guarded the gates and sat on the throne—at least that was the way it was in America. She knew that Americanization was the impending fate of Europe, and she felt that she must do her share in this great work. Why did she hold a string in her hand if she was not to pull it? Why neglect the cultivation of a precious bulb the coming convolutions of which promised to out-flower Flora herself?

In the mean while she continued her collection of data with regard to remote and nebulous La Trinité. For remote and nebulous indeed was it coming to seem through the responses of its mistress, who met Aurelia's constant and confident interrogations with answers that seemed cold and meager and almost evasive. She seemed unable squarely to face Aurelia's ardent assumption that the splendors of the Vintschgau and the Brienza were to be equaled in a remote and lonely Alpine valley; that poor, homely La Trinité was to rival Meran and Bellagio. She acknowledged her own château, an inn too, a mill, a church, a certain number of chalets; but her responses were quite unadorned by details. As regarded her own habitation, she would confess to a turret or two (Aurelia had imagined a dozen); there was a window, yes, which might fitly be termed an oriel; as for a courtyard, there was a kind of inclosure near the stables which might as well be called that as anything else; and as for a driveway from the village up to her own grand portal (Aurelia's expression), there was a road on which a coach would be practicable, perhaps, though hardly necessary. With these meager particulars the poetess was obliged to content herself.

The matter of the divinity's material environment remained, then, in abeyance, but of the new spirit informing her the delighted Aurelia soon received a token convincing enough. It was near that little open place by the steam-boat-landing on which opened the great gates of their own hotel; a place where splendid boatmen lounge with the effect of leaning up against

side-scenes, where strapping young women kneel on the shore and cleanse their towels and table-cloths with a great whacking of wooden paddles and an immense sacrifice of soap-suds, and where lively little girls clatter along under the arcade in loose wooden slippers which only a miracle in constant force seems to keep on their feet. To this place the Chatelaine and her friend had descended from one of the steep and stony little lanes that mount the hillside, and were beguiling their leisure by a few infinitesimal purchases, when another pair came strolling along with a careless and leisurely gait—*Tempo-Rubato* and *Mademoiselle Pasdenom*. The Chatelaine was moving on toward a tiny shop before the door of which hung several very neatly turned specimens of the cobbler's art in poplar-wood and tinsel velvet; but at a sign of greeting from the approaching pair she paused, and Aurelia was presently enabled to gage the amount of progress that had been made between Lucerne and Bellagio.

The Chatelaine had never crushed anybody before. She had never felt an impulse to do so, and she might not have been able to follow up such an impulse to a relentless consummation. But now, to Aurelia West,—though Aurelia, remember, could sometimes see more than there was to see,—no one could have seemed more suddenly, more inflexibly, determined to rend, to cast down, to trample upon, to annihilate—more unmistakably risen at last to an eminence which disclosed to her the full knowledge and significance of her place and her powers. But if the Chatelaine had taken an instant to reflect or to discriminate, she might have refrained from a full and ruthless exercise of those powers. The Duchess did, indeed, nod in a familiar fashion to Aurelia, but her manner toward Aurelia's companion was propitiatory, self-derogatory, almost appealing. Certainly, considering the company and the circumstances, this was no place for abject and groveling humility; she could hardly be expected openly to abase herself before *Tempo-Rubato*. But the Chatelaine was bursting with a capacious indignation,—an indignation which even made Aurelia West seem less a victim to this woman than her fellow-conspirator,—and she was far beyond the consideration of finely shaded details. She was of good height,—taller than either her friend or her foe,—and a sense of rectitude turned every inch to its fullest account. There was a great capacity for indignation in her full bosom, and for inflexibility in her squared shoulders. Her well-set, uplifted head was easily equal to the expression of a high degree of pride, and its slow turning to one side raised the expression even a degree higher still; while the nervous concentration of the play of her long fingers on her elbow remained a study for the fascinated Aurelia for a week afterward. Her nose, aquiline and cartilaginous,—like those of a long line of ancestors, persons of probity and consideration,—seemed equal to the expression of any degree of scorn; and her eye, when unveiled, was the eye of the mountaineer, whose penetrating and hawk-like vision is never more steady and steely than when fixed on some small and remote object that is retiring to a remoteness greater still. And when she spoke,—



only a dozen words,—she employed a primitive directness that startled and confounded.

The Duchess drooped. The careless and scornful little laugh that she attempted ended suddenly in something like a mortified sob. *Tempo-Rubato*—to fall back upon a convenient metaphor—placed an instant hand on the hilt of his sword, while the other devil—not the laughing one—began to glitter in his eye. He had not, perhaps, the clearest idea in the world in whose behalf the weapon was to be wielded, but it was foreign to his nature to play passively the part of spectator: choice of sides was not so urgent as exercise of activity. But there are times when the most eager warrior must chafe under inactivity, when even the brawniest arm is paralyzed by circumstance. For though the Chatelaine turned on him a lofty look which flashed him far beyond the pale of any possible alliance with her, it was a look the fierceness of which forbade at the same time his open championship of the opposing side. However, she gave him scant opportunity for either. She passed rapidly on, and he was left, with a feeling of admiring wonder, to reflect that it was this girl whom he, only three months before, had presumed to treat with something but little removed from an amused and condescending indulgence.

X.

LA TRINITÉ: MIRAGE.

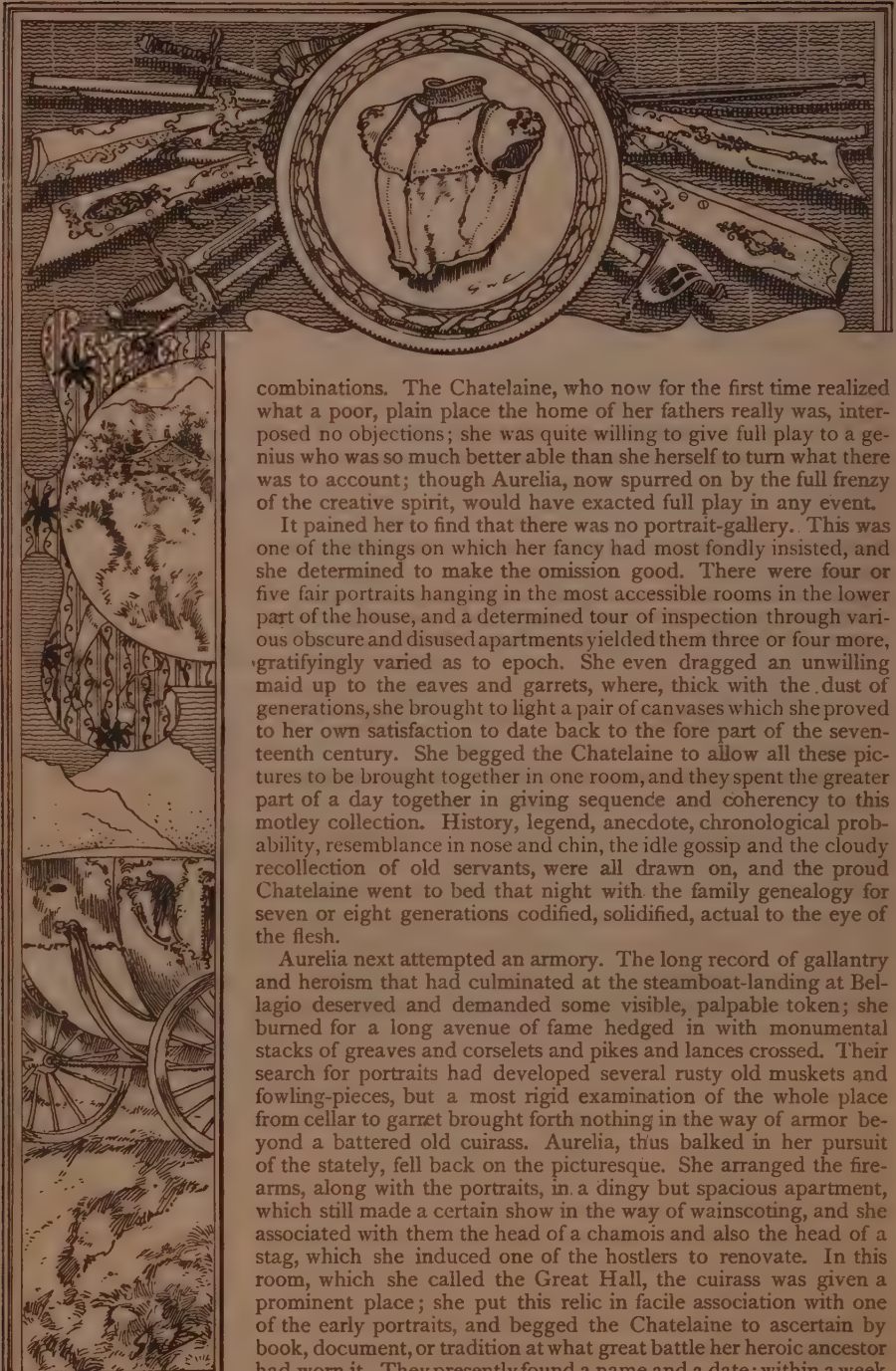
THE road up the Val Trinité begins with the suave and persuasive promise of chestnut and laurel, and ends in actuality with a dozen riven pines at the jagged and splintered base of a great glacier. The track runs between rugged slopes the bases of which are littered with moss-covered boulders and with scaly rocks overgrown with thickets of rhododendrons, crosses and recrosses a brawling torrent whose excesses become more unbounded with the advance of every half-mile, and passes through a dozen scattered hamlets the inhabitants of which change almost imperceptibly from Italian to German, but whose names remain obstinately French. And it was over this road that a carriage jolted one afternoon late in September, carrying the Chatelaine, her guest, and her duenna, old Mamzelle Margot, who had conducted her charge from La Trinité to Neuchâtel, and who had now come down from the mountains to lead her home again.

The Chatelaine's home-coming was a very simple and unadorned affair, but it involved no particular disappointment to her romancing friend, who had fortunately prefigured that very little appreciation was to be expected from an uninstructed peasantry when so little had been accorded, within her easy recollection, by even

the lights of the polite world. She knew, of course, what was right in this connection, what might properly be expected, demanded. Her intimate acquaintance with light opera and lighter fiction made it impossible for anything to quench her ideal—an ideal involving a gay and graceful commingling of festoons and arches, of bonfires and hurrahs, a complaisant and unanimous throng before the inn,—a throng in gay bodices and sturdy leggings, with a ready tendency to drink healths with cheers and to flaunt gaily streaming ribbons with an airy abandon; but she was willing to accept whatever offered at present until enlightenment might dawn upon these well-disposed but uninformed mountaineers, and they could be shown what was to be done and given some idea of how to do it. It pleased her well enough, then, that a score of men, young and old, collected in the street, should have parted for the passage of their vehicle, and have ranged themselves almost involuntarily in two irregular lines, and have uncovered with every evidence of respect and good will. It gave her considerable satisfaction, too, when a group of half a dozen little girls came trudging up to the château with a big nosegay of homely and belated flowers, and shuffled their feet with a helpless awkwardness until the Chatelaine's gracious acceptance relieved them of their embarrassment and sent them away with a proud and smiling satisfaction. Nor did she find it amiss when, the next morning, a wheezy old dame shuffled in with a basket of eggs and a pair of stockings of her own knitting. There was material in all this, and promise.

To the place itself she gave the same qualified approval. If position was half the battle, as she had heard, the battle was half won, for the château stood on a rugged eminence a hundred feet above the village, and commanded a wide sweep of snowy peaks that rose above serried ranks of somber pines. But that its own actual features, external and internal, were equal to crowning the campaign with victory was not so certain. Should she be able to produce any broad and taking effects in a place so small, so simple, so domestic, so generally practicable for the ordinary living of to-day? Could she hope for stateliness in apartments so circumscribed? Was there really any opportunity for the grandiose with furnishings so meager, so familiar? Would it be possible to produce any great impression with such a plain and homely little band of servants? Well, she must do the best she could.

She at once entered upon a deft and half-disguised course of manipulation. She advised, suggested, importuned, experimented. She changed, shifted, added, took away, renovated, reconstructed, made new presentations and



combinations. The Chatelaine, who now for the first time realized what a poor, plain place the home of her fathers really was, interposed no objections; she was quite willing to give full play to a genius who was so much better able than she herself to turn what there was to account; though Aurelia, now spurred on by the full frenzy of the creative spirit, would have exacted full play in any event.

It pained her to find that there was no portrait-gallery. This was one of the things on which her fancy had most fondly insisted, and she determined to make the omission good. There were four or five fair portraits hanging in the most accessible rooms in the lower part of the house, and a determined tour of inspection through various obscure and disused apartments yielded them three or four more, gratifyingly varied as to epoch. She even dragged an unwilling maid up to the eaves and garrets, where, thick with the dust of generations, she brought to light a pair of canvases which she proved to her own satisfaction to date back to the fore part of the seventeenth century. She begged the Chatelaine to allow all these pictures to be brought together in one room, and they spent the greater part of a day together in giving sequence and coherency to this motley collection. History, legend, anecdote, chronological probability, resemblance in nose and chin, the idle gossip and the cloudy recollection of old servants, were all drawn on, and the proud Chatelaine went to bed that night with the family genealogy for seven or eight generations codified, solidified, actual to the eye of the flesh.

Aurelia next attempted an armory. The long record of gallantry and heroism that had culminated at the steamboat-landing at Belagio deserved and demanded some visible, palpable token; she burned for a long avenue of fame hedged in with monumental stacks of greaves and corselets and pikes and lances crossed. Their search for portraits had developed several rusty old muskets and fowling-pieces, but a most rigid examination of the whole place from cellar to garret brought forth nothing in the way of armor beyond a battered old cuirass. Aurelia, thus balked in her pursuit of the stately, fell back on the picturesque. She arranged the fire-arms, along with the portraits, in a dingy but spacious apartment, which still made a certain show in the way of wainscoting, and she associated with them the head of a chamois and also the head of a stag, which she induced one of the hostlers to renovate. In this room, which she called the Great Hall, the cuirass was given a prominent place; she put this relic in facile association with one of the early portraits, and begged the Chatelaine to ascertain by book, document, or tradition at what great battle her heroic ancestor had worn it. They presently found a name and a date; within a week

the new relative was firmly embedded in the mind, the heart, and the memory of the last of the race; and before a fortnight had passed she had made a dozen facile but proud allusions to the great glory of her house. Nor did Aurelia pause here. She revised the personnel of the place from Mamzelle Margot down. Mamzelle constituted something of a stumbling-block in the pathway of progress, and Aurelia employed considerable finesse in her attempt to raise this sturdy and homely person to the grade of lady-companion. She established a scheme of precedence among the maids; she ranked the stablemen and gardeners; and she spent considerable time and thought in contriving a suitable envelop for the Chatelaine herself. Using one of the Milan gowns as a basis, she created a costume which she succeeded in persuading this guileless girl was in the height of the present mode, but which was indeed only a discreet little variation of her own on the fashion of the High German Renaissance—of the days of Maximilian, in fact. It was a garb marked by puffs at shoulder and elbow; it included a girdle from which hung a bunch of jangling keys; and it was finished with a close-fitting little cap of gold mesh worn well on the back of the head. It embodied the typical, the representative; it was a present token of power, importance, proprietorship; and when men and maids alike gazed on this new apparition with an admiring deference and awe as it trailed in slow state through hall and garden, Aurelia felt that she had not labored in vain.

The respite that followed these labors was not so long as their arduousness required, for word came shortly from the Governor, who had lingered behind at the lakes, that he would come on within a day or two and would bring Zeitgeist with him. Aurelia immediately shifted the barrel and resumed her work at the crank. Her opening measure related to the conveyance of these visitors up the Val Trinité. They should be met, and met, too, with a more creditable equipage than the one which had been found waiting for the Chatelaine and herself—an equipage for whose rusty harness and liveryless coachman she had chidden Margot as severely as she dared. She argued insistently from the past glories of the house the presence somewhere of some state-coach or other, nor did she rest until, in a remote annex to the stables, she found a dusty and battered vehicle whose faint traces of cracked carvings and dimmed gildings dated back to the old rococo days. She herself undertook the rehabilitation of the moth-eaten cushions; she insisted to Mamzelle Margot, temporarily reduced to her old position of housekeeper and general manager, that the harness must be furnished up; and she asked the Chatelaine what were the colors

of the traditional livery of the house, so that when they drove down the valley to meet the Governor and his companion,—Vittorio on the box, Franz and André up behind, and all three vivid in the facings that Aurelia's own needle had stitched into place,—they offered a spectacle to which the scattered hamlets of the Val Trinité had had no parallel for sixty years—one that for the like of which only the oldest of the elder generation of peasantry had any place in their memories.

The Governor had once before visited La Trinité, some years back, and he was not slow in observing the changes that had come between. He had not been received, then, *en grand seigneur*; no flag had been flung out from the topmost turret (another of Aurelia's ideas) as they had passed upward from the village; nor had the natural simplicity and *bon-homie* of the place been obliged to force its expression through a cumbersome overlay of stiff formalities. The primitiveness of that early day compared with the ornate complexity of the present one as the naïve piping of strolling players compares with the strong, broad, determined chord that sometimes begins an overture. Aurelia West, he saw, had collected and organized the scattered potentialities of harmony, and was now leading them on with an irresistible sweep, and with a keen eye that took in the whole semicircle from double-bass to kettledrum; while the Chatelaine lay back with the pleased passivity of the lady-patroness in her *loge*.

But the Chatelaine's part presently became a more active one; she was led on to sing the leading rôle, and before an increased audience. When Mamzelle Margot came in one morning with the intelligence that two gentlemen were stopping below at the inn, Aurelia, whose powers of divination were quite equal to her powers of imagination, knew without the telling who they were. And when Tempo-Rubato and Fin-de-Siècle presented themselves in the dress of hunters, she did not need to be informed that they had worked their way along the mountains from the shooting-box above Bergamo, and that their ultimate destination was Paris. The idea, of course, was Tempo-Rubato's. Fin-de-Siècle, since his discomfiture at Bellagio, had no desire to expose himself to any further risk, and he was finding their rough scramble over the mountains a good deal of an ordeal, being less the hunter than the mere urban sportsman. But Tempo-Rubato had pushed all opposition aside. He was determined upon once more seeing the Lady of La Trinité; the only person capable of interesting him was the one who could jog his imagination. No woman before had ever checked or cowed him; he would view the leopardess in her own lair.

The Chatelaine received the newcomers in that great hall which Aurelia West had created for her. Her air, to Tempo-Rubato, seemed full of a chill stateliness, yet hardly designed as the protest of injured dignity. The Chatelaine's indignation, in fact, had been much less directed against Tempo-Rubato than against the Pasdenom, and her forbidding aspect was now assumed principally as a help toward holding her own. She knew that her home, despite the embellishments of the revolutionary Aurelia, was a poor place still, and far beneath any possible comparison with the great houses that had entertained her, and she was relying less upon her material environment than upon her inner consciousness. The portraits, the trophies, and the *hauteur* of Aurelia gave her some support, it is true; but in the end she was herself, and that was enough.

The stage being set, and the performers brought together, Aurelia now proceeded to the play. It was impossible to make this as impressive, as ambitious, as she desired, but here, again, she should do her best. No great fête was possible—there was no one to summon. The only persons of any consideration that the community yielded were the priest and the schoolmaster, and the Chatelaine had no neighbors. But a dinner could easily be accomplished; the guests were already on hand. It must be small, but it should be too stately, too elaborate, for any intrusion of the informal, the familiar. The most satisfactory thing that Aurelia had found about La Trinité was its service of plate, and she arranged a menu fit for the dishes. It was drawn up on the best Parisian models, and was partly carried out by Aurelia's own efforts, for its succession of courses, its divisions and subdivisions, went far beyond any notions entertained in regard to dining by Mamzelle Margot. Together they explored the cellar for wine in which the Chatelaine's health might be drunk: a ceremony for which the Governor (prompted by Aurelia) took the head of the table, and with alacrity. This attention the Chatelaine received with no false modesty, no self-deprecating shrinkings, but with a high and serious sense of acknowledging a just due.

Excursions followed. These were for the display of the new equipage, for which Aurelia designed a loftier career than that of mere omnibus. These drives, limited in number and in length by the weight of the vehicle and the roughness of the country, made it necessary to furnish saddle-horses for those who could find no place in the coach. Two animals, therefore, were sent up from their farm-work two or three miles down the valley, and when Aurelia referred to the party and its progress she was accustomed to use the word "caval-

cade." She probably had the word before she had the fact.

There were excursions on foot. These led them to other valleys by rough and stony foot-paths across rocky ridges, and over the vast glaciers, too, that the mountain sent down into the Chatelaine's own valley. On several of these expeditions it was Aurelia's desire that her friend, most robust and tireless of walkers, should be transported in a *chaise-à-porteurs*, a novel experience for the Chatelaine, but one that, having tried, she was quite willing to repeat. Aurelia herself, lest she impair the Chatelaine's distinction by a duplication of her conveyance, tramped along on foot as best she might. But she took good care that Bertha had a cavalier on each side, that she should require a good deal of attention, and that she received it—all this to the curious wonder of *Zeitgeist*. The Chatelaine fell into this new pose quite easily; it did not seem very difficult for her to lean back among her cushions and to nod and beckon and command. Merit must make its demands; humility received no recompense; a firm and high audacity not only obtained its dues, but in doing so set a higher standard for dues more exacting still. So one of her attendants would be despatched for milk to some chalet more or less inaccessible, another would be hurried forward a quarter of a mile to figure out the probabilities of some obscure path, and a third would be bound down to an exacting study of the relative positions of chair, sun, and parasol. Even Aurelia herself did not abstain from various little offices: the chief priestess, having niched the idol and drawn aside the curtain, was only too glad to rush out and lead the worship by her own prostrations. To the very last it never occurred to this zealot to ask herself if her fellow-worshippers were really devotees, or, being such, to what high pitch their adoration might be pushed before zeal drooped to lassitude. She did not clearly bear in mind that *Fin-de-Siècle* was a skeptic rather than a devotee, and that but little was needed to turn the skeptic into a scoffer; she did not perceive that *Zeitgeist* was no worshiper, but a cold, aloof-standing scholar and critic; she did not feel that Tempo-Rubato, while a possible worshiper, yet preferred to select his saint for himself and to follow his own rubric. So she went on, stifling her little band with the fumes of incense, deafening it with the clangor of bells, and driving the half-hearted converts to apostasy by the maddening monotone of her ritual of praise.

Presently came the first signs of relapse; the young men began to question one another. Where, asked *Fin-de-Siècle*, was that naïveté so grateful to the jaded man of the world

(he meant himself), the only thing capable of soothing his wearied spirit? What, asked Zeitgeist, had become of the sturdy helpfulness which had no need to make a man into a lackey, and which no person of sense and capability could undervalue? Whither, asked Tempo-Rubato, had vanished that simple innocence which even the greatest reprobate among men admired and respected beyond the vastest store of knowledge that woman could amass? No answers came. Zeitgeist (the others too) inveighed bitterly, as more than once before, against the tyranny of sex—an importation now establishing itself in his own world. Fin-de-Siècle declared that he had canceled his last chapters, and hardly knew whether he should write others to take their place: what was more discouraging than to discover a supposedly new and lovely type, to fix it, and then to find in an altered light or from a shifted point of view but a reëxpression of the old and the familiar? Things such as these, he moaned, drove the artist to despair. Tempo-Rubato sighed sincerely over this great and growing change, and when, on the occasion of their last reunion in the Chatelaine's drawing-room, he sang, in his own key,

Spirito gentil, nei sogni miei
Brillasti un' di e ti perdei,

it was almost in the accents of elegy.

Yes, the time for passing on had come, and Aurelia, within a quarter of an hour after the ceasing of Tempo-Rubato's song, made her final *coup*. She advanced to the oriel and drew aside the curtain, and the same white moonlight that enveloped her flooded the town and the valley and touched the great dome of the mountain with a cold and ethereal pallor. She extended her hand toward those white and climbing slopes, and declared that a sprig of edelweiss brought thence by each of the three would please the castle's lady. And the Chatelaine, robed superbly in the creamy splendors of Milan, swept promptly into the moonlight, and with stately acquiescence in her friend's suggestion announced that she would highly prize such parting tokens of regard. There was an instant of silence—silence stabbed by surprise. Zeitgeist heard this almost incredulous and altogether indignant. He remembered that the Chatelaine had once plucked for herself a blossom from one of the lower of those slopes, nor had he forgotten the bruised knees and lacerated wrists that had resulted from his endeavors to gratify Miss West's propensity for inaccessible flora. Fin-de-Siècle started back almost appalled; they had made him ruin his

trousers, and now they asked him to lay down his life. Tempo-Rubato gave a faint sigh of impatient protest; in this craze to exact tribute what malign promptings always suggested a tribute that was floral? The Chatelaine repeated her declaration, and announced that she should wish them God-speed as they sallied forth in the morning.

At daylight there came the first, faint fall of snow. At ten her guests set out.

Fin-de-Siècle's tribute was the first to reach La Trinité. It came from Paris. The petals of his flower were of spun silver; its heart was a pearl. The velvet case inclosing it was of the color of the Chatelaine's new liveries.

Zeitgeist's offering came next—from the Vintschgau. He sent not a single spray, but a dozen, all carefully arranged, labeled, framed,—a tablet to his own energy and daring. The dozen flowers were from a dozen different places,—formidable peaks, dizzy passes,—but not one of them had been plucked within twenty miles of La Trinité.

Last of all came Tempo-Rubato's. He sent a painting, the work of his own hand. In the immediate foreground his edelweiss, the size of life, blossomed on the corner of a rocky and inaccessible ledge. The background presented in a marvelously small space a wide desolation of jagged peak and dazzling snow-field. In the middle distance a single figure—The Tempo-Rubato of the Lucerne steamer—appeared at a sudden rocky angle, but whether in advance or in retreat it was difficult to say. A wide, impassable chasm separated him from the flower, but across it he seemed to flash a mocking smile of adieu.

LAST summer a wayfarer descended from the glacial fields above La Trinité, and trudged downward through the valley. Some four or five miles below the château he passed a group of clever-looking young men who were occupied with a three-legged instrument constructed of brass and mahogany, and who had left a trail of stakes behind them. Farther on he passed a group of laborers busy on an embankment that had come to dispute the passage with the brawling stream. A mile lower the gaunt form of a great iron truss spanned the river, and from beyond the jutting crag that closed the view came the muffled shriek of a steam-whistle. He went no farther.

In retracing his steps through La Trinité, he paused at the inn, and, looking up at the château, inquired after its mistress. She had left the valley. The Chatelaine—her way prepared, her path made straight—was now in Paris.

MONEY IN PRACTICAL POLITICS.



PERHAPS no field offers a better opportunity for the study of human nature than that of practical politics. No man better understands the motives that guide men in daily life than the politician; and no man uses

this knowledge to accomplish his own purposes with greater skill than he.

By the ordinary citizen of the educated class, the practical politician is thought to be a man who, though sometimes perhaps having good intentions, is nevertheless led by selfish motives, in the main, to do selfish, corrupt, and dishonest deeds. In his own eyes, the practical politician of the higher grade is a patriotic citizen working for the good of a party upon the success of which depends the welfare of the country. He feels in many cases that he is driven to acts which to him are unpleasant; which are, perhaps, on the whole unfortunate for the country, but which, under the circumstances, are still a stern necessity. To be sure, among the "workers" will be found many who care neither for country nor party, nor even for leader, though that is rare; but in the higher ranks the proportion of the consciously dishonest, although possibly larger than that of the same class among merchants or lawyers, is still small. Most of our office-holders in the higher legislative and executive positions are at bottom as honest, hard-working, and self-sacrificing as men of other classes. The "submerged tenth" have dragged the reputations of their fellow-politicians lower than truth would permit us to declare their characters to be. These differences of opinion with reference to the character of the practical politician come largely from lack of knowledge on the part of the public as to the circumstances in which the politician is placed, and as to the pressure that is brought to bear upon him, as well as from ignorance of the amount of excellent self-sacrificing work that he really does.

Our Government is said to be one founded upon public influence guided by public opinion. There can be little question that all reforms must come from demands of the public; but unless the people are well informed as to the exact condition of affairs, they cannot act with intelligence. At the present time there is a great outcry against corruption in elections, and the selfish acts of the practical politicians as shown therein, and a demand that these

abuses be done away with. The demand is most certainly a worthy one; but it comes in good part from men who, though honest and well intentioned, do not begin to appreciate the real state of affairs, and who, consequently, too often suggest remedies for the abuses that are utterly impracticable, and which in many cases would do more harm than good. When the people really see things as they are, know what ought to be done, and demand that action be taken, the politician will be ready and prompt to act. The politician cannot act until he feels that public opinion is with him; his business, in fact, and in justice too in the main, is not to guide public opinion, but to follow it. He may help to create and guide public opinion, but that duty is equally incumbent upon lawyers, preachers, teachers, and all good and intelligent citizens. We need to distinguish in this regard the reformer, and even the statesman, from the politician. It is the business of the politician, and the business is a worthy one, to care for the interests of his party, and thereby, as it appears to him, for the interests of the state; and his party interests cannot be cared for unless he follows public opinion. To the politician also "the public" means, not merely the educated or the good citizens, but all citizens who have votes. If, then, we expect the politician to change his methods of action, we must in some way bring it about that by the change more votes will be gained to the party in power than will be lost.

A politician knows very well that he does many things that are condemned by the most enlightened consciences; he does many things that to himself are disagreeable, and that trouble even his well-trained conscience; but, as has been said, to him these acts are necessary, and he does them as other good people do necessary but unpleasant tasks. When he can be made to see that it will be better, not for himself personally, but for the success of the party,—which, let me repeat, to him means the good of the country,—to change the methods of conducting elections, nobody will be more ready to change than he. Indeed, as vote-buying is in reality a very unpleasant business for many of our most influential politicians,—so much so that many of them, while directing it, will never themselves take any part in it,—no one will work more actively to make this practice unnecessary than will they, if it can be clearly shown that a change to a better system of carrying elections is practicable.

Now nothing can be done that will have more influence in bringing together the opinions of the practical politicians, and of the citizens who are not in politics, than a candid statement of the real conditions under which elections are carried. The objectors to the present methods of work will then see the circumstances under which the politician acts, will be better able to see some remedy that can be suggested for the present state of things, and thus will be enabled to help the politician into better methods of political work.

PARTY ORGANIZATION.

PERHAPS the most important duty of the politician, under our present system, is to make nominations; but passing that by, and assuming that the nominations have already been made, let us see how the politician goes to work to carry an election. The first essential condition to success in a campaign is thorough party organization. We often use the word organization without fully realizing what thorough organization means. The "blocks-of-five" letter that was so much denounced in the campaign of 1888, while bad enough in intent from the standpoint of an honest citizen, was, nevertheless, in many respects, a very sensible, wise letter from the standpoint of practical working methods. From the standpoint of a "worker," the main objection to it was that it was entirely unnecessary to take so much risk as the writing of the letter involved. Probably in the whole State of Indiana there were few places where the organization was not as complete as that recommended in the famous letter.

As I write, I have before me some pages from the poll-books and check-books of one of the county committees in the State of New York. Before registration day a thorough canvass is made of each election district. The names of all of the voters are arranged in these poll-books alphabetically. After the column of names comes a series of columns headed, respectively, Republican, Democrat, Prohibition, Doubtful, Post-office Address, Occupation, and Remarks. Each voter's address is taken, and opposite his name is placed a mark in the proper column showing whether he is a regular Republican, a Democrat, or a Prohibition voter, or whether he is to be considered a "doubtful." After registration day, each man who registers has his name checked in the poll-book, so that the committees of both parties have a complete list of all those entitled to vote in each district. From this book, then, a check-book is prepared. In this second book, if I take as an example the check-book of the Republican party, on each page will be arranged in the first place, alphabetically, the names of

all the Republicans in the district; then in a column below, or on another page, all those that are considered doubtful; that is, those whose politics are not known, and those whose votes it is thought possible to bring to the Republican party either by persuasion or by purchase. The Democratic committees have books similarly arranged, with the names of all the sound Democrats and of the "doubtfuls."

In some places the prices that are paid from year to year are entered, usually, perhaps, as in the case of an acquaintance of mine in Michigan, by a private mark. Such entries depend upon the care and skill of the individual "worker." They are not very common, and really seem unnecessary. The memories of the "workers" will serve as long as it is necessary; and they do not care to keep historical records, interesting and valuable as such records would be.

On election day, then, it is an easy matter for the poll-book holder, standing by the polls, to check the name of every reliable party man as he comes to vote, and near the end of the day to find out how many men of his own party have not yet voted. He can then readily send a messenger to bring in any late or careless voters, the character of whose votes is not doubtful. The workers of each party, having thus a complete list of all doubtful or purchasable voters, will know how to handle them.

These doubtful voters will not be divided carelessly into "blocks-of-five and each block put into the hands of a trusty man," but each doubtful voter, being known, with his habits, his work, his associates, is considered individually. If he is one whose vote can be affected by honest persuasion, the man in the party who would be likely to have the most influence with him is selected to work with him, and to influence his vote by fair means, if possible. If he is a man whose vote must be purchased, he will be assigned to the worker who can purchase him to the best advantage. If the number of "floaters," or "commercial," as they are variously called, is relatively large to the number of workers, it may well be that they will have to be purchased in blocks of fives or blocks of tens; or, again, owing to social reasons, they at times can best be bought in groups, or clubs, or traded; but in all cases where the best work is done, each individual "floater," whether bought singly or as one of a group, is looked after personally by the man best competent to handle him.

Sometimes, especially where vote-buying has not been very common, it requires much skill and tact to handle these "commercial" to the best advantage. Your "float" is at times a sensitive, proud creature, patriotic to a degree. He votes, forsooth, with his party, as an

honest man should. But if, perchance, he can be made to believe that his own party "workers" distrust him,—that his name, for example, has appeared on their check-books in the doubtful column,—his wrath is enkindled, and his political enemy gets his vote on easy terms. And, again, he often feels it right to desert his party's candidate, unless he is paid as much money as the opposition will give. On equal terms he will vote with his party; but surely his vote is worth as much to his candidate as to the other, and why should he not get some money as long as there seems to be plenty to spare? He needs it more than do the candidates who furnished it. As a rule, however, a "floater" gets less for voting with his own party than with the enemy; and the regular "floater" is not sensitive, but may be approached directly and bargained with.

CAMPAIGN FUNDS.

A NECESSARY preliminary to the work on election day is the securing of election funds. Of course, there are many legitimate expenses in an election; the printing of tickets in ordinary cases, the hiring of campaign speakers and the payment of their expenses, the rent of halls, the printing of campaign literature, the purchase of torches and uniforms for processions, if such be considered necessary, etc. But after all, in close campaigns in doubtful districts, by far the largest part of the funds goes for the direct or indirect purchase of voters. How are these funds raised? The facts that follow are not mere guesses. The information in all cases is thoroughly trustworthy, though I am not at liberty to give names, and in many places it would be unwise to mention localities exactly. But in all instances cited the statements are trustworthy.

Of course the first, and in most cases the chief, source of revenue is the assessment of candidates. The amount of these assessments varies in different localities and under different circumstances. A common assessment in Illinois, for example, in districts that are not considered especially doubtful in ordinary elections, is five per cent. of the annual salary; and it is expected that all candidates, unless there is some special reason for exception, will pay this assessment. However, it not infrequently happens that the most valuable candidate for the party is a poor man who is unable to pay the regular assessment. In that case, the committee, taking all the circumstances into account, ask him to pay what seems reasonable, or he may be even entirely exempted from assessment, as in the case of a crippled candidate for county recorder in Indiana in 1890. A wealthy candidate, who can well afford to pay more, is sometimes assessed a lump sum with-

out any especial reference to the salary that he is to receive if elected.

In national elections local county committees expect to receive money also from the national committee, usually through the hands of the state committee. In the campaign of 1888 the Republican committee in one county of Indiana received \$800 from the state committee, which they supposed, as a matter of course, came from the national committee.

In the campaign of 1880, in that same State, the two leading county managers of one of the parties went to Indianapolis and met there a representative from the national committee. They went to his room in the hotel to talk with him regarding funds. When he asked their needs, it was replied that they did not come to beg money from the national committee, but that their county stood ready to match dollar for dollar whatever sum he was willing to give them. "You're the kind of men I have been wanting to see," replied the gratified representative from New York. "You can have as much money as you want; help yourselves." He took down two valises, and threw them open, showing them packed full of bills. One of the most astute of New York political managers is of the opinion that while they doubtless took what they needed, they failed to keep their promise to match the sum "dollar for dollar" from their own county; but they did keep their word.

Another source of revenue, and one that is much larger than we should expect, if we did not consider the great enthusiasm that a close campaign arouses, is voluntary contributions. I am not speaking here of the large sums that are raised by national committees from wealthy men, especially from those who feel that they have much at stake in national legislation, but the amount that is contributed to county and city committees in local campaigns. In the campaign of 1888, in the same county that received \$800 from the national committee, one little city of 4000 inhabitants raised \$1200 a day or two before the election, after the assessments had been collected. The money was given voluntarily by enthusiastic men. In that campaign, in that county, some \$7000 was spent by one party alone, the greater part of it in the purchase of votes.

Not infrequently, however, some extra pressure is necessary to secure the proper amount from those assessed, or to increase the size of the voluntary contributions. In this same campaign of 1888, in the most important city of a doubtful congressional district in a Western State, the management of the city campaign was put into the hands of a young men's club. The candidate for congressman, of course, had to pay assessments to each one of the county

committees in his district, besides paying to the local committee in charge of the election in this city. He was a man who had himself been an active campaigner for many years, a man who was known to be unscrupulous in his methods, and one who was commonly believed, even by enthusiastic members of his own party, to have purchased his nomination at an expense of \$1500, mostly spent in packing caucuses, though some delegates were probably bought outright. The chairman of this young men's club was without much experience in politics, but, nevertheless had a good knowledge of political methods. He was a young man of strong will, a shrewd judge of human nature, and he knew his man. The executive committee of the club was called together at the proper time, and in allotting to the leading candidates the sums that seemed proper for them to pay, this candidate for Congress was put down for \$200. A messenger was sent to ask him to come to meet the executive committee. It was known that he was a hard man to collect money from, and the committee expected trouble. When he came in, the chairman said, "Well, Mr. —, I suppose you know why we have sent for you." The candidate replied, that he presumed they needed money, and added he expected, of course, to pay his share. "We have been considering the matter," said the chairman, "and we have decided that your share is \$400." The candidate, evidently surprised, inquired if the sum was not rather large, but was solemnly assured that, as the campaign was to be a severe one, they were unanimously of the opinion that he should pay \$400. After some hesitation, he said that he would do so, put his name to a subscription paper, and left the room. The committee were jubilant (as one member expressed it, "I thought I should tumble when he said \$400"), and thought the chairman's doubling of the amount agreed upon a stroke of genius; but he explained that he had thought it necessary to ask twice what was expected in order to get what they really needed. Inasmuch, however, as the candidate had promised the \$400, he intended to collect it. So, when the proper time came for asking for the first instalment, he sent a messenger for \$200. After some hesitation, and a somewhat more earnest demand, a check for \$200 came. When shortly before the election a messenger was sent for the second instalment of \$200, and the money was not promptly forthcoming, an emphatic demand was sent to the candidate, with the assurance that if the messenger did not bring back a check for \$200, the young men's club would drop the work of the campaign then and there; it was not their intention to carry on a losing campaign, and the money must be paid at once

or they would cease their work. The messenger brought back the second check for \$200.

In a county in Indiana the chairman of the Republican committee found, on the day before election, that he had at his disposal, raised by the usual means, some two or three thousand dollars. The Democrats had probably about the same amount. The county was a close one, and the Republican chairman felt that he needed more money; so he quietly sent word to the leading Republicans that he had learned, straight from the Democratic camp (with the intimation that he had bribed some of the Democratic committee to tell), that the Democrats had \$6000 ready, and that unless the Republicans could raise more money, the election would be lost. These wealthy leading Republicans were summoned to a meeting that evening. The case was laid before them; they were assured that the campaign was lost unless more money were raised, and there, on the spot, at least \$3000 were collected. The next day the Republicans were in a position to offer \$40 a vote at the opening of the polls. By ten o'clock the Democratic money was gone, and after that the Republicans could buy votes at their own price. About three o'clock, an eye-witness tells me that he saw the Republicans buy "a whole raft of voters" at the lowest rates; the Democratic money had been exhausted hours before.

This plan of offering high prices for votes early in the day by the party that has most money, and thus exhausting early the enemy's treasury, is common. A local leader in New York State told me that he once made the opposition in one town exhaust their funds in the purchase of their first ten votes, and that then he bought all day for one fifth the first sum offered.

Money comes to aid the candidates also in many other ways than in those mentioned. In the State election of 1891, one of the candidates for membership in the lower house of the Ohio legislature, a resident of one of the central counties, within a week of his nomination, was approached by the postmaster of his city and told that if he would agree to vote for Mr. — for United States Senator he might have all the money that he needed to bear his campaign expenses of all kinds, and that he might name the sum himself. Any candidate who is willing to sell himself can easily find money to help secure his election.

CAMPAIGN METHODS.

ALTHOUGH in many districts, especially where the proportion of the "commercial" voters is large, bribery is most relied upon to secure votes, other means are not neglected.

Anything that can carry demoralization into the enemy's camp is likely to be resorted to; though, in such cases, everything depends upon the personal character and shrewdness of the managers.

One of the most astute, as well as one of the most unscrupulous, of political managers is Dr. C—. He is a man whose character in private business is entirely above reproach, a man of unusual intelligence, of good credit, and good morals. He has been the chairman of the Republican committee of his county for a number of years. Into his county there came some few years ago a lightning-rod agent, a southern man, and an ex-confederate. He was a violent Democrat, a shrewd talker, and soon won the confidence of the Democratic managers, and became prominent in their councils. But the lightning-rod business was not very profitable, and the man seemed to Dr. C— one whom he could use. So meeting him one day, he inquired about his business, found that it was not very good, and offered him an opportunity to make more money, and a good regular income if he wished. The man asked what he was to do.

"In the first place," said C—, "you are to obey orders; do exactly as I tell you; ask no questions, and make truthful reports. I want you now to go down to the town of J— and make the acquaintance of Mr. G—; hunt him up, and talk with him. I do not care what you say,—talk lightning-rod business,—but go and see him to-day and report to me, and then make it your business for the next few weeks to see him as often as once or twice a week, and talk with him, so that the neighbors will know that you two are acquainted."

A campaign was coming on, and Mr. G— was the most trusted Democratic "worker" in his town, and the man who had regularly handled the funds for his party there. The lightning-rod agent had himself appointed on the Democratic committee, and gave reliable information to the Republican chairman as to the amount of funds the Democrats had, what their plans were, and all other information that could benefit the Republicans.

Shortly before election day, acting under the instructions of Dr. C—, he began to hint to the Democratic managers that all was not right with Mr. G—. He doubted his loyalty to the Democratic party. He suspected that he was betraying the interests of the party to the Republicans, and that he would turn over the money given him to buy Republican votes. At first he was not believed at all. G— was an honest man, and had been a reliable Democrat for years; it was impossible that he should be treacherous. At length, one or two

evenings before the election, in a meeting of the Democratic committee, this agent declared that he knew Mr. G— was playing false; that he had overheard Dr. C— and others talking, and had learned that they had purchased Mr. G—. When this was still not believed, he told the committee to name any man from their number to go with him; he had heard that a meeting of the Republican committee was to be held that evening; he knew where he could listen at their door without fear of detection, and he could get absolute proof.

A man, one of his own kind, was selected to go with him. They went to the building where the Republican headquarters were, and secreted themselves so that they could overhear what was going on within. Soon Dr. C—, Judge A—, Messrs. H—, and D—, and other members of the Republican executive committee, began talking over campaign matters in the town of J—. Dr. C— brought up this case of Mr. G— (of course, this had been arranged by him with the spy beforehand), and told the other members of the committee, in detail, how he had purchased G—, how much it had cost him, how much money he was to get from him, the exact sum that the Democrats had put into his hands, etc. The agent and his ally then crept back to the Democratic headquarters and told their story.

The Democrats sent a messenger post haste to summon G— to come at once, that night. He appeared before the committee, and was denounced for his treachery. He denied the charge vehemently, called to witness his long service to the party, his character, his habits, everything—but to no avail. There were two witnesses present who had heard the whole details of the story from Dr. C—. He was read out of his position of trust in the party; but it was too late to get another man to fill his place in that town. His friends and neighbors trusted him, and disbelieved all the charges made by the Democratic committee, so far as they were known. The consequence was that the Democratic management in that town was utterly demoralized, and the Republicans easily carried the day.

Dr. C— kept his lightning-rod agent in his employ for two or three years, using him at his will as a spy upon the Democratic camp. He had suspected one year that one of his local managers was playing false to him, but he had no proof. Shortly before the next election, his agent spy was instructed to make the acquaintance of the man, and to attempt to buy him for the Democrats. This was done, the bargain made in detail. Then Dr. C— sent his agent to the Democratic manager, who, he suspected, had made the bargain the year before. In confidential tones the agent told his brother Demo-

crat that he had found a traitor among the Republicans, his influence, his price, etc., and at length his name. "Sh—," said the manager, lifting his finger. "Keep away from him; he's my man. I got him last year." A little questioning brought out all the facts, which were duly reported to Dr. C—. He, in turn, called on his Republican co-laborer of the year before, and, by his knowledge of facts, forced from him a humiliating, in fact, tearful confession, and a restitution of the money. Finally, when it was evident that the lightning-rod agent could be used no longer, the doctor told him that he thought he had better leave the county; that he should go to the Democratic manager and get a suit of clothes for the services that he could render the Democrats in that campaign. He went, and received a suit. On election day he appeared in his new suit of clothes; and taking the Republican ticket in his hand, made a speech to the Democrats, announced his conversion to Republican principles, voted the Republican ticket, and left the polls and the county, never to return. Some time after, the Democratic manager, Mr. A—, a thoroughly upright, trustworthy, honorable man in all matters not connected with political campaigns, meeting Dr. C—, remarked, after referring to the lightning-rod agent, "Dr. C—, I believe you are the — villain that ever lived"; a remark which Dr. C— took, quietly smiling, without comment. Of course the news of the agent's treachery gave rise to the belief that in some way Mr. G— had been betrayed; but the details of the plot were known only to the agent and Dr. C—, and Dr. C— has, presumably, never told the story to any except reliable, intimate Republican friends.

I know of an instance in Michigan where a very skilful Republican ward "worker" has kept a Democrat in his pay for years. Through him he is kept informed of the enemy's plans; helps pack the Democratic caucuses to Republican advantage—an excellent trick, he thinks; buys votes to better effect, etc. Doubtless such instances are not very common.

To demoralize the Democrats, in one congressional district in a Western State, in 1888, the Republican candidate paid a man \$600 and expenses, some \$1500 in all, to run as a Labor candidate, and thus draw part of the Democratic vote. After getting the money, the Labor candidate is said by the Republican managers to have sold out to the Democrats, though my information on that point is not entirely trustworthy.

HOW VOTES ARE BOUGHT.

AND now, how are the voters bought? I have shown how thoroughly each district is organ-

ized, how carefully each vote is watched, and some few of the many plans adopted to weaken the enemy. In many cases voters who can be bought beforehand are kept in custody for a day or two before election, then taken to the polls, and voted. In one case, in Indiana, a man kept a half-idiot who was working for him shut up in his cellar for some days before an election, to prevent the opposing party from capturing and treating him in the same way. Then, on election morning, with a man on each side to guard him, he was marched to the polls with a prepared ticket in his hands, and voted.

In 1888, in another county of the same State, six "floaters" were kept under guard in an upstairs office over night, the next morning taken down, marched to the polls under guard, voted, brought back to the office, and \$96 paid to their leader—\$16 apiece. How the money was divided among them only the leader knew. The owner of the office is an intelligent, honest, patriotic, Christian citizen, who detests the whole system, but who says that he cannot sit still and see the enemy win by such methods. He favors any law that will stop the custom in both parties, even though it should be to the disadvantage of his own.

In a small city in Michigan a friend of mine saw two "floaters" go back and forth across the street several times between a Republican and a Democratic worker. The first bid was a dollar, and the bids were increased a dollar at a time. The men finally voted at \$7. In one of the eastern counties of New York, some years ago, a good church deacon and his son received \$40 each for their votes from a manager of their own party to keep them from deserting to the enemy. That year, in that district, a strongly Republican one for many years, the Democrats nominated a very wealthy man for Congress with the hope of winning. The management of the election was put into the hands of a man who, up to that date, had been an active Republican; but his services had not been rewarded. The Democratic candidate is said to have spent \$190,000. This seems beyond belief; but it is certain that the Democrats won, that the campaign is still remembered for its unheard-of extravagance in vote-buying, and that the corrupting influence of that campaign of some years ago is still felt in the district.

In another Western State, the night before election, the Democrats had several "floaters" corralled in a small hotel and plentifully supplied with whisky. During the night the building was set on fire; and as the "floaters" escaped from the flames, most of them were captured by Republican "workers," run in for the night, and voted as Republicans the next day. Two theories as to the origin of the fire

have been offered: one that the stove was upset by the drunken "floaters"; the other, that the building was set on fire by the Republican workers.

In one of the eastern counties of New York State, Mr. L——, a local Democratic politician, had a bull for sale. The day before the election of 1888 a farmer came to buy the bull. The price asked was \$20, the amount offered was \$15; no sale was made. The next day L—— was at the polls looking out for votes. The farmer, with his two sons, all of whom commonly voted the Democratic ticket, inquired how much he was paying for votes. He told him \$5 apiece. The man went away to see the Republican "workers," and soon returned, saying that he had been offered \$6 each, making \$18 in all. L—— considered a moment, and then said: "Well, you take these three ballots and go and vote them, and tomorrow come and get the bull." "So," as my informant tells me, "the honest farmer and his two sons took the ballots, and went, and voted for the bull." L—— transferred \$20 from the election pocket to his private pocket, and the double transaction was complete.

In Albany County, New York, a number of years ago, one of the Republican candidates prepared some tickets to be given to the "floaters" who were purchased for him. On the presentation of these tickets, they were to receive the sum stipulated. Some of the Democratic committee learned of the plan, secured one of the tickets, and then forged enough for their own use. During the day they bought voters freely for their own party, and paid them in tickets which were sent to the Republican candidate to cash. He redeemed tickets all day, and toward the close of the polls, counting up his tickets, and believing himself elected by a large majority, offered to bet a round sum as to the size of his majority. When the polls were closed, however, and the votes were counted, he was found to be defeated, his tickets having been used to too good advantage by the Democrats. In many localities little money goes directly to the voters. It is paid to men of influence to use in treating, etc., or simply to get them to coerce laborers or to influence friends.

These instances that I have given are typical, although in certain respects they may be considered extreme, and in these forms are, perhaps, not very common.

HOW PREVALENT IS VOTE-BUYING?

AFTER all, the vital question is, How prevalent is this custom of cheating and of purchasing votes, and what possibility is there of reform? The prevalence of the custom of vote-

buying depends, of course, very largely upon the locality, and upon the circumstances in each case. Where a district is strongly Republican or Democratic, and there is little likelihood of defeat for the more prominent party, there is little necessity for vote-buying, and little is done. In a city of some 15,000 inhabitants in the State of Illinois in the campaign of 1888, money for the direct purchase of votes was furnished to only two wards, and \$125 only was put into the worst ward—*i.e.*, the one having the most purchasable votes—by the party having the most money. In most of the wards three or four "workers" were paid for their day's labor at the polls, at \$2 apiece; and a few, mostly colored men, were hired to drive carriages to bring voters to the polls. In this way eight or ten votes, possibly, at each polling-place were made secure. But in one or two of the wards not even "workers" at the polls were paid for their time; all was voluntary. This paying of "workers" is almost universally found.

I have spoken of one county in another State in which, in that same campaign, \$7000 was spent by one party, mostly in vote-buying. In that county is one township, the most corrupt that my attention has ever been called to. I have been assured by thoroughly trustworthy informants from both parties, members of the county committees, that in that township of some two hundred voters there is not one thoroughly incorruptible vote. The Democratic managers have not one vote of which they are entirely sure; and while there are some Republicans who cannot be bribed by the Democrats, there is not a single Republican voter in the township who does not demand pay for his time on voting day. Under the new ballot law of Indiana, each county campaign committee has to select for each precinct an election judge and an election clerk, residents of the precinct. In 1890 the Democratic committee had no men in that township whom they could thoroughly trust to fill these offices. They feared that any whom they could appoint would be bought by the Republicans. However, they made the best selections that they could; but on election day, in the afternoon, the feeling of distrust was so great that the candidate for district judge drove some miles in order to be on the ground, and by his presence bring what pressure he could to bear upon the Democratic election judge and election clerk.

A man who knows assures me that there is one township in eastern New York, containing about four hundred voters, in which not more than thirty voters are entirely beyond reach of the money influence. Of course these are extreme cases; but it is nevertheless true that the proportion of voters who are subject to

money influence is very great. I have had estimates given me many times by men whose knowledge is based upon experience, and I find that the localities are not very uncommon where from ten to thirty-five per cent. of the voters are purchasable. In one county in New York, in which, perhaps, the Mugwump vote is larger in proportion to the total vote than in any other county in the State, and in which the largest city has only some 12,000 inhabitants, about twenty per cent. of the voters were purchased in 1888. Perhaps I need not add that the voters purchased included none of those counted as Mugwumps.

In Michigan, in one of the best and wealthiest wards of a city of some 15,000 inhabitants, the ward manager tells me that he pays about five per cent. of the voters. His price has never gone above five dollars, and he usually pays only one or two dollars. Though he has to pay some voters of his own party, he never gives them more than two or three dollars, and usually only one dollar.

The evil is not confined to the cities, nor to any one State. The probability is, that, all things considered, in such a State as that of New York, the farmers are as corrupt as the residents of the cities. It is said to be not an uncommon thing in New York State for a farmer to drive in to the polls with his sons and hired help, and virtually auction off the lot to the highest bidder. In California, an eye-witness tells me that he has seen fifty votes offered in a lump by one leader, though, in the special case mentioned, little was at stake in the election; no bidders were found, and the men (Greasers) finally withdrew late in the afternoon without voting at all.

THE EFFECT OF VOTE-BUYING ON THE VOTERS.

PERHAPS the chief danger to the State from this corruption is that where vote-buying has become common, the habit has so permeated the lower class of voters that the thought of corruption or of wrong-doing does not enter the minds of many. They feel that they have something to sell which is valuable to the candidate; and they sell their vote to the candidate with almost as little sense of guilt as they sell their potatoes to the grocer or their labor to their employer.

In a small city in Michigan, in a single election for alderman, caused by the resignation of the former holder of the office, in the wealthiest and most respectable ward in the city, a friend of mine was a candidate. On the day of election an acquaintance came to him, said that he wanted to vote for him, and asked him for a dollar or two. The candidate referred him to a committeeman who, he said, was managing the

campaign. The day after election even, a man came to him and asked him for two dollars, saying that he had bought two votes for him the day before for a dollar each without instructions, and he would like to have the money refunded. He, too, was referred to the committeeman, though he was doubtless lying with reference to the purchase of votes. In these cases, the men evidently had little feeling of guilt for vote-selling, and this seems to be the general testimony regarding the lower class of "floaters."

CAUSES OF CORRUPTION.

BEFORE we can find remedies for the corruption of the ballot it will be necessary to look somewhat carefully into the causes of the corruption. It is not sufficient to say that the corruption is due to the party spirit of the time, or to our form of ballot, or to any other one or more of such external causes; the causes lie deeper than that. In the first place, so long as we have, practically, universal suffrage, we shall always find many voters who are ready to cast their votes not from principle, but for their own pecuniary interest, though this number is smaller than many think. A large part of the "commercial" are paid to vote as they would vote without bribery. Not till the millennium comes can we expect these most selfish voters to refuse to sell their votes, if the opportunity offers. We must in some way make it for the interests of the party managers not to attempt to buy. But, on the other hand, whenever an election is close, and "floaters" stand about, waiting for bids, the temptation is so great for party managers to buy, in order to secure the election of their candidates, that we need not expect the practice to stop, unless in some way, as said above, we can make the advantage to be gained from honesty greater than that to be gained from dishonesty. At the present time, under our present laws, the prize is so great and the risk so slight, that corruption is sure to be found in almost every close district.

At the present time, many a man who will not sell his vote to the opposite party will nevertheless ask pay for his time on election day. From this receipt of his expenses in bringing himself and his workmen to the polls, bribery is made easy. The man feels that he is not selling his vote; he was expecting to vote his party ticket at any rate. But after he has gone thus far a number of times he loses sight of the real purpose for which he is voting, and the ballot seems to be cast for the good, not of the country, but of the candidate. If the candidate is to be benefited, why should he not pay for the benefit? He can afford it. Not a few men, seeing money going freely into the pockets of "floaters," say to the managers: "If

money is so plentiful, why should the scoundrels get it all? Let us honest partymen have our share. Our votes are worth just as much to the candidates."

In classes of university students, containing from ten to twenty voters, more than once I have found several,—from five to ten,—who had received from campaign managers their expenses home from college to cast their votes. These students were by no means common "floaters"; their votes could not be directly purchased at all. But still, on first consideration, many of them defend the payment of expenses of voters by their own party, when they are unable to pay them themselves, not realizing that this is but a covert form of bribery, and that, after receiving expenses, one would not feel at liberty to vote independently. If people as intelligent and honest as are college students of voting age will thus thoughtlessly encourage corrupt methods of voting, what may we expect from the "floater"?

Another cause that has conduced to the corruption of voters is the lack of distinct issues between the parties. When party feeling is very strong, as in our country at the time of the Civil War, when most of the masses feel that upon the success of their party depends the existence of their country, votes will not be so readily sold; relatively speaking, only here and there will be found a man whose vote is purchasable. But when the issues between the parties are not sharply drawn, when a man feels that either party's success is of slight consequence, it is much easier to secure his vote by purchase without any consciousness on his part of corruption.

Without going deeply enough to see the principle that underlies the practice, party managers not infrequently declare that the independent voter in good part is responsible for bribery. It is said that when party lines are sharply drawn the voter will not betray his party, but that when, through the action of independent voters, independent voting has become not merely respectable, but on the whole a mark of the educated, intelligent class, why should not the ignorant voter feel free and proud to cut loose from his party and vote as he will? It is a mark of spirit and intelligence. The intelligent voter, the Mugwump, votes from principle; the ignorant "float" votes for his own advantage, being often too ignorant to distinguish the difference. The argument is used to discourage independent voting. There is some force, doubtless, in the ingenious plea for party fealty, but the real causes of independent voting are of course overlooked in such an argument, and the remedy is to be found rather in making distinct issues than in voting with one party always. The party managers that cover

up and dodge the issues of a campaign are to blame rather than the Mugwump.

REMEDIES.

A LARGE proportion of our States have introduced ballot-reform laws to secure the secrecy of the ballot, and thus, as it is thought, to do away with vote-buying; but it will be found that the remedy, while helpful, is not sufficient. In the State of New York, in the last election, under the new ballot law, which, while not perfect, still secures the secrecy of the ballot, vote-buying was open and unbuked in some places, though it was far less common, on the whole, than before the law was passed. In one precinct of one of the cities of the State, in the election of 1891, vote-buying was so common that, counting the expenses of both parties, an amount equal to six dollars for every registered voter was paid. The managers, too, had a surplus on hand after the election.

The ballot law did part of its work well. The voter who wished to cast an independent ballot, but who, under the former law would have been intimidated, under the present law entered the booth, prepared his ballot in secret, and voted as he wished. So, too, the man who wished to be known as a party man, but who still wished to split his ticket, being compelled to prepare his ballot in secret, voted more independently.

But the "commercial" voter and the ward "boss" will still at times evade the law. Many a man who will sell his vote, not fully appreciating the enormity of the offense, is still honest enough to vote as he has agreed to vote, especially when he is paid by the party that he calls his own. Party managers know their men, and in many cases can, with a reasonable assurance of success, buy a vote and trust that it will be cast as agreed upon; but when party managers on both sides stand ready to buy, the law will not always be enforced. In some places in New York, in the State election of 1891, men pleaded physical disability on account of headache or other trifling imaginary ailments, and in that way obtained permission to take with them into the booth to prepare their ballots their "friend"—the vote-buyer of the ward. As soon as the managers on one side saw that the others were evading the law, it was much easier and more natural for them to evade the law also, than to attempt to get their rights after the election was lost, by long and doubtful appeal to the courts. So it came about, in some places, that at times two and three men entered the booth together, little attempt being made to enforce the law where any one wished to evade it; and vote-buying was almost as common as of old. It was not the

were hired to prevent meetings; to avoid bribery, rooms were rented for a week or two for guests that were never to come; men were hired by the dozen at enormous wages to erect campaign polls, and other squads of "floaters" were hired at equally munificent rates to guard them; that is, to remain in the nearest public house, and to look toward them a few times a day. Wives of needed voters were hired to make banners and uniforms, and their children to carry torches. Probably no imaginable method of corruption was overlooked. And yet their law is said to have practically ended the corruption, only here and there a vote being purchased now.

The English parliamentary elections are much simpler than ours, as only the one office is to be filled, so that their law would need much modification for adoption here. It may be, too, that some of its features would not be well adapted to our country, either because poorly suited to our people, or because we could not hope to secure their enactment. A law might be passed, however, were there a strong desire for reform, that might do much good. The following provisions are suggested:

Let the amount that can be expended for each candidate on the ticket be strictly limited; a certain small sum for a ward or town office, a larger sum for a county office, and a still larger for a congressional or State office, etc. The amounts should be liberal for all legitimate needs, and might be graded more or less by the number of voters, the size of the district, etc. Each candidate should be permitted to pay only his own personal expenses, for traveling, postage, etc. These sums should be limited, and he should be compelled to account under oath for every cent so expended. The rest of his contribution should go to his committee or manager. Every candidate representing a party should be compelled to have his campaign managed by his party committee. All the regular expenditures, except the personal ones mentioned above, should be made by the treasurer of the committee, and he should make a sworn, itemized return of every penny that comes into his hands. An independent candidate should select a manager who, under like conditions of accountability, should manage his canvass. The number of workers under pay at the polls on election day should be strictly limited, and the amount of their compensation prescribed. The English law does not permit the agents at the polls to vote. If their number is limited, however, I do not see the necessity for disfranchisement. Of course all bribery, promises of offices, etc., treating, and all such practices, should be forbidden, as well as expenditures for certain purposes that, though innocent, are really unnecessary, and which are

readily used to avoid bribery laws. Opinions might differ as to the nature of the expenditures to be forbidden; but whenever a practice, innocent in itself, becomes a cover for crime, expenditure of campaign money for it should be forbidden. Under this head in England come expenditures for torch-light processions and parades, bands of music, payment for carriages or horses to bring voters to the polls, payment of railway fares, expenditures for flags, cockades, ribbons, or other marks of distinction, etc. Some of these methods of conducting a campaign may arouse enthusiasm; but they can hardly be said to be educative, and politicians say that processions, music, even campaign speeches, affect few votes. If one party has them, the other must; but excepting the speeches, all might be forbidden with no harm to the voter, though I question if we have in the country a legislature bold enough to pass such a bill.

Many people defend the practice of bringing voters to the polls in carriages at the expense of the party, paying railway fares of those temporarily absent from home, etc. It is said that many a cripple, or poor man living at a distance, would otherwise be deprived of his vote; that the students in colleges, traveling salesmen, and others could often not afford to come home at election time, and that they would thus be disfranchised. So far as the matter concerns the crippled and infirm, while hired carriages do bring them to the polls, the carriages are not hired especially on their account, but rather for the sake of the owners and drivers, and that of the lazy and careless voters, whose votes are worse than useless to the country. The infirm, were no carriages hired by the committees, would hire carriages for themselves or be brought by public-spirited friends. As for the other classes, the trouble of bringing themselves to the polls would make their ballot of more value than it now is, and would make the right more highly appreciated. If they are to be aided at all,—a practice that seems to me undesirable,—it should be at the public expense, not at that of the candidate. No thoughtful, honest voter casts his vote as a favor to any man or party; he votes for his country's good.

This practice of paying for such expenditures has led very many of our farmers to feel that they should receive pay for their time, and that of their men, on election day, and has led college students to feel that they may honorably receive their expenses home. Why? They feel that they are voting for the good of the candidate. Why should he not pay them their necessary expenses? But no man can take such expenses, and thereafter cast an independent ballot. We ought not to blind

voters to the real significance of the ballot. I think it very doubtful if a law could be enacted here at present forbidding such expenditures; I have no doubt that, in connection with other laws, it would be desirable.

But to the provisions mentioned should be added the measure that has proved in England perhaps the most advantageous of all, the one recommended by Governor Hill in his annual message of 1890. By this law any successful candidate against whom can be proved a charge of bribery or of a corrupt practice, either on his own part or on that of his party managers, may be deprived of his seat by a writ of *quo warranto*, and his competitor, who brings the suit, may take the seat in his stead, unless the defendant shows that the petitioner also has been guilty of bribery, either through himself or his committee. This act, as a rule, makes it more advantageous, especially for the weaker candidate, to be honest than to be guilty of bribery; and, as experience in England and Canada has shown, self-interest in this way works better results than honest intentions merely. With this act it seems to me that we might be able to go further in accordance with the spirit of our institutions, and, in fact,—not merely in the statutes, as we sometimes do now,—disfranchise for a longer or shorter period any man found guilty of bribery or corrupt practice, either as giver or receiver. The fundamental principle upon which all democratic government is founded is that of personal responsibility. The true basis of suffrage is not property, or education, but personality. When one has lost this by failing to exercise his independent right to a vote, through yielding his principles to the will of another, he might well be deprived of his right to vote. Certainly a candidate for office, unseated because of bribery, should be disfranchised, as by the English law.

A system of proportional representatives, or a law providing that all nominations, whether first made in convention or not, must be made by petitions, and all candidates be given an equal chance of prominence on the ballots, would tend to weaken the influence of the "machine." Any law that tends to make the prizes for corruption less will be likely to have a good influence. But back of all these laws must be a favorable public opinion. At the present time in New York State, according to all appearances, no law would be more beneficial to the Democratic party than one that in reality established purity of elections. The Democratic managers concede that the Republicans have the advantage in vote-buying, because, as they say, "We have to buy not merely Republican votes, but our own as well." By far the larger portion of the purchasable vote is

probably normally Democratic. The Republicans, too, for several years, in the general opinion, have been able to raise money more easily than the Democrats. Men standing high in the councils of the Republican party have said to me that the greatest blow that the Republican party in New York had received for many years was the present ballot-reform law. And yet, with the legislature Democratic in both branches, and with a Democratic governor, no attempt has been made to extend the election laws in this direction, although Governor Hill recommended repeatedly—sincerely, his friends say; insincerely, say his enemies—such extension, along the lines of the best experience of Europe. What is the explanation of this neglect? The Democratic leaders say that public opinion is not with them. By public opinion, of course, they include the opinion of the "floaters" as well as of all of their own party managers. The leading Democrats, those high in the councils of the party, the leading machine politicians, would doubtless be glad to see the practice stopped, but the ward "heelers," those who have the money to handle, and who make good profits by handling the money, would be opposed to the stopping of the practice.

So, again, most of the "floaters" would be unwilling to see the practice stopped. The party managers cannot carry out the act unless public opinion is so strong in its favor that they can afford to alienate more than merely a large portion of the "floaters." They cannot afford to do it until the pressure of public opinion is strong enough to gain them by their act as many votes as they would lose by alienating the lower class of their party workers. County managers say that the men who handle their money regularly keep out good pay for themselves, twenty or thirty dollars at least, on election day, when much money is paid. It is the opinion of more than one that two thirds of these "buyers" could readily be bought for no great sum, being in party fealty little above the "floater" proper. I know of one in the West, who, in 1890, offered for \$200 to use his influence in his own party for the candidate for county clerk of the opposite party, the money to be paid on condition of the success of the candidate. It was feared that he was seeking to get evidence against the candidate, and no bargain was made.

In 1890, in Ohio, an expert workman in one of the rolling-mills in the interior of the State was hired by the candidate for Congress, a man since given a high executive office, to aid him in his campaign. He was first given \$400; then, for election day, \$1000 more. After election he had \$800 of it retained, on which capital he, within a few weeks, started a saloon. The head roller in the same establishment, a man earning from fifteen to twenty dollars a day, was

offered twice his wages for two weeks' work in electioneering for the same candidate, but he declined. These men, of course, were expected to influence the labor vote in the trades-unions, but the first one kept a large part of the money given him, and doubtless could have been bought by the opposition.

The opinion of many of our most intelligent classes is in favor of reform, though the measures of reform that they advocate may be sometimes impractical, as the politicians charge; but there is as yet no popular demand on the part of the great mass of voters for this reform. Public opinion must be created, and here is the work for the reformers. We need the old Cobden cry, "Agitate, agitate, agitate!" Public interest, perhaps, can best be achieved by letting the people know through papers, periodicals, and books what is really done. This is by no means generally comprehended. And then, too, must be shown the evils that come from these practices.

So, again, as public opinion is slow to move, it may well be worth while to have the principles of rational, honest politics taught in our schools and colleges to a greater extent than is at present done. We hear much talk in school conventions of "teaching patriotism." But how is it to be taught? The practice of cheering the flag, of learning the biographies of some of our leading statesmen, or of learning to believe, without knowing why, that our country is the strongest and best on earth, will have little effect toward remedying our present political evils. Civil government is something

more than the written constitution, the names of the officers, the dates of election, and other such facts as are taught in our text-books on civil government. The civil government that will help our children to get ideas which later will be of practical use in politics is that which shows the principles of party government, the methods of making nominations, of carrying elections, of making appointments to offices, and all the other details of our political life as it in fact is managed, together with the facts of history and political science which show that, however valuable in carrying single elections, and advancing local interests, dishonest political scheming may be, in the long run the interests of states, as of individuals, are furthered by honest principles; that great public questions are not settled till they are settled right, because "the power in men that makes for righteousness" is, after all, when men's eyes are opened, the dominant one.

Lombroso, in his great work on criminals, has well said that each state has the criminals that it deserves. So, too, in a much truer sense, may it be said that each state has the laws, the institutions, the benefits, the evils that it deserves. Many of our best citizens, considered by themselves, are unjustly treated in our corrupt election practices; but taking our people as a whole, they have what they wish, though the wishing may be ignorant. When we, by the means suggested, have so enlightened our public that they demand improvements in these methods, the improvements will come, and that in a way to be effective.

Jeremiah W. Jenks.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Money in Elections.

THE preceding article by Professor J. W. Jenks, of Cornell University, on the corrupt uses of money in elections, is in many ways one of the most notable contributions yet made to the discussion of this important subject. It does not deal in generalities, but gives in specific form an amount of detailed information as to the ways in which money is used improperly which will startle persons who are not familiar with the mechanism of what is called "practical politics." Yet every one who is familiar with that mechanism must admit that all that Professor Jenks sets forth is true in every particular. The poll-books, which he describes as being used by the campaign committees throughout the rural districts of New York State for the purpose of keeping track of the purchasable voters, are very well known to all persons who interest themselves in politics at all. Indeed, the use of them has so hardened the consciences of the practical politicians that they make little or no concealment of their

contents. In some sections of the State the number of purchasable voters enrolled on these books is said to exceed the number of those belonging to either party.

What is true of New York is, in a greater or less degree, true of nearly every other State of the Union in which the strength of the two great parties is evenly balanced. In Rhode Island, for example, where money has been used corruptly in every election since the war, and in some before and during the war, there are known to be about 5000 purchasable voters in a total of 54,000, or nearly ten per cent. of the whole number. These are distributed over the State, ranging from ten in the smaller towns to 1000 in the cities; but in every case their names and individual prices are matters of record. In one town, according to a careful analysis of the record by the "Providence Journal," whose figures we are quoting, all but ten of the total registered voters were set down as purchasable. Prices range from \$2 to \$5 a head, according to the demand.

It is worse than useless for the American people to shut their eyes to the existence of this evil, or to ima-

gine that it will cure itself in time. It must be met in this country, as it has been met in England and other countries, with restrictive and prohibitive measures of the most comprehensive and stringent character. Bad as our condition is, Professor Jenks is quite correct in saying it is not so bad as that of England was before the enactment of its Corrupt Practices Act in 1883. Our bribery methods are in some respects different from what the English were, and are less open and less general, but they are all as easily reached by law as theirs were found to be.

In all American efforts to meet the evil by legislation the mistake has been made of trying to accomplish the end in a brief and more or less general statute. The authors of the various bills, while drawing their ideas mainly from the English act, have been afraid to imitate its great length and minuteness lest their measures be condemned as "too complex" and "too cumbersome" for the simple needs of free American election methods. When ballot reform was first discussed, the opponents of it raised the same cry against the bills which its advocates prepared, and sought to have substituted for them measures of their own invention which were said to be simple and direct. Experience has shown, however, that in practice the simple and direct laws have all been failures, while those condemned as complicated have succeeded so perfectly as to furnish the accepted model of all subsequent ones. This lesson ought to be of use to us in preparing our corrupt practices laws. It is true that the English act is long, but it is also true that it was so completely successful from the moment of its application to an election that it abolished corruption and bribery at a single blow. The minuteness of the law covered every form of corruption so surely that its practice without detection was found to be impossible. Any law which fails to do this is too short, no matter what its length. The English act, as one of its ablest commentators, Mr. Henry Hobhouse, says, "is pervaded by two principles: the first is to strike hard and home at corrupt practices; the second is to prohibit, by positive legislation, any expenditure in the conduct of an election which is not absolutely necessary." Both these principles were embodied in the act with such thoroughness that bribery disappeared instantly from English elections, never to return.

We can accomplish the same purification in this country, whenever public opinion reaches the point at which it is demanded. We must, as Professor Jenks points out, limit the expenditures in every instance, grading the maximum sum according to the office, and must require the sworn return of every penny received or expended, either by the candidate, or his agent, or his campaign committee. On every point the law must be drawn with such minuteness and clearness that evasion or violation will be impossible without detection and punishment. Then, too "assessments" upon candidates must be forbidden, and voluntary contributions from them must be limited, and the uses made of money strictly accounted for; every loophole of escape from the publication of every penny expended must be closed and barred. That is the strength which makes the length of the English statute, and we must have the sense as well as the courage to imitate it.

One new evil has sprung up here recently which Professor Jenks does not mention, and that is the hiring of registered voters to remain away from the polls. By

this method the briber is able to get positive proof that the bribed voter has kept his bargain. This practice would be broken up by the requirement of strict accountability for every penny expended. Like all the other evils, it exists only because of a kind of dullness of the public conscience, which, while it may not exactly condone bribery in elections, is not equal to the exertion of declaring that it will no longer be tolerated. Professor Jenks's words on this question of public responsibility are strong and to the point, and we commend them to the serious consideration of our readers. Public opinion is king in the United States, and it must bear the responsibility of all the sins which its own supineness or indifference permits corrupt politicians to commit.

What the Columbian Exhibition will do for America.

THE fact which most strongly impressed all visitors to the international exhibition at Paris in 1889 was its artistic character. Far beyond any of its predecessors in any land as a triumph of industry and a triumph of science, it was still more remarkable as a triumph of beauty. To perceive this fact, one did not need to enter the vast and stately palace filled with pictures and statues which showed the current work of all civilized countries, and, as in a splendid historical panorama, France's own work for a century past. Nor did one need to examine the buildings, or to study the sculptured decorations with which buildings and grounds were lavishly adorned. The most impressive, the most beautiful thing at the Paris Exposition was the conception of the exhibition as a whole: the choice and arrangement and planting of the site, the placing of the buildings, their design considered as factors in a great coherent yet diversified scheme, and the way in which all individual factors worked together toward a magnificently harmonious general effect. It was the general effect of this exhibition — the fine combining of its architectural, sculptural, and natural features — which gave it unique importance as an artistic spectacle.

All Americans who saw it must have said: "Only in Paris could such a result be achieved. Only the most artistic nation in the world could have achieved it; and even this nation could not if its artistic powers had been unorganized, uncontrolled. France possesses a far larger number of great artists than any other land. These artists have been trained in the same schools, are inspired by the same practical and esthetic ideals, and are used to working together, and to working under official control; and this exhibition is an official, Government enterprise. Under such conditions success was possible; under other conditions it would be impossible. Under American conditions how could we hope to see it even remotely approached? How can we hope soon to see in America anything very different from what we saw at Philadelphia in 1876: a big industrial show, a triumph of commercialism and applied science, an exaltation of material wealth, where beauty existed only in certain collections almost altogether drawn from foreign sources, and where the desire for beauty, when it could be elsewhere divined, had been stunted by crude ignorance, limited by economy or deformed by the love of mere display, and stultified by the lack of any common ideal and the absence of any general scheme of arrangement and design? We

are not nearly so artistic a people as the French," we said to ourselves in Paris. "Such artistic power as we do possess is largely untrained, and such trained talents as we have are accustomed to work independently and along different paths. Whatever we may do will be done by unorganized public, not by organized official effort; and so we can never have an exhibition which, as a whole, will approach the beauty of this one, or be half so useful in teaching how artistic talents of various kinds may best be utilized."

We said this in Paris, and, a year or so later, when the Columbian Exhibition of 1893 was decided upon, we said it again, and perhaps more emphatically, in the belief that such an enterprise would be less well carried out in a Western city than it might have been in Washington, as a Government enterprise, or in New York, the center of the artistic life of our continent. As the city of Chicago would appear to the eyes of the world if, for artistic importance, it were compared with the city of Paris, nearly so, all Americans feared, might the artistic importance of the Chicago Exhibition contrast with that of the last Paris Exhibition. Artistic capabilities, we knew, had vastly developed in our country since 1876. But our people, we thought, still did not rightly feel the difference between skill and ineptitude, between beauty and ugliness, and still did not rightly value skill and beauty even when it recognized them. And still there was no likelihood that the many hands which would have to plan and build the exhibition would agree upon any scheme of arrangement and treatment broad and firm enough to secure that fundamental harmony between part and part without which dignity, beauty, and impressiveness of general aspect could not be secured, and without which even the possible excellence of individual features would fail of its right effect. The very progress we had made in art during the past fifteen years seemed to make a harmonious exhibition improbable, for it had been progress along many diverging paths, and had meant rather the accentuation of artistic individuality than a growing concord in taste. Chicago, we thought, might show us some buildings and some collections much more beautiful than any we had seen in Philadelphia, but it would not show us a beautiful exhibition. The commercial, utilitarian side of American endeavor might not be so crudely set forth as in 1876; but at best we could expect only a carnival of conflicting individual efforts, where art, pseudo-art, frank utilitarianism, and a childish or a vulgar love of display would meet and struggle together.

Such anticipations as these were universal two years ago. We need not explain how radically mistaken they have already been proved. Mr. Van Brunt has told our readers how the great exhibition of 1893 was organized and how its site was selected—or, more truly, how the place for its site was chosen and then the site itself was almost literally created. He has told how architects of proven ability from various parts of the country were intrusted with the chief buildings, and how these architects consulted with each other and with the landscape architects as regarded the placing and the designing of their works. And he has described some of the buildings in detail, and has hinted at the harmonious grandeur and beauty of their general effect. He has shown that we are to have a very beautiful

exhibition, and has shown that it will be a cause those who are making it are working in a brotherly spirit, according to a wise and artistic scheme, and with a distinct and ideal in their minds. He has shown that an of practical American business men, securing the most part by their own efforts, and employing a band of artists hitherto accustomed to work in entire independence of one another, will create an exhibition similar in interest, as a homogeneous artistic spectacle, to the one created by the Government of the most artistic nation in the world, exerting unlimited powers, and employing a corps of artists accustomed from their earliest student days to tread in the same paths and to work hand in hand.

But there is even more than this to be said. We confidently assert, on the evidence of all the most experienced judges of art whom it has been possible for us to consult, that the Chicago Exhibition will far surpass even the Paris one of 1889 when considered in its entirety and for its artistic interest. A much more beautiful, scholarly, and monumental type of architecture has been adopted for its main buildings; accessory works of an ornamental kind will be more numerous more imposing, and more original, while at least equally artistic in character; greater care is being taken the harmony of effect shall not be injured by the aspect of minor works of utility or decoration; and the neighborhood of the great lake, and the novel and skillful way in which wide expanses of water and varied plantations have been made the basis of the plan of the grounds themselves, will much more than compensate for the absence of a rushing river like the Seine and a dominating hill like the Trocadéro. The Eiffel Tower is a marvelous, an interesting, and hardly an ugly structure; but it is not an artistic structure. It did not conflict with its surroundings at Paris. But anything resembling it—anything remarkable chiefly for size or for mechanical ingenuity—would look painfully out of place on the Chicago grounds. This fact suffices to prove their higher degree of beauty; and the fact that no conspicuous structure appealing in any way to mere curiosity, or to the love of the new or the marvelous, has been contemplated by the authorities at Chicago, proves how seriously and wisely artistic a spirit is controlling the great enterprise.

Those who fail to see the exhibition of 1893 will fail to see the most beautiful spectacle which has been offered to the eyes of our generation. But those who have time to see only its general aspect, without studying any of its collections—wonderfully interesting though these will be—will have seen the very best of it.

When we remember what a great impulse was given to the popular love of art by the collections shown in the exhibition of 1876, what may we not expect as a result of the stately, beautiful, and truly poetic panorama of art that will be unrolled before the eyes of the nation in 1893? It will show for the first time, to scores of thousands of Americans who have never traveled abroad and can scarcely hope to do so, what is the meaning of the word beauty, what is the significance of the word art. It will convince them, as nothing else but long and intelligent foreign travel could, that beauty is an enjoyable thing, that art is a thing worth striving for and paying for. Indeed, no amount of for-

eign travel could teach this lesson so clearly as it will be taught to the average American by the plain fact that all this stately splendor was thought worth getting and worth paying for by hard-headed American business men, and for a merely temporary purpose. One constantly hears expressions of regret that buildings and sculptures so costly and beautiful should be destined to last for a few months only. But, in truth, their transitory character will vastly augment their missionary power. Even the most ignorant may dimly understand that it is worth while to take pains and spend money upon a result which is to be for all time; but at Chicago they will be told that this is worth while even for a result of almost ephemeral duration.

But it is not merely the untraveled American, wholly ignorant and neglectful of art, whom the exhibition will profit and instruct. Cultivated Americans think well of their fellow-countrymen in many directions. But as a nation we have as yet too little faith in our artistic capabilities,—too little respect for the American artist, too little belief that the nascent love of the public for art is genuine, vital, and strong. The Columbian Exhibition will prove to the most doubting and critical spirit that American art exists, that it is capable of great things, and that it can do great things in a way distinctively its own. Had Chicago equaled Paris, it would be greatly to our credit; but it has surpassed Paris. Had it produced a beautiful exhibition in imitation of the Paris Exhibition, it would again be much; but it has conceived an entirely different ideal, and carried it out on entirely novel lines. We shall have an exhibition more dignified, beautiful, and truly artistic than any the world has seen; and it will be entirely our own, in general idea and in every detail of its execution. It will convince all cultivated Americans, we repeat, of the vitality and vigor and independence of American art; and, we believe, its effect upon the vast public which will view it will convince them of the genuineness of the nascent American love of art.

Of course the learning of these great lessons will quickly react for good upon the American artist, opening to him wider fields, creating for him a more sympathetic public, exalting him to nobler ambitions, inspiring him to more strenuous efforts, deepening and strengthening his self-respect and his respect for art as a valued factor in the life of the nation. So wisely have the architectural types for the chief buildings been chosen that, we believe, they will do much to determine the lines of our architectural work in the future; and, at all events, no artist who visits Chicago can fail to learn the great lesson that in harmony and fraternity of effort lies our best hope of a noble artistic development.

We shall not speak of the great effect this exhibition will have in increasing the respect of foreigners for the people of the United States. This seems to us a very minor point in comparison with the effect it will have upon ourselves. Its national will be of far more vital importance than its international effect. What we chiefly wish to lay stress upon is its claim upon Americans as a very beautiful spectacle, and, still more forcibly, its claim upon Americans as a very instructive

spectacle. It will delight their eyes as nothing else has ever done. It will teach them the nature and value of art as nothing else could do. And it will affirm and increase their faith in those democratic institutions which once more, in a new field, have proved themselves capable of a magnificent, an unrivaled achievement.

Liberty, Law, and Order.

GOOD citizens are often grievously perplexed by the contemplation of those situations in life where opposing opinions or interests are brought into sharp conflict, and where the thoughtful man finds a certain amount of justice on both sides, and therefore hesitates as to the side to which he will give his sympathies. We speak now of those cases where the good citizen is an onlooker merely, not where he is necessarily a participator in the struggle on one side or the other, for then he is quicker to make up his mind. If the conflict is between the Indian and the grizzly, there is apt to be a finer balancing of motives and rights than if the grizzly happen to be in pursuit of the citizen himself.

The only way we know of whereby these doubts and anxieties can be quickly resolved into definite views is by a firm grip upon a few definite principles. These are the days of special sympathy with the poor and with the so-called — and sometimes narrowly so-called — "working-classes," — the days of new or renewed theories and experiments as to the relation of labor and capital. This is the present phase of the eighteenth-century revolution. Never was so much said or written and thought on these subjects. Meantime, while some are thinking, others are acting; theories are being put into practice, and in the process heads are being broken, and dynamite is destroying property and life.

Shall we not, then, says the doubting citizen, sympathize with "organized labor," and with reasoned discontent, even if these lead in extreme cases to self-inflicted misery and brutal bloodshed? Oh, yes; sympathy is right, if this does not bring infirmity of purpose, and that softness of attitude which encourages violence and crime. Yes, sympathize wherever sympathy may be justly due; but cling to the solid rock of individual liberty, of obedience to law, and the preservation of the peace! And do so for the very reason that in this world it will take so long to straighten things out in a way satisfactory to all. The readjustment of interests, the experimenting with new economical and governmental devices, will be such a slow process; there will always be so many apparent causes of discontent, that, unless by general consent these matters are arranged by peaceful methods, perpetual war, secret and bloody plots, infamous assassinations, will make life on this planet, to say the least, even much more unpleasant than it now is. Violence and crime, committed in no matter what honest name, are anarchy; and anarchy, in a free country, must be stamped out like the plague, — with the discrimination and the remorselessness of justice.

OPEN LETTERS.

"The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army."

I. A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

IN THE CENTURY for March I find an article entitled "The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army," in which the author, Mr. A. B. Casselman, expresses the opinion that it would not be difficult to prove that the total number of men enrolled in the Confederate army from the beginning to the close of the war was not far from 1,500,000. He bases this opinion upon the number of troops which, according to his estimate, North Carolina furnished to the Confederacy, his supposition being that North Carolina furnished one tenth of the strength of the Confederate army. That this estimate of Mr. Casselman is far too high is easy to see, if certain facts are taken into consideration. I purpose stating these facts and the conclusions to be drawn from them.

The total population of the eleven States that seceded was 9,100,789, of which 5,446,919 were white and 3,653,870 were colored. But West Virginia, as is well known, seceded from Old Virginia and from the Confederacy. The population of West Virginia at that time was 376,488, which, being deducted from the population of the eleven seceded States, leaves 8,724,301 as the total population of those States. As the white population of West Virginia was at that time about 361,000, the total white population of the Confederate States was 5,085,919. Now North Carolina's white population was 629,942. Only two other States of the Confederacy had so large a white population as North Carolina. These were Tennessee and Virginia, the former having 826,722 white inhabitants, and the latter 686,299 (after deducting the white population of West Virginia).

Mr. Casselman states that Major John W. Moore, late of the 3d North Carolina Battalion, made an estimate that his State furnished to the Confederacy 150,000 men; but admits that Major Moore, after the most careful investigation, changed his estimate to 125,000. Now if we take the highest estimate for North Carolina, as Mr. Casselman prefers, and assume that each of the other Confederate States furnished troops in the same ratio, we will find the total number of troops raised by the eleven Confederate States to be 1,211,000.

But there are some things to be considered which Mr. Casselman seems to have lost sight of entirely. During 1861 it was impossible for the Confederacy to put large armies into the field, because arms were not to be had. Of more than 300,000 enrolled, many thousands were in camps of instruction waiting for arms. The result was that in the early spring of 1862 the Confederate armies were so greatly outnumbered that they could do nothing but retire before the Union armies as they advanced. Had the other Union generals possessed Grant's energy, and been untrammelled by their Government, the Confederacy might have been crushed early in 1862. But when the fall of Donelson came like a thunderclap, the Confederacy was aroused to prompt and energetic action. The Con-

script Act was passed in April, 1862, two months after the fall of Donelson. The old regiments were rapidly filled up, new ones were formed, and throughout the South the greatest activity prevailed. By this time large supplies of arms began to pour in, brought by the blockade-runners, and others were manufactured in the newly established workshops of the South. The Southern armies were largely increased in numbers and efficiency, and, had the South retained all the territory that she held in 1861, her armies might have come somewhat nearer than they actually did to the figures claimed by Mr. Casselman for 1861 and 1862, viz., 850,000. But it must not be forgotten that before the passage of the Conscrip Act the western Confederate armies had been forced back to the borders of Alabama and Mississippi; that the larger portion of Tennessee was in the grasp of the Union armies, and that before the month of May the city of New Orleans, containing more than a third of the white population of Louisiana, was also under Federal control. A large part of Northern and Eastern Virginia, containing several of the large towns of the State, was also occupied by the forces of the Union early in May. The Kentucky campaign of Bragg and Kirby Smith recovered a part of Middle Tennessee, but at least one third of the State was in Federal possession during 1862, and three fourths of it after the summer of 1863. Early in 1863 the larger part of Arkansas was occupied by the Federal armies. The first Conscrip Act was passed April 16, 1862. This embraced all the white men in the Confederacy between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. On September 27 of the same year all white men between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five were placed in the military service for three years. On February 11, 1864, the Conscrip Act was further extended to embrace all white men between the ages of seventeen and fifty. By this time almost the entire State of Tennessee was occupied by the Federal armies. Surely it will not be claimed that every man or boy capable of bearing arms throughout all this lost territory was enrolled in the Confederate armies. The eleven seceded States furnished to the Union 54,000 white troops, of whom 31,000 were furnished by the State of Tennessee. Of course they should be deducted from the aggregate of the Confederate armies. Making all proper allowances, the South lost the services of more than 200,000 men, who otherwise might have been enrolled in her armies. One million men is therefore a liberal estimate for the total enrollment in the Confederate armies, counted at the very highest figures. But in reality 125,000 men is a liberal estimate for the number of troops furnished by North Carolina. On this basis, making the same calculations and allowances as before, the Confederacy could not have brought into the field, from first to last, including all sorts of troops, much more than 800,000 men.

Mr. Casselman says that the people of the border slave States—Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri—"were not unevenly divided, and gave about an equal number of men to each army." If Mr. Casselman will

give this assertion careful thought, he will be convinced that it is not borne out by the facts. Maryland gave 34,000 men to the Union armies, Kentucky 51,000, and Missouri 100,000. Maryland was too firmly held by the Federal armies to furnish any considerable number of men to the cause of the South. The same is true, for the greater part of the war, of Kentucky and Missouri. While there were earnest Southern sympathizers in Kentucky and Missouri, the great mass of the people in those States stood firmly on the side of the Union. General Albert Sidney Johnston, in a letter to Mr. Davis written in March, 1862, says that no enthusiasm for the Confederacy, but hostility, was manifested during his stay in Kentucky; hence but few Kentuckians joined his standard. We have the testimony of Union and Confederate officers for the statement that the Bragg and Kirby Smith expedition did not add more than a brigade to the Confederate strength. Search the published records of the composition of the respective armies, and it is easy to see how greatly the number of Union regiments from those States exceeded the number of Confederate regiments. There was never a possibility of enforcing the Conscript Act in those States, and but very little chance after February, 1862, for any of their citizens who desired so to do, to enlist in the armies of the Confederacy. As to Maryland, there was exceedingly small opportunity for such a thing even in 1861. I cannot find from the records that these three States furnished even as high as 60,000 men to the Confederacy.

"The principal ex-Confederate historians . . . who held high civil or military rank in the Confederate government" were as high-minded and honorable men as any that this world can boast, and would not stoop to misrepresent facts. Their estimate of Confederate strength (viz., about 700,000 men) comes much nearer the mark than the excessive estimates made by some writers on the other side. The Confederate armies reached their maximum effective strength for the field during 1862. After that year there was a steady decline in their numbers, and all the efforts of the Confederate government to fill up their depleted ranks were unavailing. Adjutant-General S. Cooper says that for the last two years of the war the active force present in the field was nearly one half less than the returns called for. As to the incompleteness of Confederate muster-rolls, is not this mainly due to losses of official papers that must have occurred on the sudden collapse of the Confederacy? But the rolls in possession of the officers in the field, on which depended the necessary knowledge of the condition of their commands, were correct, and the official reports of Confederate strength in the several battles of the war, as made by their commanders, can be relied upon as accurate.

The thought that one is standing between his loved home and war's desolation will nerve even a timid heart, and make strong a feeble arm. What wonder then that brave men fired by such a conviction should so often have proved more than a match for superior numbers of men equally as brave, but without the same conviction of ruin threatening their homes and loved ones? It was the conviction that on them depended the very existence of Southern civilization, and the salvation of their homes from utter ruin, that caused the thousands of raw recruits in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond to rival the valor of seasoned veterans. It was

this same conviction that made such heroes of the boys of the Virginia Military Institute at New Market in May, 1864, and of the mere striplings of fifteen and sixteen years of age at Honey Hill in South Carolina on November 30 of the same year.

Our Northern brethren need not wonder that heavy odds were required to crush the South. The record of the race to which they and we belong proves that under like circumstances it would take as heavy odds to conquer them.

MACON, GA.

Joseph T. Derry.

II. MR. CASSELMAN'S REJOINER.

IN my original paper I alluded to the well-known fact that the records of the Confederate army are so incomplete that it is impossible to state exactly, or even to estimate very closely, its total strength; which, however, I expressed the opinion was not very far from 1,500,000. I alluded also to the fact, equally well understood, and specifically referred to by General Grant in his "Memoirs," that Confederate historians have always understated its strength,—a fact which is further shown, I think, by Mr. Derry's article. In the absence of sufficient available data for a close estimate, I should not now add further argument but for the reason that the subject plainly deserves more attention than it has ever received, and hence any discussion which serves to bring into prominence the salient facts must result, eventually, in benefit to the cause of historical truth.

Mr. Derry estimates that the total strength of that army could not have been much above 800,000. This is a gain of 200,000 over the figures of A. H. Stephens. But in this estimate he excludes altogether all of the troops furnished by four Southern States—West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland. He seeks to justify this by asserting that the number of Confederate troops from those States did not more than equal the 54,000 Union troops from the other Southern States, 31,000 of whom were from East Tennessee; and that "the great mass of the people of those States were firmly on the side of the Union." Other Southern writers likewise assume that the border slave States furnished only a few thousand troops to the Confederate army,—far less than to the Union army: an assumption which is certainly contrary to the fact, as I shall undertake to show.

In the Senate of the United States at this time, West Virginia is represented by two ex-Confederate soldiers; Missouri is represented by an ex-Confederate soldier and an ex-member of the Confederate Senate; Kentucky, by an ex-Confederate soldier. Thus, five of the eight United States senators from those States are ex-Confederates. Not one of the eight was a Union soldier, nor otherwise distinctively identified as a Unionist. It is remarkable, therefore, that ex-Confederates should be thus preferred for offices of trust and honor, if, as Mr. Derry contends, "the great mass of the people of those States were firmly on the side of the Union."

Four fifths of the people of those States were of Southern birth. Socially and politically their sympathies were all with the South, with which they were likewise identified in their material interests, in the institution of slavery. Whatever cause existed to justify the South in the war affected the border slave States as well as those of the interior. They had a slave population of 427,000, representing a value of two hundred million dollars. In

1861 the governors of Kentucky and Missouri both at heart favored secession; the latter renounced his office, left his State, and gave his personal services to the Confederacy; and subsequently the Confederate Congress admitted both of those States as members of the Confederacy, to which, with their slaves, they would certainly now belong, had the South succeeded. Politically, these States constitute, at this time, parts of the "Solid South," the same as Georgia and Virginia, and for the same reason,—because of the race question, growing out of the freeing and enfranchisement of their slaves. It is indeed true that in the beginning the people of the border States strongly opposed secession; but the same was also true of Virginia, North Carolina, and other Southern States.

The census of 1860 shows that the three States, Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland, had white males of military age—*i. e.*, between 18 and 45—to the number of 516,000. Allowing for the youths who attained to the military age from 1861 to 1864 inclusive, the number would reach nearly 600,000. Of these, 180,000 served in the Union army. There were, therefore, fully 400,000 Southern men of military age in those three States, who were not in the Union army, as against 180,000 who were. In the year 1861, most of the important military operations were those in the border States; and throughout the war they were overrun or infested by partizan troops, so that the war spirit was more intense in those States than elsewhere.

These facts, when fairly considered, leave room for only one of two conclusions: either those States furnished, at the lowest calculation, as many men to the Southern as to the Northern army, or else the men whose sympathies and interests were with the South, in those States, were greatly wanting in military spirit, and were without the courage to fight for their convictions. The latter conclusion I do not entertain. On the contrary, I doubt not the truth of the famous declaration of a Kentucky senator, that "Kentucky has its quota full on both sides." And the same was doubtless true, at least so far as the South was concerned, of all the border slave States. The fact that there are no complete records of the Southern troops proves nothing, and is not a fair or legitimate argument.

Mr. Derry, after having excluded from his estimate all the troops from four Southern States, deducts from my estimate the further number of 200,000 upon the assertion that in certain portions of Virginia, Tennessee, and in the city of New Orleans, which early in 1862 were occupied by the Union forces, the Confederate government could not enforce the conscript laws. In this statement he makes little or no allowance for volunteers, but seems to assume that none served in the Confederate army except the conscripts. Virginia and Tennessee were in great part the battle-grounds of the war, and they were overrun and occupied in turn by both armies. The men in those States, more than those of any other, were compelled to serve on one side or the other, and they did so to the last man, as everybody knows. To assert that 200,000 men, principally of Virginia and Tennessee, either from cowardice or want of convictions, looked idly on at the heroic struggle that was being waged upon the soil of those States, taking no part on either side, is so manifestly unreasonable, and the accusation is so new, that it seems scarcely necessary to deny it.

Two of Mr. Derry's arguments appear to be inconsistent. In one he assumes, what I concede, that the Confederate army was composed in a great measure of conscripts, whose service in that army, therefore, was involuntary. But on the other hand he contends that this army was inspired by such lofty convictions of duty that, under this inspiration, they "often have proved more than a match for superior numbers of men equally as brave, but without the same conviction of ruin threatening their homes and loved ones." I regret that Mr. Derry has repeated an argument, which is not uncommon with Southern writers, in which I set up this comparison which seeks to disparage the patriotism and sense of duty of the Union army. I have tried in vain to comprehend how brave and honorable men of the South can insist upon such a comparison. Let us consider a few facts touching the question of the patriotism of the Confederate army. It is an undoubted fact that tens of thousands of the men in that army had opposed, and voted against, secession, and in their hearts believed it to be wrong. The State of North Carolina, for instance, never adopted an ordinance of secession by direct popular vote. It was once submitted to the people of that State, who voted against it; although it is true that when the war was fairly begun they were well united in its support.

In 1863 and 1864 six regiments of United States troops, organized for service against the Indians, were composed entirely of Confederate prisoners, who thus returned to an allegiance which in their hearts they had never wholly forsaken.

In the great battles which decided the war, "the thought of loved ones at home" wrought no greater effect with one army than with the other; and a majority of the troops on either side were not natives of the State on whose soil the battle was fought. The Southern troops displayed as magnificent courage on the soil of Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, as they ever did in Virginia; and why should they not?

Putting aside this argument as to the comparative devotion of the opposing armies, let us turn again to the legitimate argument of figures.

The State of North Carolina furnished, in the year 1861, forty-two regiments of Confederate volunteers the minimum number in a regiment, according to the regulations, being one thousand. Moore's roster preserves the names of over 32,000 of those who enlisted in that year; but allowing for the numerous admitted deficiencies in the rolls, the number doubtless exceeded 40,000. In that first year, after the war had fairly begun, the South displayed a zeal and enthusiasm in the conflict beyond that which was then shown in the North. Counting the troops from the border States, who were all or nearly all volunteers, and who enlisted early in the war, the forty-two regiments of North Carolina troops constituted perhaps less than a tenth part of the Confederate army for that first year. The act of the Confederate Congress of August 8, 1861, authorized a call for 400,000 volunteers; and without doubt the army for that year comprised over 400 regiments and upward of 400,000 men,—all volunteers.

Before the end of 1862, under the conscript laws then in force, the North Carolina contingent had more than doubled. Moore's roster preserves the names of about 85,000 men who were enrolled in the years 1861 and 1862. But this roster omits thousands of names; the

actual number, therefore, must have been almost 100,000. And what reason is there to doubt these figures, when, after 40,000 volunteers had enlisted from that State, the Confederate government called for all who remained between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years? These figures indicate, unmistakably, a Confederate army of more than 800,000 men, before the war was half over, and before that army had met its first great defeat. In the last two years of the war, all know what heroic measures were adopted to fill the ranks of that army: how regiments were organized of stripling boys and aged men; and how the "slaves," the "free negroes," and "other free persons of color" were conscripted under the act of February 17, 1864, for the performance of "auxiliary military duty."

The eleven States had, in 1860, a free colored population of 132,660. Of these there were probably 25,000 males of military age. In 1864, owing to contraction of the Confederate lines, the number was less. This item in itself, therefore, is insignificant. But the fact that the Confederate Congress enacted a law to conscript the few scattering free colored men of the South, as well as the slaves, serves to illustrate the desperate measures that were employed to utilize the services of every human being within the Southern territory who was capable of carrying a gun or digging a trench.

Mr. Derry's estimate takes, as the basis of his calculation, 125,000 as the number of troops furnished by North Carolina. But that is the lowest possible estimate for the troops of that State. I am certain it is too low, even if the estimate of 150,000 is too high.

After a careful review of Mr. Derry's article, I think it will be seen that upon the whole it confirms my main conclusions, in which, however, I do not assume to have been exact. It shows that, starting with the lowest basis of calculation, excluding all the troops of four Southern States, and then deducting 200,000 more upon an assumption which seems to impeach the courage and manhood of a large proportion of the men of the South, it still leaves, according to his figures, an army of "not much more than 800,000."

This, it seems to me, concedes much of what I claim. If impartial investigators shall ever be able fairly to count all the Confederate troops, without such manifestly unreasonable deductions, I still think it will be found that the number was not very far from 1,500,000. In any close estimate, due allowance must be made for the 54,000 Union troops from the seceding States.

One thing seems clear. The statements commonly made by leading Southern writers, that the Confederates numbered in all only six or seven hundred thousand, against over two million Federals, are widely at variance with the facts, and are more extraordinary because they are made by those writers who, above all others, ought to know the truth. It is impossible that

the men of the South, whose courage and honor have never been called in question, can sanction the efforts which some have made to juggle with this question, or to disparage the patriotism and courage of the brave men who opposed them.

A. B. Casselman.

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

WYATT EATON.

It is hard to realize the change which has taken place in American art during the last fifteen years. In 1877 the principal exhibition of the country, the National Academy of Design, admitted three works which, although different in style, were each equally revolutionary: "The Dowager," by William M. Chase; "A Brittain Woman," by Alden Weir; and "Revery," by Wyatt Eaton. The first of these bore the stamp of Munich, the last two that of Paris. Each was the work of an American who, unknown in our art circles, had been long enough abroad to assimilate the newest art movements of Europe. This was the beginning of the change.

In 1877 Wyatt Eaton had been studying art for eleven years: the first five in New York as a student of the National Academy of Design, and as a pupil of the late J. O. Eaton, who had befriended him when, a lad of eighteen, he had left his native village on the shores of Lake Champlain for New York; later, from 1872 to 1876, as a pupil of Gérôme at L'École des Beaux Arts, Paris. During this period he painted the "Revery" and "Harvester at Rest," both of which were exhibited at the Salon, the latter being now in Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Some of his first work after his return home was done for this magazine, including a series of remarkable portraits of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes, for which these gentlemen gave him sittings, and which were engraved by Cole. These were perhaps as remarkable for their engraving as for their drawing, and were a veritable new departure in magazine work. He also made a drawing from life of Dr. J. G. Holland.

In 1877 Wyatt Eaton, with Walter Shirlaw, Augustus St. Gaudens, and Helena de Kay Gilder, founded the Society of American Artists, of which Mr. Eaton was the first secretary and Mr. Shirlaw the first president.

Although Wyatt Eaton is an accomplished landscape-painter and a brilliant painter of the nude, he is known principally by his portraits. Among those who have sat to him are the Right Rev. Horatio Potter, Mr. Roswell Smith, and Sir William Dawson. He also painted a portrait of Garfield (after the President's death) for the Union League Club of New York. "The Man with a Violin" (a portrait of the engraver Timothy Cole), which is printed on page 882 of the present number, was painted in Florence, Italy.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Happy Poet.

Mistaken Magnanimity.

HIS moods are mirrored in his songs,
Hence gladness to his verse belongs:
Looking into his heart to write,
All that he finds there is Delight!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE storm of words was past, the air was cleared,
When "I forgive you!" thus he volunteered.
"If any one forgives," she said, "it is I!"—
The storm returned, and murky grew the sky.

Edith M. Thomas.

What She Said About It.

LYRICS to Inez and Jane,
Dolores and Ethel and May;
Señoritas distant as Spain,
And damsels just over the way!

It is not that I'm jealous, not that,
Of either Dolores or Jane,
Of some girl in an opposite flat,
Or in one of his castles in Spain.

But it is that, salable prose
Put aside for this profitless strain,
I sit the day darning his hose,
And he sings of Dolores and Jane.

Though the winged horse we know must be free
To "spurn [for the pretty] the plain,"
Should the team-work fall wholly on me
While he soars with Dolores and Jane?

I am neither Dolores nor Jane,
But to lighten a little my life
Might the Poet not spare me a strain—
Although I am only his wife!

Charles Henry Webb.

A Metrical Miniature.

HER eyes display a blended hue
Of summer skies and violets blue,
With just a hint of April dew
To make her glances bright;
But, lest their luster be too fair,
And brighter than the world could bear,
Long lashes, like a silken snare,
Befringe her lids of white.

Shy apple-blossoms flushed with morn
Have lent their color to adorn
Her cheek, whereon is gaily born
A dimple with each smile.

Her wayward tresses scorn to rest
By ribbon bound or fillet prest,
And ever weave at their behest
Fresh graces to beguile.

Her curving lips by turns recall
Red roses, poppies, cherries—all
That wins the eye or could enthral
A hermit or a saint,
Her gleaming teeth 't were vain to hymn:
The brightest words are all too dim;
The artist who their light would limn
Must crush a pearl for paint.

Beneath her kirtle peeps a foot
That charms in slipper, gaiter, boot;
Whose music makes the birds grow mute
With bended heads to hear.
Her hand can boast perfection's mold,
In winter warm, in summer cold,
And just the temperature to hold
At any time of year.

A snowy neck, a witching chin,
An ear in tint the sea-shell's twin,
A saucy nose—just put that in—
The bonnie little belle!
Her name? Ah, there I hesitate;
With many a rival at her gate,
Her name, until I know my fate,
'T were wiser not to tell.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Reflections.

THOSE are kind who give us, not what they think is fine, but what we ourselves want.

THE whim of to-day is the impulse of to-morrow—the wish of next week—the good or bad taste of next month—the habit of next year—the instinct of your descendants.

SOME people have to have their sunshine warm; others are satisfied just with its being sunshine.

THE perfumes that women wear so extravagantly are a great mistake. Instead of reminding us sweetly of flowers, the flowers are beginning to remind us painfully of perfumes. I am beginning to hate violets.

THERE is such a thing as too much kindness; as if one should carefully toast the bread for a bird, or spread with mayonnaise the lettuce for a rabbit.

SHE rules me merely by expecting things of me which I should be ashamed not to be equal to.

SHE demanded the story of his past; but the question is less what our past has been, than what our past has made of us. Not "What were you?" but "What are you?"

PERHAPS the gods will forgive us for having loved a little things we ought not to have loved at all, if only we have loved most the things that we ought to love.

LIKE a serenade, outwardly wishing sweet rest and sleep to the beloved, but cunningly adapted to keep her very wide awake and attentive to the serenade.

TOLERATION of the intolerant is the hardest thing for a bigoted radical.

HE was willing to forgive them himself, but he hoped the Lord would n't.

THE test of a great love—yes, even of a supreme passion—is not what it demands, but what it consents to do without.

SOME people think that they are good if they are doing good. Others think they are doing good merely by being good. Both are frequently mistaken, and certainly neither is complete. Again, some people think to make up for doing one thing very wrong by doing a great many little things that are very good; like a child who, planning to go fishing in the afternoon without asking for a permission which he fears may be refused, comforts his conscience by being particularly gentle and obedient all the forenoon in matters of no consequence. We call it hypocrisy when we find the forger or embezzler joining the church; but it is entirely possible that his feeling in doing so is not the culpable one of trying to conceal his sins, but the perfectly genuine wish to restore his self-respect by at least doing right somewhere.

I WONDER why it is that the charm of the wholly reliable becomes monotonous, compared with the inherent witchery of moods which you never can predict. The perfectly delightful woman would perhaps be one of whom you would never feel quite sure as to what she was going to do, and then always find that she invariably did do the right thing.

WE speak sometimes of a "dominant" trait or passion or mode of thought; but it is often probable in a mind of this sort that there are really no other traits or passions or modes of thought. Mastery in one thing may mean merely the monotony of the whole.

IT is so much more fun to be richer than merely to be rich!

Alice Wellington Rollins.